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METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1909

ART. I.—THE "PARABLES OF THE KINGDOM" IN THE LIGHT OF TO-DAY

PART II

THE question of environment proposed in the parable of the sower is broadly cosmic. In the parable of the tares, which follows, a narrower field of inquiry is chosen.

I. *The Problem of Organic Origins.* Our attention is now diverted from the behavior of the soil to that of the seed. It is no longer the hindrance of normal growth that occasions surprise, but the intrusion of the apparently abnormal. Admitting that diversity of soil may occasion increase or diminution of fruitage even where the soil is all good, how are we to account for entire change of fruitage where soil and seed are both alike good? "Didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? Whence then hath it tares?" There is surmise as well as surprise in the question. One of two possible explanations seems always to have promptly occurred to men. They are:

1. Spontaneous Generation. The notion that nature, which "can do all things, without the help of the gods," can make the forces it has generated blaze of themselves into life at last, has seemed plausible enough from the time when men began to guess at the riddle of the universe. If motion becomes heat, why may not heat become life? Sanguine experimenters are still dream-

ing of brewing life out of a gallipot. They are still falling in love with work of their hands as Pygmalion did, and trying to extort the gift of breath for it. But success grows less and less likely. The man who thinks he has reached the desired goal only reveals his own carelessness or incompetency as an observer, if we may trust one who was himself so competent an observer as Professor Huxley. It is a finally accepted axiom that "there is no egg except from an egg." This interpretation of the mystery failing, there remains the alternative and equally self-commending one, of

2. Transmutation of Species. Granting that the relatively simple and inflexible wheels of nature may not grind out a thing so complex and flexible as life, may not the larger endowment of life itself account for the new phenomenon? The traditional theory that wheat may capriciously turn into "chess" or "cheat" still lingers among sense-taught rustics. The Darwinian canon, that morphologic likeness infallibly reveals genealogic relationship of affinity or descent, grows out of a similar conception. For the fact that nature often indulges in "sports," true to type in general but variant in detail, manifestly made it possible to believe that the novel yet nearly resembling "cheat" might have sprung from the familiar wheat. But to accept mere resemblance of form as universally the index of alliance, through "descent with modification," leads to gross absurdity. We must then believe that the rose leaf is the progenitor of the rose-leaf bug, which copies it slavishly, even to discoloration and spots of decay. We must even suspect some genetic affinity between these two and the curiously patterned frost leaf on the pane. It is at least worth observing that, as before noted, no form of vegetable life better fitted to refute the notion in question could have been chosen than the cereal, for it has, in a unique sense, resisted the attempt to discover ancestral relations for it or to find any tendency to variation or reversion to a cruder form. The enigma, therefore, is not to be thus solved. Meantime the mimicry of the wheat by the tares, emphasized in the parable, demands a passing notice. It brings into view the much-debated theory of

3. Protective Resemblance. It has been argued plausibly that certain inferior forms of life have survived because they have acquired or retained marked imitative peculiarities. These resemblances were thus somehow originated, it was thought, out of the necessities of the weak and were defensive in character. But the tares in the present case, although "protected" from uprooting by their resemblance to the wheat, were themselves the aggressors upon their better, though weaker, rival. And this exposes the fallacy of the theory in question, for nature, in fact, equips her combatants for their life struggle with unimpeachable impartiality. The tawny striped hide of the tiger conceals him, in the jungle, from the humble creature he seeks to pounce upon as completely as any of its peculiarities protects it from him. It is a curious inversion of logic, in any case, for those who attribute the production of every idiosyncrasy to the mechanical operation of unintelligent causes to seize upon a single one as in itself betraying intelligent originating purpose. That the tares bear an uncanny likeness to the wheat does not prove that they are born of the wheat they help to destroy, nor that the likeness was intended to preserve them while doing their unfriendly work. We must look beyond any of the causes assigned for the explanation of the new phenomenon. The true and only cause is found in the discovery of

4. An Unseen World of Micro-organisms. The microscope has now uncovered a hitherto unsuspected realm of life. Earth, water, and air are found to swarm with millions of infinitesimal spores, largely inimical to life in its higher ranges. These look vigilantly for a lodgment, and, having found it, multiply with amazing speed. From this hidden realm come the intruders whose origin once seemed so obscure. They are not the aberrant outgrowth of familiar things nor are they seedless in origin. They bear seed "after their kind," and are born of seed, as rigorously as any plant or tree. And this nineteenth century account of the matter is substantially identical with that given in this parable. It is not the soil nor the wheat that has produced the tares; "an enemy hath done this." It was secret work, for it was done "while men slept." It was actual and alien seed, for

it was "sowed." The "kingdom of darkness" constantly referred to in Scripture has its counterpart at least in that occult region from whence come these insidious foes. It is the hiding place and arsenal of the "enemy."

II. *The Problem of a Vital Force.* The parable of the mustard seed narrows and deepens the field of vision. It passes from soils, and seeds, and the abnormal processes of hindrance or intrusion from without, to the behavior of a single seed working normally from within. It fastens attention on the inherent mystery of germination and growth. The companion parable, given by Mark, puts it pithily. It notes the wonder of him who has "cast seed upon the earth," that it should "spring up and grow, he knoweth not how." The theorist is apt to imagine the restatement of the problem as equivalent to its solution. "I never was born, but just growed," said Topsy. Growth is so familiar a phenomenon that we are content to call it "natural" and assume that it is therefore simple. The high evolutionist echoes Topsy's simple explanation of the existing order of things, but substitutes a new name: "The universe never was created but just evolved" (that is "growed," as he takes pains to explain). But the word "grow" (to say nothing of "evolve") is highly cabalistic. It masks much more than it reveals. It notes visible advance, through shoot and trunk, to full-formed tree, but it tells nothing of the hidden agency that masters complex processes, and guides them wittingly to a definite result. The word "grow," moreover, is well fitted to betray us through its elasticity of application. It readily takes on a metaphorical sense, which then is assumed to be literal. Witness the familiar trope, "the more the marble wastes the more the statue grows." It is precisely this figurative use of the word which, illusively treated as literal, gives color to the Darwinian explanation of the "origin of species." The evolutionary "growth" there appealed to is mechanical erosion; it is not "natural" but artificial. The phenomena of growth here hinted at remind us of its still unsolved mysteries involved. It must be said of them, now as then, "he knoweth not how."

1. Automatism. Until "sowed" the seed is as helpless a victim of mechanical force as the clod. But, unlike the clod, it

hides in itself an intangible somewhat which the experimentalist cannot discover, and for which he has no better name than the obviously unscientific one, a "potency." By help of this it "springs up," mastering henceforth the force of gravity that has been thus far its master. Thoreau thought he saw a master key of the enigmas of growth in the image of an inverted tree carved out by the rainfall on the side of a railroad embankment. But the key does not reach the deepest wards of the lock. The water is drawn irresistibly down along a channel mechanically shaped by visibly controlling stone or nodule; but the tree springs up and there are no discoverable molds into which it runs.

2. Increase by assimilation. The "smallest of all seeds" becomes "greater than the herbs." We are told that some seeds not a hundredth part of the size of a pin's head grow in a single night to the size of a great gourd. They multiply cells at the rate of nearly a hundred million in a minute. They grow as much in a night as our children do in ten years. And this growth in bulk is not the result of aggregation only, as in case of the mineral. That accumulates mechanically, under mathematic regimen, and remains homogeneous throughout. But the seed lays hold of the soil into which it has been cast only to spring from it. It borrows material from it only to transmute and incorporate it into itself. It gathers, digests, differentiates, and organizes it into a symmetrical whole. It shapes and reshapes its own organs at need. In all this it parts widely from the non-living realm.

3. Creative Activity. "It becometh a tree." The old quarrel between the evolutionist and the epigenesist turned on the question whether the tree was simply an enlarged phase of its own miniature self-existing in the seed, or whether it had come to be as a new thing. The latter doctrine has prevailed, although by a curious freak of inversion it has taken on its old rival's name. It is now commonly agreed that the process by which the great branching tree is elaborated from the tiny round seed is one involving a strictly creative element. The germinal protoplasm is absolutely structureless to the sharpest microscopic vision. More than that, it literally dies; that is to say, it disintegrates

and disappears. The causative source of the unfolding tree is that mysterious somewhat within the seed beyond the longest reach of scalpel or microscope, which has been already alluded to as a "potency." So that the "things that are seen were not made of the things that do appear." The "potency" thus revealed is not a resultant of slowly advancing processes from below. "The change is instantaneous," says Beale; "the life flashes, as it were, into the particles, and they live." And it is itself as new and as diverse in action as are the things it brings into being. Chemical compounds are homogeneous and symmetric. All crystallization is in straight lines. But "in germs the want of symmetry is the first hint of formative purpose." "Vital movements differ from all others in being unsymmetrical and in all directions and forms; without rhythm." Asserting its freedom from the mechanical, at first, in this spasmodic and erratic way, life settles anon into a new form of symmetry, revealing itself in the curved grace and beauty of leaf, and flower, and fruit. It is an unmistakably new agency that, through counterpoised heredity and variation, brings into being things perennially new.

4. Selective Efficiency. The brainless, wingless seed, cast upon the wayside, can neither see nor escape the more richly endowed bird. But, quickened, it has wit enough to build a structure so elaborate and attractive that "the birds of heaven come and lodge in the branches thereof." By what strange power is it helped to solve problems that the birds cannot? For there are here prodigies of achievement in the solution of problems chemical, mechanical, architectural, and artistic. And they are solved without help of crucible, pattern, or tool of any kind. The earthworm, which seems but a random scratch at the bottom of nature's page, is able, as Mr. Darwin satisfied himself by repeated experiments, to solve the problem of least resistance as accurately as the most acute mathematician. For he seizes the stone or paper left near his hiding place at exactly the right point to drag it most easily over his door. The hermit of Walden Pond was curious to learn how much pumpkin there might be in his back yard. He did not turn to the Academy of Sciences for informa-

tion, knowing it would be a vain quest, but he put a diplomaless pumpkin seed into the soil and set it upon the task of answering. It ferreted out forty pounds of pumpkin and hung its answer on the garden fence. A perishing vine has been known, impelled by that "scent of water" of which Job speaks, to climb an intervening wall that it may thrust its thirsty roots into a well on the farther side. The mystery of life thus outlined suggestively in the first century remains as attractive and as impenetrable in the twentieth. The challenge "Have ye understood all these things?" remains still unmet. We have resolved life into a "potency," but have thereby confessed its secret to be beyond the reach of microscope or crucible. It lingers, inaccessible, "behind the veil."

The antithesis between the good and bad soils finds expression in a single parable, that of the sower. The same is true as to the good and bad seed. But it requires two parables, that of the mustard seed and that of the leaven, to bring out the contrast between growth and counter-growth. The latter parable, accordingly, propounds

III. *The Problem of Destructive Agencies.* The most intricate and baffling of the phenomena that confront the biologist are those connected with fermentation. "We have, as yet, no certain idea of the action of organic ferments." So wrote Schutzenberg in 1876. Johnson, in his Chemistry of Common Life, pronounced it "physiologically and chemically inexplicable." Subsequent research has left the riddle only incompletely solved. The parable of the leaven fixes our inquiring gaze upon this uniquely perplexing process, seizing with wonderful accuracy upon its most eccentric features.

1. Shrinking from Light. The leaven is not said to have been "sown" as were the seed in the preceding parables. It was "hid" in the receiving medium, for the yeast plant belongs to that singular section of the plant world, the fungoid, which reverses the ordinary and essential habit of the vegetable kingdom; it "loves darkness rather than light." It still further divorces itself from its kindred, and allies itself with the animal kingdom, for, like the animal, and unlike any other vegetable, it absorbs oxygen and gives off carbon dioxide. It thus takes

on often a fleshlike texture and odor, even becoming fetid and attracting carrion flies. Its behavior at this point has seemed so paradoxical to some biologists that they have assigned it a separate place, as intermediate between plants and animals. These peculiarities, together with its intolerance of light, explain the necessity of its being "hid" rather than sown.

2. Parasitism. All plants which shun the light thereby rob themselves of power to decompose the inorganic elements of the soil and assimilate the product. They thus become necessarily parasitic; they must feed on that which lives or has lived. The leaven must needs have been hid in meal, therefore, for that had been vitalized. In the soil it would quickly perish. Finding a congenial place, it would begin at once to disintegrate the highly complex tissues of the meal, degrading them to their original inorganic state. It would thus wantonly and quickly unmake what the living plant had so deftly and patiently made. The discovery of the wide prevalence of such apparently maleficent agencies in the organization of the universe has been an occasion of endless surprise and bewilderment. It is the more astonishing because of the marked indulgence given them. There are said to be over three thousand species of vegetable parasites alone. They multiply in numbers and develop in size with a speed that is startling. MacMillan tells of fungi that throw off thirty thousand cells a minute and grow three inches in twenty-five minutes. Why should these malign destroyers be given so great advantage in the struggle for life over the nobler forms on which they prey? We here reach the edge of the broader and age-long question which lurks behind all such inquiries: how to explain the permitted origin of physical evil in any form.

3. Toxic Stimulus. The most mysterious element of the process in question remains still to be remarked upon. The leaven having been hid in the meal, the "whole was leavened." No report is made as to what befell the leaven itself. The meal was not incorporated into its life, but leavened, that is, modified by its diffused influence. But how? Here is the crux of the problem. Fermentation was formerly attributed to independent chemical agency. On the discovery of the yeast plant it was at

once credited to its vital working; but later investigation shows the newly found organism to be the occasion only, not the direct originator, of the process. Fermentation is a process of dissolution which, left to itself, ends in putrefaction and destruction. The growing leaven cannot of itself directly accomplish this, but it has the extraordinary power to subsidize innocent chemic forces to its nefarious purpose. The dough, stirred by the chemic gases thus generated, rises and grows as if alive. But it is a counterfeit of life only. It is incipient death. It thus appears that the three kingdoms are insidiously laid under tribute by the leaven to inaugurate a process which, permitted to go on to completion, would infect the wholesome meal into which it is admitted and make it poisonous. For, being a plant, it has taken on animal features and functions from above, and laid hold of and compelled the help of chemic forces from below, to accomplish its unfriendly work. The mystery grows deep. But a hint of relief is given in the suggested

4. Subordination of Evil to Good. The leaven was not hid in the meal unintelligently, nor without purpose. The "woman" who hid it was certain to keep a vigilant eye on it, and at the right time thrust the risen loaf into the oven. The movement toward decay would be thus arrested, and the gaseous aeration, suffered to proceed only so far, would be healthfully appropriated. Joseph's brethren "meant it for evil" when they sent him forward through the pit to slavery, but God "meant it for good," and brought good through it. The leaven still may "mean it for evil" when it breeds incipient toxin in the meal, but the shrewd house-mother also still "means it for good," and continues wisely to hide it in the meal.

The last three parables are addressed to the disciples alone. It may be assumed that they require keener vision, to reach their greater depth of significance, than do the others. They lay less exclusive emphasis on the independent ongoing of the lower world, passing on to consider the motives and conduct of men as influenced by or influencing nature. Human nature is a part of nature at large, and as such it is subject to generic laws, but the edifice of creation enlarges as it rises. Its higher stories suc-

cessively overhang the lower. Physiology is harder to understand than physics, and psychology harder than either, and the ascending hierarchy of laws grows steadily more voluminous and subtly intricate. These parables may, therefore, be dismissed with briefer and less confident comment, for the "well is deep."

IV. *The Problem of Parabolic Purpose.* All seven parables reveal a carefully marked line of demarcation and contrast. They set the evil over against the good, the false over against the true. They reiterate, also, an earnest warning against deception through failure to discriminate the really true from that which is only illusively so. As in the case of the mustard and the leaven, so in that of the hid treasure and the pearl, two parables are set over against each other to bring out the antithesis. These two parables are notably alike in some particulars. Some interpreters have even inclined to treat them as substantially identical in purport because of this. In each a man becomes aware of a treasure, in each he becomes its owner, and in each it costs his all to secure it. Were this all that is meant, it is inconceivable that two parables should have been given where one would have sufficed. The real significance of the teaching must lie in the differences noted. These seem to center in the mental attitude of the two men. The finding was in the one case an accident and surprise; in the other it was the outcome of intelligent and patient search, ending only with the finding of the particular "pearl of great price." In the one case the treasure was hid again, its nature even not being disclosed; in the other it was plainly utilized. In the one case the field, with its still hidden prize, was bought, in the other it was not the casket containing the pearl, nor the gulf from which it has come, and where others might lie hid, but the pearl itself that was secured. This contrast touches the marrow of purpose in parabolic teaching.

1. Indolent Content with Superficial Truths. The parable has been defined as the "husk which keeps the kernel from the indifferent and for the earnest." In this sense it was said to have been given to the careless multitude, "that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand." And this conceal-

ing function is as true of the "all parables" nature gives her children as of those given by Christ. Balearic mothers used to place their younglings' breakfast on an overhanging limb that they might learn to bring it down with a bow. The earth brings forth fruit of itself, and holds it out to the hungry, that they may learn to improve it. It invitingly betrays the hiding place of coal and the precious metals that they may be dug for and wrought. It sets us simple lessons in swimming and flight in the equipment of fishes and birds that we may build ships and aeroplanes. It furnishes a primer of artistic form and color in the flowers that Phidias and Raphael may be taught thereby. But he who dismisses flower, bird, coal, and wheat as exhausted of all possible, if not all real, meaning for us by chemical, and histological, and mechanical analysis, has "stuck in the bark." It is not true that nothing is true except what we can "experimentally verify." He who thinks so contents himself with half-truths instead of the truth. He willingly carnalizes the vision and buries the proffered treasure in the earth. In his case, surely, if "knowledge comes," it is true that "wisdom lingers."

2. Earnest Quest for Final Truth. Before the ever-sharpening eye of the explorer, reaching higher into the heavens, piercing deeper into the heart of the material world beside us, differences of material constitution tend to disappear, forces resolve themselves into modes of a single force, laws unify themselves as law. This convergence in the world of sense awakens reasonable expectation of like convergence in the equally real, although far more occult, world of sensation and mentality. Beyond the solid and easily accessible earth lies the restless unfathomable sea. Out of its mysterious depths comes the pearl. It is unique among gems. No other requires half the courageous venture or entails half the peril in obtaining. The pearl diver, armed with a knife to contend against sharks, and with ears and nostrils artificially protected against the enormous pressure below, plunges into the deadly depths. Life is often the cost of the venture. The pearl alone, unlike the diamond or any other gem, will endure no touch of human hand. Like the altar of old, the "workman must not lift up any tool upon it." It alone, also, is the product of vital

processes. It is the response of a wounded life covering with loving beauty the unfriendly grain that has wounded it. The process is mysterious but the fact unquestioned. Complete in itself, the product of suffering and brought through suffering, at the peril of life, it seems to betray the deepest secret of the universe. One can but remember that while the foundations of the heavenly city are varied, its gate is of a single pearl. And we also are reminded that Jesus said, "I am the door." The Jews were proud of their exclusive title to the Scriptures. They "thought" that "in them they had eternal life." But they were content with the husk; they did not faithfully "search" for the life therein. He only who goes below the surface phenomena of the terrestrial can find in the depths of the spiritual "the truth"—the "pearl of great price."

V. *The Concluding Disclosure.* The Orientals call the sea the "night of the depths." The earth itself sprang out of it. All life is still born of water. It is the home of unsolved mysteries. The things that fall into it "suffer a sea change into something rich and strange." Strange forms of life play in its waters, and the waters themselves thrill with strange forces. It fitly sums up the dominant features of the present unexplained order.

1. The Realm of Conspicuous Freedom. It is the "uncharted sea." It tolerates no fences nor proprietary lines. It bears up impartially and parts easily to the touch of all its varied tenants. It gives ungrudging room to the grasping octopus and the savage shark, as well as to the innocent small fry and the beneficent food fishes. Its fluent tides are released from the unchanging rigidity of the earth. In this primary impression of unobstructed play of independent forms and forces it fairly symbolizes the world at large. The flying clouds, the tangled copse, the wandering winds, the variegated landscape, the flitting bird, the springing forest tenantry, as well as the dancing wave, testify of movement of all at "their own sweet will." Of this free agency man is supremely conscious. It makes his conduct so capricious and unpredictable that a technically accurate science of history has been pronounced impracticable. Of all the mysteries of this present world none is more profound than the

sudden explosion of those wanton extravagances of popular passion that led Bishop Butler to question whether communities might not, like individuals, become instantly insane.

2. The Realm of Hidden Law. Behind the veil in the old tabernacle, in the depths of the sacred ark, reposed the tables of the law. In nature, in like manner, deeper research brings us always in sight of hidden law. The sweep-net of the parable curbs no present freedom, it sends forward no warning shadow, it does not obtrude nor in any way plainly report its presence. But it moves on, "unhasting, unresting," impartial, irresistible, inevitable. When its work is done the freedom and concealment of the sea have given place to utter helplessness of exposure in the open day upon the naked shore. So the ashes of Vesuvius suddenly arrested, transfixed, and permanently exposed to the gaze of succeeding ages the hidden immoralities of Pompeii. So the ripened harvest of the world has been more than once reaped by some convulsion of nature, as the harvest of the sea is here represented to have been. Uniformitarianism is no longer tenable as fully explanatory of the history of the universe. The culmination of the ripening year, the culmination of every life history, the culmination of the age-long movements of mankind all point on to

> One far off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves.

The round of parables thus completes itself. Beginning with the planted seed, it ends in the final "thrusting in the sickle, for the harvest of the earth is ripe." "Nothing is hid, that shall not be made manifest" in that day, and in its manifestation will be revealed the "righteous judgment of God" embodied in the present providential order.

Art. II.—IS THE ART OF QUESTIONING OBSOLESCENT?

Has the current generation of speakers and writers entirely forgotten the art of asking questions? Are we in danger of ignoring the example and the practice of the great teachers who excelled in the use of the interrogative method? Is there any other method of speech which possesses such quickening, arousing, challenging force? Does not the very shape of the interrogation point indicate the catching, penetrating, and holding function of a question? May we not profitably call to mind some of the masters of this form of speech, and once in a while set out to study the catechizing methods and habits which gave them usefulness and celebrity? These inquiries may serve to give a hint or two as to the scope and aim of this paper.

Among the great teachers of the ages two stand out distinctively as masters of the art under consideration. One of them, in Athens twenty-three hundred years ago, originated what is still styled the Socratic method; a game of question and answer wherewith its author waged a ceaseless warfare against ignorance which assumed to be knowledge, and in opposition to those who, fancying themselves to be wise, were by the Athenian philosopher's shrewd inquiries quickly shown to have only the mere empty assumption and pretense of wisdom. Woe to those who paraded their intellectual shams, who used any sort of cant, or who plumed themselves unworthily in view of their supposed philosophical acuteness, when they came to interview the uncouth, misshapen, but discerning, witty, and philanthropic Socrates! He would question them with a quiet subtle skill, elicit from them a set of confused answers, lead them to contradict themselves again and again, and at last to confess their half knowledge or their utter ignorance, and then he would send them away in various moods—humbled, sullen, indignant, perplexed, doubting, and, in some cases, anxious to know the truth at any cost. As long as the name of Socrates survives the world can hardly forget the challenging function, the insinuating and awakening force, and the resistless influence

which are involved in shrewdly put questions. The other great questioner, superior in his skill in this particular art and science to all others in any age or land, was of course Jesus of Nazareth. Who can study his methods and ministry without being impressed with the keen, profound, matchless way in which he asked questions? It is significant that the only incident of his boyhood portrays him in the Temple at Jerusalem, among the teachers of the law, "both hearing them and asking them questions." The habit thus begun in his childhood he cultivated diligently, in private and in public life, till his ministry on earth was finished. With questions he encouraged the timid, instructed the docile, rebuked the stubborn and undiscerning, warned the imperiled, silenced the carping and captious, refuted the contentious, and denounced the hypocritical, according to the exigencies of the hour. A complete list of his questions, collated from the Gospels and duly organized according to their character and aim, would make a useful study. Without any attempt to set them in logical order, let us take a few specimens, gathered almost at random, as illustrations of the extraordinary force and skill which our Lord and his disciples embody in the interrogative form of speech:

Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment?

Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?

For whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and walk?

Believe ye that I am able to do this?

What went ye out into the wilderness to behold? a reed shaken with the wind?

Whereunto shall I liken this generation?

Whereunto shall I liken the kingdom of God?

What is written in the law? How readest thou?

If Satan casteth out Satan, ... how then shall his kingdom stand?

Who do men say that the Son of man is?

What shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world and forfeit his life?

What shall a man give in exchange for his life?

Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

Why stand ye here all the day idle?

Are ye able to drink the cup that I am about to drink?

The baptism of John, whence was it? from heaven or from men?

Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?

Whose is this image and superscription?

Is it lawful on the sabbath to do good, or to do harm? to save a life, or to destroy it?

Can the blind guide the blind?

Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?

Where is your faith?

What is thy name?

Who is it that touched me?

Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto him that fell among the robbers?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.

Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?

Of how much more value are ye than the birds?

Ye know how to interpret the face of the earth and the heaven; but how is it that ye know not how to interpret this time?

If the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?

Behooved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into his glory?

Art thou the teacher of Israel, and understandest not these things?

Wouldest thou be made whole?

Why seek ye to kill me?

Why smitest thou me?

Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip?

Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?

If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?

These questions thus brought together exemplify the large use which the Master made of interrogative forms of speech as an element in his teaching, and they also show the varied functions of the question as employed in the Gospels. Any discerning student of Christ's ministry who will run attentively through the fourfold account which the evangelists give of it, noting carefully each instance where Christ uses an interrogatory, and searching out the underlying reason connected with its employment, will find the exercise full of suggestion and rich in instruction. But our Lord does not stand alone in the Bible as the wielder of searching power in the use of questions. Paul was a master questioner, as the score or more of arguments couched in interrogative form, in the second, third, and fourth chapters of Romans especially, indicate. What a tremendous question he asks in Rom. 8. 31: "If

God be for us, who can be against us?" What a rebuke is found in the next chapter: "O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" What an appeal he makes in 1 Cor. 6. 7: "It is altogether a defect in you, that ye have lawsuits one with another. Why not rather take wrong? Why not rather be defrauded?" And, to conclude this scanty treatment of the questions of the New Testament, with what awful moment is the question found in Heb. 2. 3, surcharged: "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

Instances in the Old Testament are equally impressive. Throughout those ancient Scriptures we find again and again great truths set forth in a startling way in the interrogative form, skillfully insinuated and implied by questions which are pressed home upon the conscience and often with terrifying force. In nearly every instance the significance and power of the truths involved and the weight and scope of the message would be greatly lessened were the form changed to that of a direct statement. Whatever one may conclude as to the doctrine of verbal inspiration, it is not a matter to be questioned for a moment that inspired men, delivering a message from the Almighty and speaking in his behalf, often put the truth they were charged to deliver not into the shape of a declaration or a denunciation, but into the form of a question, a question which in many cases has become monumental in its meaning and immortal in its very form. To change its form would be to rob it of its sinewy strength and its penetrating quality. The story of the temptation in Eden, in the third chapter of Genesis, contains some apt and vital cases. The awakening, penetrating, and arraigning force of the interrogation point, rightly used, its appeal to the conscience, its power to bring the transgressor face to face with his sin, to remind him of the retribution which he has brought upon himself, and to smite him with humiliation and terror as in the immediate presence of the Almighty—these qualities, and others like them, are embodied in this narrative with a skill and a fidelity to essential truth which have made their resistless appeal to countless generations of our race. Take these four inquiries and note what searching and terrifying force lies in them:

And Jehovah God called unto the man, and said unto him, Where art thou? . . . . Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat? . . . . And Jehovah God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done?

In the next chapter are other illustrations of the principle under discussion. What can be more dreadful, when we consider the circumstances, than the arraignment of the first murderer? "And Jehovah said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother?" The echoes of that terrifying inquiry have resounded through all the centuries, arresting the attention, awakening the dread, and haunting the conscience of countless hosts of men since that first generation of human history, men whose hands have been stained with their brothers' blood. The novelist who has gained literary immortality by his skill in depicting the fears, the remorse and the unavailing flight of the murderer, pursued by the memory and even the vision of the one he has slain, as, for instance, Dickens, in that tragic chapter in which he depicts the brutal Bill Sykes trying in vain to get away from the scene of his crime and the sight of his victim, is only elaborating the arraigning inquiry whereby Jehovah smote the first murderer to the quick of his deepest soul: "Where is Abel thy brother?" A similar pathetic, appealing and tragic quality is to be found in kindred utterances of the Hebrew prophets. They are, in their interrogative form, replete with a force, a world-wide application, a verbal edge and a sin-revealing function which make them immortal in their awakening ministry. Take heed, for example, to these specimen inquiries, spoken by God's messengers to ancient Israel:

What mean ye that ye crush my people, and grind the face of the poor?

What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it?

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?

O Ephraim, how shall I give thee up?

Were they ashamed when they had committed abomination? nay, they were not at all ashamed, neither could they blush.

Why have they provoked me to anger with their graven images, and with strange vanities?

O house of Israel, is not my way equal? are not your ways unequal?

Why will ye die, O house of Israel?

Many other significant instances might be cited, but these will suggest the moral possibilities which lie in this form of speech when aptly used by those who have a message from God to deliver.

The superiority which in many cases characterizes the questioning form of speech, as compared with the dogmatic method of utterance, cannot be overlooked. A fact may sometimes be more impressively stated in interrogative form than by a direct statement, while a principle, a law, or an hypothesis frequently finds swifter entrance to the mind in that form than in any other. The question makes a challenge for immediate consideration, forces an appeal on the judgment and conscience, carries the case to the bar of reason for instant attention, when an affirmation, however strongly pressed, may prove to be comparatively inert, or may awaken a contradictious spirit, and thus hinder the message from making its due impression. Citing once more from Scripture, compare Job's inquiry, "Who hath hardened himself against God and prospered?" with the same truth paraphrased into an affirmation: "No one has ever hardened himself against God and prospered." The latter form is tame and ineffective as contrasted with the question. A wise writer or speaker, acquainted with the measureless resources of the interrogative method, will frequently find himself and his cause advantaged by intimating his conviction in the shape of a question rather than by voicing it positively and dogmatically—"It is unmistakably true that," etc. The hearer who has a question put before him for solution is taken into the confidence of the speaker, treated as if he were an equal, on the same plane, is given a fair chance to share in the consideration of the case; whereas if the speaker's tone is dominantly assertive the hearer finds himself assigned inevitably to a lower plane. In the one case two debaters are discussing the matter; in the other the hearer finds himself classified with the grade of pupils assembled in the presence of a dogmatic master. The divisions of a public discourse may be profitably couched as in the form of inquiries, once in a while, rather than thrown into positive affirmations. In glancing at this principle the late Dr. Austin Phelps, in his notable book, A Theory of Preaching, keenly suggests:

Expectation may be cherished by the interrogative forms of division. A question is a prospective statement of a thought; it gives promise of an unknown answer; it is the forerunner of an invisible guest. To every alert mind it is welcome. Sometimes, therefore, an entire series of divisions thrown into the form of interrogatives will be a succession of stimulants to the expectant mood. Such interrogatives draw a hearer into a discussion by the sheer attraction of curiosity to see what is to come next.

John Wesley's example in this regard is worthy of study and even of emulation. No man of his day surpassed him in the sermonic arts whereby attention is gained, the conscience is reached, the judgment is arrested, and the soul is brought to consider its ways and repent. It is significant, therefore, that this master of English speech was fond of this method of dividing up a discourse. Almost at random instances may be cited from his sermons. Sermon I in his published works is thus outlined: "It concerns us carefully to inquire: (1) What faith it is through which we are saved. (2) What is the salvation which is through faith? (3) How we may answer some objections." In the next sermon he inquires: (1) "What is implied in being almost, and (2) What in being altogether, a Christian?" Scores of similar instances can be found by those who will turn to Mr. Wesley's works. But it was not merely in the outlines of his discourses that this great preacher was accustomed to make use of interrogative forms of speech. He employed the questioning method with extraordinary skill in applying his message, in urging on the conscience of his hearers the truth which he had expounded, and in getting hold of the very soul of those to whom he was speaking. The tremendous force of this method can be best illustrated by a few citations. One whose calling involves public speech of any sort, and who has thus far failed to note the extraordinary impressiveness and searching function of well-ordered interrogatives, can find no more striking specimens of it than John Wesley's sermons afford. For example, in the last sermon which he was permitted to preach in Saint Mary's Church, Oxford, before the university, August 24, 1744, Wesley turned to the ruling authorities of the colleges and of the university—many of whom, chancellors, prefects, professors, and tutors, were in the crowded congregation assembled to hear him—and made this appeal, which in its interrogative form,

its searching spirit, and its prophetic fervor and directness deserves comparison with any address ever uttered under similar circumstances:

> Ye venerable men, who are more especially called to form the tender minds of youth, . . . are you "filled with the Holy Ghost," with all these "fruits of the Spirit," which your important office so indispensably requires? . . . Do you continually remind those under your care that the one rational end of all our studies is to know, love and serve "the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent"? Do you inculcate upon them, day by day, that . . . without love all learning is but splendid ignorance, pompous folly, vexation of spirit? Has all you teach an actual tendency to the love of God and of all mankind for his sake? . . . Do you put forth all your strength in the vast work you have undertaken, . . . using every talent which God hath lent you, and that to the uttermost of your power?

The sermon entitled "The Great Assize," based on the text, "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ," is full of similarly couched personal appeals. At one point the preacher turned to the judges and officers of the court of common pleas, in whose presence the discourse was delivered, and urged this message:

> You, whose office it is to execute what is given you in charge by him before whom you stand, how nearly are you concerned to resemble those that stand before the face of the Son of man, those servants of his that do his pleasure, and hearken to the voice of his words? Does it not highly import you to be as uncorrupt as them? to approve yourselves the servants of God? to do justly, and love mercy? to do to all as ye would they should do to you? So shall that great Judge, under whose eye you continually stand, say to you also, "Well done, good and faithful servants: enter ye into the joy of your Lord!"

In concluding this remarkable discourse Mr. Wesley makes his closing appeals largely in the form of questions, citing with felicitous aptness a scriptural question to begin with:

> "What manner of persons ought ye to be, in all holy conversation and godliness?" Wherefore, . . . be diligent, that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless. Why should ye not? Why should any of you be found on the left hand at his appearing? He willeth not that any should perish; . . . can you doubt of this when you remember the Judge of all is likewise the Saviour of all? Hath he not bought you with his own blood, that ye might not perish, but have everlasting life? . . . Doth he not now, even now, knock at the door of thy heart? O that thou mayest know, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace!

Mr. Wesley uses the same method in many of his discussions, and he evinced a notable sense of the worth of this method when he arranged the order of business for his Conferences in the form of orderly questions, a method which has been kept in vogue, and enlarged from time to time since his day, by the denominations which trace their origin to the Wesleyan movement. In the Discipline of the leading American Methodist Church, for instance, we read, "The business of the Annual Conference is to inquire—." That is, its peculiar forte is to ask questions. Some of the thirty or more questions, the asking and answering of which constitute the work of the session of the Annual Conferences, run as follows: "Who have been received by transfer, and from what Conferences? Who have been discontinued? Was the character of each preacher examined? Who have died? What is the statistical report for this year? Where are the preachers stationed?" No better form of procedure has been found for these ecclesiastical bodies than one which takes up its items of business by means of question and answer, and the records made under this process form another illustration of the force and value of the questioning method.

The examination and cross-examination of witnesses in a court of justice are processes which serve to give one a fresh impression of the value of the arts of the questioner. These processes are such an important part of the functions of a lawyer that volumes have been written on them, and the man who excels in respect of this part of the practice of law speedily acquires a fame which reaches far beyond his own locality. He needs no master to teach him, in his task, the truth of Bacon's celebrated aphorism, "A shrewd question is the half of knowledge." And those who listen to a man skilled in the arts of the cross-examiner as he brings out the truth from the unwilling lips of evasive and perhaps dishonest witnesses, as he forces them against their own will to contradict themselves, as he leads them on by skillful methods until at last they have told more than they at first intended should become known, and as he weaves their single strands of testimony into a warp and woof that will stand all tests of judicial inquiry, should never allow the opportunity thus afforded to pass without reflecting on the amazing functions of the interroga-

tion point. The speeches of Abraham Lincoln abound in discerning questions used with singular felicity and skill. He went to the heart of the matter, for instance, in a speech in Chicago, in 1858, when he rang the changes on squatter sovereignty and popular sovereignty, terms then current, by asking, "What did these terms mean. What do these terms mean now? What is popular sovereignty?" When, in the Lincoln-Douglas debate in the same year, Judge Douglas made a shrewd effort to entangle Mr. Lincoln with a series of seven questions bearing on the attitude which he held, or had held, concerning the fugitive slave law, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and other problems of that day, Lincoln without evasion or hesitation made direct answer to the inquiries, and then turned the tables on his opponent by propounding to him four questions, subtly and yet simply framed, covering the heart of the whole slavery case then confronting the American people so far as that institution concerned the nation. Judge Douglas found it difficult to render a satisfactory reply to these inquiries. One of them, for example, was this: "Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from their limits prior to the formation of a State constitution?" The Judge's answer was, "They can." Then Mr. Lincoln proceeded to show that the Judge's answer was inconsistent with the support which the latter had given to the Supreme Court decision in the Dred Scott case. These vexed questions, propounded by Mr. Lincoln, were continually appearing throughout the debate to annoy and confound his distinguished antagonist. Those who are interested in the "art of putting things" on the platform will find Mr. Lincoln's speeches a thesaurus of acute, wise, and sometimes tremendous questions. They well deserve study.

The task of the teacher is involved vitally in this study. In the higher institutions, where, unfortunately, instruction is conveyed chiefly by means of lectures, where there is no chance for the interplay of wits, for the contact of mind with mind through personal inquiry, various probing processes, and the old-fashioned "quiz," the art of questioning is almost a forgotten one. This writer is old-fashioned enough to avow his conviction that wher-

ever the methods of the "recitation room" are wholly abandoned, where the task of the student is simply to "take notes" of a professor's lecture and then "read up" on topics assigned, where examinations are all in written form and occur only semioccasionally, there a fundamental feature of educational training has been dropped out of sight. There is no kind of training that will take the place of the method which proceeds by means of skillful questioning, spoken by a wise teacher, to a student who must give honest answer or else make his record of ignorance, half knowledge, or clumsy evasion. Because of the tendency of modern educational methods and habits it happens accordingly that hosts of professors have never set out to master the art of catechization, the science of asking questions, the method of teaching by shrewd, penetrating inquiries, from which no quick-witted student, no matter how sharp his inventive faculties may be, can escape. I recall, among honored teachers skilled in this direction, one man who was especially gifted as a questioner, Dr. Charles F. Himes, now in retirement from the chair of chemistry and physics which he held for many years in Dickinson College. He knew how to ask questions lucid in meaning, sharp in their distinctiveness, concrete and exact in their phraseology, and complete in their definitiveness, in face of which no student could possibly do anything but give a correct answer or else disgracefully fail. That ability is a primary quality of a great teacher. Without that quality a cultivated man may impart knowledge, encourage young people to study, indicate subsidiary fields of inquiry, serve as a commendable model of kindly and noble character, but he can never be a high-grade teacher. To teach, in the right sense, a man must know how to question! The game of "Twenty Questions" is an interesting exemplification of the force which lies in a series of keenly phrased inquiries as affording means for getting at the truth. The leader thinks of an object—the name of some notable person, building, planet, book, implement, metal, manufactured article, revolutionary movement—and the contest begins. The aim is to guess by means of questions, a score in number, what this object is. Those who have played the game, and who know how quickly things most improbable or almost unheard of are

brought to light after a few well-directed questions, have had a chance thereby to reflect on a further exhibition of the worth of the questioning habit. The curiosity of childhood, venting and expressing itself in ceaseless quizzing, is worth mentioning in connection with this theme. Those who have made a list of the questions of a child, uttered, for instance, inside the limits of any twenty-four-hour period, may find it worthy of preservation and of study. Their questions should not be ignored. To them should be applied that wise admonition, "Seize the moment of excited curiosity for the acquisition of knowledge." A little child's unsophisticated inquiry, couched in its own language, gives older persons a fine opportunity for reflection and edifying counsel, whether the question can be at once satisfactorily answered or not. The method of interrogative analysis sometimes applied to a Sunday school lesson, called the "Six W's," gives a plan often helpful not only in Bible study but in other lines of investigation. The several W's stand for the terms, What? Who? When? Where? Why? What of it? And well used they serve to bring out the facts, the persons, the time, the place, the reasons and the lessons or applications connected with the narrative assigned for study.

There are few qualities which teachers need just now to cultivate more diligently than the art of lesson catechization. Thousands depend entirely on the lesson leaf or other help not only for their comments but also for the questions they ask from Sunday to Sunday. Some are too inert, others too lazy and others too timid to invent questions of their own. An experiment was made within the past three or four years which bears directly on the situation thus hinted at. The editor of a leading series of Sunday school lesson helps concluded, without notice, to drop out from the various leaflets and helps the questions, filling the place formerly occupied by them with suggestive and edifying outlines and comments. To his disgust and amazement, he was assailed from many quarters, complaints coming from hosts of officers and teachers to the effect that without the printed questions they were helpless! What a humiliating avowal, and what a discreditable state of affairs! With the biblical passage printed twice (once from the Revised Version), and then outlined, analyzed, com-

mented upon, and lavishly illustrated with blackboard and other pictures galore, with a plethora of material given to them in all the religious weekly papers and in many handbooks, there are thousands of men and women who balk and complain because the questions also are not manufactured for them and furnished, like cereal breakfast foods, cooked, predigested and ready to serve for immediate use either hot or cold! There are skillful teachers who never fail to propound this inquiry when nearing the end of the lesson for the day: "Have you any questions to ask on this passage of Scripture?" It will be found many times that pupils of average intelligence are timid in this matter, afraid that the questions they have in mind are so "simple" as to appear ridiculous. Nevertheless, let the teacher encourage them to exercise their ingenuity in the framing of questions for themselves, and the results will speedily appear in the improved work done in the class. Furthermore, in Amos R. Wells's little book, Sunday School Success, there are three vivid and invigorating chapters devoted to this subject which will be found helpful and suggestive for workers of every grade. In other recent volumes, and in some of the older ones dealing with Sunday school work, valuable matter also may be found. But no matter what method a teacher may adopt in administering his work in the class, let him not fancy that he can really teach God's Word as it ought to be taught until, and unless, he has set out to learn something really worth while about this great branch of knowledge and inquiry which the Master himself studied, exemplified and practiced day by day in his ministry, and which forms a fundamental element in teaching—the art of asking questions.

Jesse Bowman Young

Art. III.—TENNYSON THE THINKER

"If I ceased to believe in any chance of another life, and of a great Personality somewhere in the universe, I should not care a pin for anything," remarked Tennyson to his friend Allingham. And now that we are drawing near the centenary of the great laureate's birth, it has become quite manifest that his permanent rank in English poetry rests on his faith and his spiritual vision. He was skillful beyond all rivals in the harmonious use of the English language; his beauty-steeped pictures have been a luxury to poetic taste, but his final reputation is resting on his masterfulness as a philosophic and religious thinker. He shared with Dante, with Milton, with Wordsworth a deep interest in these ultimate truths, and was alive to the doubt and faith alike of his age. He epitomized the English mind of the Victorian era and expressed its best results in the wrestling with scientific and metaphysical problems. He had extensive personal acquaintance among the scientists and thinkers of his day, and with them faced the ultimate logical bearings of the newly discovered facts and principles of the physical sciences. Allingham says: "His anxiety has always been great to get some real insight into the nature and prospects of the human race. He asks every person who seems in the least likely to help him in this, reads every book. When Vestiges of Creation appeared, he gathered from the talk about it that it came nearer to an explanation than anything before it. Tennyson got the volume, and he said to me: 'I trembled as I cut the leaves. But, alas! neither was satisfaction there.'"

One reading the life of Tennyson to-day can readily see the beginning of Tennyson the thinker. When, at the age of eighteen, he came down to the university from the seclusion of a rural rectory, he was a bookish singer with a genuine love of nature. He had had no companionship save in his brother Charles, who had been "molded like in nature's mint." He had written abundantly and skillfully in his subfreshman years; but these poems have art without grip; they charm but do not stimulate.

Tennyson had not begun to think, and official tasks of college life do not seem to have aroused him. It was a fortunate day when he joined the Cambridge Apostles, a group of able, high-minded collegians organized into a literary and debating society.

> We held debate, a band
> Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
> And labor, and the changing mart,
> And all the framework of the land.

Almost every member of this circle later achieved distinction. They were then a fearless, thoughtful group, with abundant social instinct, but alive to the movements of their day, and beginning to see their way in the coming England. Sterling and Maurice among the older members were marshaling revolt against the conventional, High Church position. Buller and Milnes were already showing that political insight which made them leaders in the reform movement soon to shatter the corrupt old English Parliament, and to bring a new penal and industrial legislation. Kemble and Lushington were feeling the first impulse of the revival of linguistic scholarship. Sterling and Hallam responded to the recent idealistic German metaphysics, partly Coleridgized, and led the philosophical speculations. New poets were admired, and Keats and Shelley cults soon developed. In fact, few of the artistic and intellectual movements which were leading toward the great Victorian era escaped these young fellows. They had the alertness, the responsiveness of the Russian and German college students of to-day. In this talented circle Hallam soon came to hold a distinctive leadership. He was master of dialectics and debate, and led easily the most abstruse discussions.

> A willing ear
> We lent him. Who but hung to hear
> The rapt oration flowing free
> From point to point, with power and grace,
> And music in the bounds of law,
> To those conclusions when he saw
> The God within him light his face?

In these "Apostolic" gatherings Tennyson smoked in silence, yet his mind was opening to whole vistas of new thought. On

the refinedly literate boy of nineteen burst the great throbbing life of the age, kindled by youthful enthusiasm. Colleges are ever the hotbeds of idealistic zeal in all sorts of reform and new thought. Thus Tennyson became a thinker as well as a poet, and the poems of this period attest this, as we may see in the "Lady of Shalott," the "Lines to J. S.," and in "Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights." Tennyson now turned from the palace of art in which he had been living and dreaming, and began to speak a larger truth through his art. Hallam had been the chief influence in bringing the change.

Then suddenly came the news of the death of Hallam. The four years' friendship had grown into a deathless passion. "Into such a passion flow all the best and brightest streams of life, the dreams of ardent manhood, the rapt surprises of the opening mind, the generous hopes of youth, absolutely untainted by anything that can lower or enervate." Suddenly death canceled all this, and Tennyson was left facing the open grave. Death had ceased to be a speculation for academic discussion; it was a bitter blight, which made him heartsick, misanthropic. Passionately, despairingly he cried out for his lost friend. Driven in on himself in the seclusion of Somersby, he mused:

> Thou art so full of misery,
> Were it not better not to be?

"I was so miserable," said Tennyson in later years, "that I longed for death." For fully a year the cloud hung heavily over his life. He could not feel reconciled to his bereavement; still more, he could not lay the great ultimate questions raised by death. What is death? Is it annihilation? What divine wisdom or goodness could there be in this premature extinction of a noble spirit? Is there any conservation of what is highest and best against the power of death? Tennyson was scarcely twenty-five at the time, but he was fighting the great battle of his life, fighting for his own spiritual integrity. Had he lost faith, had he become convinced of an irrational or a merely material basis for human existence, he would have died the sort of premature

death which overtook Matthew Arnold when he was showing promise of a rich poetic fruitage. Over and over again he staggered under the assailing fears, but he rallied his powers to assert by faith, and faith alone, his answers. He has recorded these experiences in his "In Memoriam," the "Divine Comedy of the Way of a Soul," as he called it.

Tennyson's experience is typical of the experience of all thinking men before they attain their real majority. The great questions concerning our life and concerning God and his world must be encountered, and not avoided. In later years he declared that he had spoken typically rather than personally in the narrower sense in what he had written in "In Memoriam." But these sections, written originally for himself alone, spoke with a directness and sincerity that Tennyson could not have achieved by conscious endeavor. He touched effectively for the first time in his career as a poet those larger sources of power which lay in the inherent greatness of his own soul. In this poem Tennyson reached full mastery. The reader must remember, however, that it expresses not merely the final triumph, but the wavering, uncertain way which led to it, and it would be unfair to Tennyson to cite many of the tentative thoughts, passions, and prejudices of the earlier sections as his ultimate position.

At the close of the "In Memoriam" period Tennyson had reached his full majority as a thinker, though he continued to face the ever-shifting speculations of the scientific era. It was the great battle time of evolutionary philosophy. Few Englishmen kept better abreast of scientific investigation, and few perceived more accurately the bearing of new discoveries on dogmatic faiths. He read geology, chemistry, physics, astronomy, biology, and anthropology in their freshest developments and followed the speculative inferences based on them. Then he stood not in obstinate and ignorant opposition, but he stood none the less firmly against the rising tide of materialism. Later developments of physiological psychology never shook his faith in soul as the ultimate reality. In fact, while keeping thoroughly conversant with the newer science, Tennyson can scarcely be said to have changed his attitude toward any of the major prob-

lems of thought during the last fifty years save to feel them with a more burning conviction and a more confident faith.

From early in his career Tennyson made clear distinction between ecclesiastical regularity and spiritual faith. At no time in his mature life was he a strict churchman, and he had little sympathy with Newman's attitude at Oxford, which emphasized traditional at the expense of rational faith. He was in more accord with the broad-church movement and the liberalizing of institutional Christianity. He recognized the value of "faith through form," but his own

> Faith has center everywhere,
> Nor cares to fix itself in form.
>
> Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be;
> They are but broken lights of thee,
> And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Dogmatic and systematic theology made slight appeal to Tennyson, and he seldom dealt with such problems as fascinated the imagination of Browning in this field. Still further, though he was an earnest reader of the Bible, and though his poems, as Dr. van Dyke shows, make frequent use of biblical phraseology or imagery, yet he never bases his religious speculation on textual proofs from the Bible. He seems never to have accepted it as a fundamental authority. He likewise cared little for church history, for historical evidences, or for ecclesiastical polity, and they leave practically no impression on him as a thinker.

For the speculative as opposed to the practical approach to truth he had a strong sympathy. His interest in metaphysics kindled by Hallam continued throughout the poet's life. And yet he soon realized the limitations of speculative research. He gave Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, Wallace, and Lyall a thoughtful hearing, but in the end had little more confidence in dogmatic science than in dogmatic creeds. And the outcome was his partial acquiescence in the agnostic position of many thinkers of the day, for Tennyson, undazzled by the substantial achievements of science, looked away from the little known to the unknown vast.

Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let
Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set
In midst of knowledge dreamed not yet.

Thou hast not gained a real height,
Nor art thou nearer to the light,
Because the scale is infinite.

And he realized as only the few humbler scientists of his day did that science had only made a beginning of the infinite task of mastering the world, and that the finite mind is utterly unable to cope with infinitude. Hence his declaration:

Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,
Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in,
Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one;
Thou canst not prove that thou art immortal, no,
Nor yet that thou art mortal—nay, my son,
Thou canst not prove that I, who speak with thee,
Am not thyself in converse with thyself,
For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
Nor yet disproven.

This was his challenge to scientific speculation: "We cannot know." Knowledge with all her glory is

Half-grown as yet, a child and vain—
She cannot fight the fear of death.

. . . . . .

Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

This was not the refutation of ignorance, but of one who had listened thoughtfully to all science had to say. Nor did Tennyson turn for support to other knowledges in history, philosophy, and so-called evidences. He knew they also are merely finite.

He was saved from the irresolution and emptiness, which agnosticism brings, by his confidence in the higher power, "Wisdom, heavenly of the soul." Such wisdom is drawn not from proofs and demonstrations, but is perceived directly by the heart of man through faith—a spiritual instinct, if we might so call it, for the higher truth of man, of God, and of the universe, for faith with Tennyson meant no mere blind, irrational assertion of what

one likes to believe, no mere flying in the face of the demonstrations of science. It is vision of the immaterial truth of the universe:

> Who forged that other influence,
> That heat of inward evidence
> By which he doubts against the sense?
>
> He owns the fatal gift of eyes,
> That read his spirit blindly wise,
> Not simple as a thing that dies.
>
> Here sits he shaping wings to fly,
> His heart forebodes a mystery:
> He names the name eternity.

His contrast between faith and intellectualism, between wisdom and mere knowledge, between spiritual vision and scientific grasp, is essential to the thought position of Tennyson. It is his answer to the inadequate scientific speculations of his day. And this reliance on faith gave Tennyson foundation for the steady, constructive scheme of life he wrought.

> Wherefore thou be wise,
> Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
> And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith.
> She reels not in the storm of warring words,
> She brightens at the clash of Yes and No,
> She sees the Best that glimmers through the Worst,
> She feels the sun is hid but for a night.

Faith, and faith alone, is the basis of his assertion of God, of the soul, of immortality. He took issue squarely with the materialistic attitude of modern science. He said to John Addington Symonds in 1864: "I cannot form the least notion of a brick. It is no use talking about atoms, extension, color, weight. I cannot penetrate the brick. But I have far more distinct notions of God, of love, of such emotions." To Wallace, the codiscoverer with Darwin, he once said: "You have said something very bold about matter. I think matter more mysterious than spirit. I can conceive in a way what spirit is, but not matter." Wallace replied: "I conceive matter not as substance at all, but as points of energy, and that if these were withdrawn, matter would disappear." Tennyson said this was something like his own notion.

And James Knowles, editor of the Nineteenth Century Magazine, makes an even more significant statement in his reminiscences of Tennyson: "He was disposed to doubt the real existence of the material world, and frequently adduced the infinite divisibility of matter as unthinkable. He leaned toward the idealism of Berkeley. He said once: 'Sometimes, as I sit here alone in this great room, I get carried out of sense and body and rapt into mere existence, till the accidental touch or movement of one of my own fingers is like a great shock or blow, and brings the body back with a terrible start.'" Tennyson has described this strange experience more fully in the closing words of "The Holy Grail," in "The Ancient Sage," and in section 95 of "In Memoriam." The late Theodore Watts Dunton has stated Tennyson's position sympathetically: "He spurned the materialism which at first seemed to all thinkers inseparable from the idea of evolution; he found for himself the hope which science seems to be disclosing, the hope that the spiritual force called life may, after all, be something which uses the material world as a means of phenomenal expression. He saw that what is real is noumenon, that what is false and illusory is phenomenon; that poetry and love and beauty and noble endeavor have never been evolved from molten granite or fire mist; . . . that, notwithstanding all contradiction, the universe without a preponderance of good over evil could not work at all, that in the deepest sense goodness and absolute life are, indeed, synonymous terms." One of the last and greatest of Tennyson's philosophical poems, "The Ancient Sage," devotes itself to the refutation, as poetry only can refute, of nineteenth century materialism.

His faith in God was fundamental to his whole position as a thinker. "Take away belief in the self-conscious personality of God," he declared, "and you take away the backbone of the world." His son quotes him as saying: "If God were to withdraw himself for one single instant from the universe, everything would vanish into nothingness. My passionate desire is to have a clearer and fuller vision of God, how I cannot tell." Wilfred Ward, who knew Tennyson well in later years, says: "He insisted strongly on the misuse of the word 'God.' . . . The vindictive

idea of God was, perhaps, his greatest trial in popular religion; another was anthropomorphism: 'The misuses of the word "God" make me prefer another name—say the Highest, or the Supreme Being. I have sometimes demurred to the term "Personal" as applied to God, for the same reason. It has been used as though personality were quite similar in God and man. But I only mean that his personality is higher than ours. Lotzé says the lack of personality is in us. God is unknowable as he is in himself, but he touches us at one point. That point is conscience. If conscience could be developed, we might in some sense see God.'" He confirms this latter thought in "The Ancient Sage":

> If thou wouldst hear the Nameless, and wilt dive
> Into the Temple-cave of thine own self,
> There brooding by the central altar, thou
> Mayst haply learn the nameless hath a voice,
> By which thou wilt abide if thou be wise.

This direct personal consciousness of the Divine, this humble but earnest searching to find out God, not by a study of the traditions and creeds of men, but by faith, have made Tennyson one of the real powers in the readjustment of religious thought, which the scientific movement and the world vision of other races and other religions have forced on our latter day. He affirmed the larger conception of God with a full appreciation of the speculative difficulties and limitations presented by modern thought. God is no longer an historic tradition, nor merely the Master and Maker of humanity, but he is the God of the infinite universe, above all and in all. "Whatever is the highest of all, must be the Deity, call it by what name you will," declared Tennyson. "Matter, time, and space are illusions, but above them all is God, who is no illusion." Yet even with the Infinite man can have communion because of the God-like in his own nature:

> Speak to him thou, for he hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
> Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

And when he was far advanced in years he said one day to his niece: "God is with us now on this down as we two are walking together, just as truly as Christ was with the two disciples on the

way to Emmaus; we cannot see him, but he, the Father and the Saviour and the Spirit, is nearer perhaps now than then to those who are not afraid to believe the words of the apostles about the actual and real presence of God and his Christ with all who yearn for it. . . . I should be sorely afraid to live my life without God's presence; but to feel he is by my side now just as much as you are, that is the very joy of my heart."

Tennyson declared not merely the divine personality of God, but he felt equally the divine personality of the individual man. No Victorian writer withstood more passionately the assaults of science on personality. He did not believe that man was a mere resultant of certain material forces, and that he was limited to a material body. He declared: "I think we are not wholly brain, magnetic mockeries, . . . not only casts in clay." He denied that "the spirit does but mean the breath." Tennyson felt that the real man, the divine personality, lay behind all this. Out of the deeps of the unknown came the babe to human life:

> Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
> From that true world within the world we see,
> Whereof our world is but the bounding shore—
> Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,
> . . . . thou comest, darling boy.

To this spirit, life brings individuality by slow degrees, as Tennyson tells us in the forty-fifth section of "In Memoriam." Then man begins to live. Tennyson regarded him not merely as one among countless millions, but he is a person with a defiant consciousness of the inviolability of person. And the powers, the discipline, the destiny of this person are all-important in Tennyson's thought.

Nineteenth century speculation has limited man chiefly by the negation of human will and of life after death. The growth of our knowledge of natural law has tended more and more to exclude the human will as an active force in the world. "Is will," science asks, "anything more than the yielding to the stronger motive?" Man thus becomes the puppet of circumstance. Tennyson stood defiantly against determinism, asserting

> thou art thou,
> With power on thine own act and on the world.

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"Assuredly," he declared to his son, "however unfathomable the mystery, if one cannot believe in the freedom of the human will, as of the divine, life is hardly worth having." And again, in more homely phrase, he declared: "Man's free will is but a bird in a cage; he can stop at a lower perch or mount to a higher. Then that which is and knows will enlarge his cage, giving him a higher and a higher perch, and at last break off the top of his cage and let him out to be one with the Free Will of the universe." Hence he makes his appeal to man:

> Arise and fly
> The reeling faun, the sensual feast;
> Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die.
>
> But ill to him who bettering not with time,
> Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
> And ever weaker grows through acted crime,
> Or seeming-genial venial fault.

And we may well add the unpublished stanza originally intended for "Locksley Hall":

> Life is battle, let me fight it; surely I shall win the day:
> Block my path with toil and danger, I will find or force a way.

But the cruellest negation of human personality as Tennyson felt it is that death should indeed be death. The bitterness of it came home to him first in the death of Hallam. All through "In Memoriam" he struggles against "doubt implied by death." He refutes likewise the thought of after life without continued individuality. To merge within the general soul is faith as vague as all unsweet. The individual must triumph over death, and bear into the world beyond death the personality he had achieved here. Over and over again he declares his faith in the resurrection life. "I can hardly understand," he says, "how any great, imaginative man who has deeply lived, suffered, thought, and wrought can doubt of the soul's continuous progress after death." "I cannot but think," he said on another occasion, "that moral good is the crown of man. But what is that without immortality?" His friend Knowles adds: "His belief in personal immortality was passionate—I think almost the strongest

passion he had. I have heard him thunder out against an opponent of it: 'If there be a God that has made the earth, and put this hope and passion into us, it must foreshow the truth. If it be not true, then no God but a mocking fiend created us, and I'd shake my fist in his almighty face and tell him that I cursed him. I'd sink my head to-night in a chloroformed handkerchief and have done with it all.' " In later life this faith in immortality grew calmer and surer, as he "stood on the height of this life with a glimpse of a height that is higher."

Thus he fought his doubts and laid them. And from this deeper, more earnest Tennyson came that succession of philosophic poems, from the "Two Voices" to "By an Evolutionist." These are not the mere fanciful themes of an æsthetic poet, but in the charm of musical verse they express his highest vision, the vision of a prophet speaking a divine message to his generation. Thus he fulfilled his ambition to be "engaged in perpetual ministry to souls in this and other worlds," and he became one of the dominant spiritual forces of modern times. The note of this higher faith is well expressed in one of his latest poems:

Doubt no longer that the Highest is the wisest and the best,
Let not all that saddens Nature blight thy hope or break thy rest,
Quail not at the fiery mountains, at the shipwreck or the rolling
Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or the famine, or the pest!

Neither mourn if human creeds be lower than the heart's desire!
Through the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam of what is higher.
Wait till death has flung them open, when the man will make the Maker
Dark no more with human hatreds in the glare of deathless fire!

Chas. M. Hodell

Art. IV.—CALVIN THE HERETIC

The remarkable year of grace 1909 marks the quadricentennial of the birth of John Calvin (July 10). In the laudations attending that date—paper and pulpit and partisan—seeking to canonize him as the saint of Protestantism, the number of those volunteering to discharge what shall seem to them the office and work of the *Advocatus Dei* will be legion. The halo grows in proportion to the square of the distance remote and the cube of the time elapsed. That which sets off the head of each of the four evangelists at the base of the dome of Saint Peter's, as seen from the floor two hundred feet below, is golden, becoming, ethereal. On ascending the dome, however, the same is seen to be of iron, rudely spiked to a dusty back by the blacksmith's arm and art.

But none the less does this same year of grace mark also the tercentennial of the death of Calvin's early adherent, later antagonist, and final vanquisher,[1] more modest, less trumpeted: James Arminius (October 19). In the canonizing of Calvin, with no less eagerness does the writer crave what will be esteemed by many the uncanny office and work of the *Advocatus Diaboli*[2]—charged

[1] "Although the principles of Arminius were solemnly condemned in the great Calvinist Synod held at Dort in 1618–19, . . . the Leyden professor had given to ultra-Calvinism a blow from which it never recovered."—James F. Loughlin, in the Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. i, p. 741.

"This outward show of victory was really a defeat; for the true elements of Arminianism were not killed at Dort, but grew up silently but surely within the bosom of the orthodox Reformed Church."—"Reformed orthodox" Rev. Professor Dr. August Ebrard, as quoted in Curtiss's Arminianism in History. Hunt & Eaton, New York, 1894.

[2] "*Advocatus Diaboli*, a popular title given to one of the most important officers of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, established in 1587 by Sixtus V, to deal juridically with processes of beatification and canonization. His official title is 'Promoter of the Faith.' His duty requires him to prepare in writing all possible arguments, even at times seemingly slight, against the raising of anyone to the honors of the altar."—The Catholic Encyclopedia.

If the press may be relied upon, the predicament arising from the absence or the negligence of this worthy official has no better illustration than that alleged in the Central Christian Advocate (Kansas City, Missouri), April 7, 1909: "The 'Holy Expeditus' is still worshiped in Rome, in spite of the fact that Pope Pius X in 1905 took this name from the calendarium of saints because such a person has never existed. He has been nothing more than an imaginary saint, who has received his name from the Latin word *expedit* (meaning, 'He answers all petitions speedily'). The papal decree ordered all pictures and images of this saint removed from churches. Still they remain, and the people worship them. In the Church of Saint Vitale, on the southern slope of the Quirinal, hangs near the altar the picture of this saint, with the inscription: 'S. Expeditus, M.' The 'M.' indicates martyr."

with the holy duty of challenging afresh and as severely as possible the chief contention for his saintdom. Brake and breeching are as goodly and godly as tug and whip. With calmness and conviction, accordingly, is penned the indictment, "Calvin the Heretic."

Zigzag has been the path of man to all truth, as well to that "revealed" as to all other. "Switchback" is the name given in the mountain-climbing railways to their necessarily devious, tortuous ascent. Similarly, pendulumwise, now to this side, now to that, has ever been the movement of the mind of the race as it ceaselessly, tirelessly, resistlessly approximates truth. The essential factors in religion are three; namely, the conceptions as to God, Man, and their Relations. Touching these, three great wars were waged, three decisive battles won, ere the preponderance of truth became measurably manifest. Hyphenating as usual the names of vanquished first and victor last, these contests and victories are known to history as the

I. Ariano-Athanasian, as to God (in Christ).
II. Pelagiano-Augustinian, as to Man (his Need).
III. Calvino-Arminian, as to their Relation (in Grace).

Far be it that one allege or dream that error, and only error, characterized the first in each of these pairs; or that truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, distinguished the latter in each. The utmost one dare in honesty affirm is that with the former was truth with some alloy; with the latter, truth with less alloy. Arius, for instance, confesses the virgin birth and preëxistence of Jesus Christ as openly and unreservedly as does Athanasius, not to speak of other and more general agreements. His moral character is unimpeached by his bitterest doctrinal foe. Yet, for all this accord, Arius cannot, with Athanasius, infer and aver the essential deity of Jesus Christ, and so must be forever epitheted Arius the Heretic. On the other hand, who shall prove that in similar combination and proportion Athanasius himself, while formulating that valued truth for which his fame shall forever stand, did not harbor with it some error also? May he not have erred through overemphasis on the right side, as Arius through underemphasis on the wrong? Only in the vaguest of

terms and the barest of outlines could men of those times and at the first draft define the practically undefinable; bound the well-nigh boundless; wed the finite and the infinite. Who had then—or later, for that matter—so comprehended God, or fathomed man made in his image, as to be able to show their exact juxtaposition or coincidence, or to trace the line of demarkation between the imaged and the image? Whole realms of phenomena once deemed to belong exclusively to the rule of God are daily being annexed to the dominion of man. Without the slightest doubt or controversy Athanasius in the terminology of the time secured forever for human belief and conduct the unique supremacy of Jesus the Christ, the Saviour of the world. But that said terminology shall never suffer change, nor be superseded, who will dare predict? The unquestioned and unapproachable and historically wholesome headship of the race for Christ was won through Athanasius; that was the glorious advantage gained. But it has resulted in disadvantage also. Doubtless unavoidably, the humanness of Jesus became decidedly and correspondingly eclipsed thereby; so much so that few, very, very few, evangelical Christians ever think or speak of Jesus as man. To the bulk of our confessors of the creeds he is no man, but God. Asked to characterize him in a single word, nine out of ten will promptly say, "God," whereas, were they scripturally taught and in an orthodox manner, half of them should as promptly and unhesitatingly reply, "Man." The church in general is heretically docetic, sacrificing the manhood of the Christ to his godhead. The result has been—as it very soon became manifest—that human nature, that very image and likeness of God, whether that in Jesus or in us his brethren, is unduly depreciated, disesteemed, ignobled. Hence by natural rebound arose Pelagianism.

Pelagius called back consciousness of the imperishable dignity, worth, capacity, and responsibility of the image and likeness of God. To Pelagius so omnipresent and universal was the grace of God in Christ, buoying up the sin-sinking race and preserving it in salvable equilibrium, that he doubtless did fail especially to emphasize at all times as he should "that light which lighteth every man." Much truth now held did Pelagius hold, and that

with blameless life and spotless character; but because he underemphasized our universal grace for salvation he appeared to the theologians of his day to void the necessity of that divine grace. Against him arose finally Augustine, who laid such stress upon the element of divine grace—sovereignly and irresistibly bestowed, if not positively forced, upon man—as to make that grace alone the sole element in an individual's salvation. To "such as should be saved" heaven became unavoidable, unescapable. The underemphasis of grace by Pelagius was doubtless unintentional, but, nevertheless, it was disastrous. A heretic too forever is he. That Augustine emphasized it over against him is that for which he deserves the thanks of all and his sainthood by the church. Nevertheless, in that he also overemphasized it did he, from his day to nearly our own, hang a millstone about the neck of Christian truth. The concept of a mechanical, despotic,[1] irrational God, to which Augustine more and more leaned, was the secret of his irresistible grace as the sole cause of the salvation of impotent man, paralyzed utterly as to will and desire.[2] This was bad, but under Gottschalk, about A. D. 840, it naturally became worse, in that irresistible grace was unconditionally withheld from those who should be lost. It then inevitably reached the superlative degree and became worst of all in John Calvin, the keenest of logicians, who unblushingly drew the horrible conclusion—from the false premise—that it was the sovereign God that from all eternity decreed that John Doe shall receive his irresistible grace and be saved out of his sin, while Richard Roe, of equal demerit or merit, shall be omitted in the distribution of said grace, and accordingly damned in his sin. To save face, as the Chinese say, unto all this has been added, as insult to intelligence after injury to the moral sense, the saving clause: "Yet so, as thereby neither is God the author of sin, nor is violence offered to the will of the creatures." Verily, a pre-Christian god that, if not a purely heathen monster! Not at all the New Testament God and Father of our Lord Jesus

[1] The terminology of ultimate democracy is of recent origin, and could not possibly be used in the days of revelation. In Acts 4. 24 the released apostles and the church "lifted up their voice to God with one accord, and said, 'O Despot, who didst make'," etc.

[2] Scarcely one of the Greek or the Latin fathers for the first three centuries ever expressed or tolerated such notion.

Christ, of whom Calvin seems least of all the trio ever to have dreamed![1]

"But Calvinism is long dead and buried," cries one, "even to the exciting of proper Martha's apprehension. Why rehearse this ancient history; why waste paper, time, and patience?" Such protest were valid were it not for the fact that, in this very year of grace, paper and press and ink can be found to give utterance, in such a pretentious work as the New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge,[2] to the rankest "Calvinism without reserve" as absolutely "the only system in which the whole order of the world is brought into a rational unity with the doctrine of grace." For such, in the article on "Calvinism," Princeton's Professor of Polemics, Benjamin B. Warfield, D.D. (*nomen et omen*), pugnaciously battles unabashed and undismayed:

> In Calvinism, objectively speaking, theism comes to its rights; subjectively speaking, the religious relation attains its purity; soteriologically speaking, evangelical religion finds at length its full expression and its secure stability.
>
> The doctrine of monergistic regeneration—or, as it was phrased by the older theologians, of "irresistible grace," or "effectual calling"—is the hinge of the Calvinistic soteriology.[3]
>
> Jesus Christ has come not to advise, or urge, or to aid him [sinful man] but to save him.
>
> Only so could he [the Calvinist] express his sense of men's complete dependence as sinners on the free mercy of a saving God; or extrude the evil leaven of Synergism (q. v.) by which, as he clearly sees, God is robbed of his glory and man is encouraged to think that he owes to some power, some act of choice,[4] some initiative of his own, his participation in that salvation which is in reality all of grace. There is, accordingly, nothing against which Calvinism sets its face with more firmness than every form and degree of autosoterism.
>
> There is and can be no difference among Calvinists as to the inclusion of the fall in the decree of God; to doubt this inclusion is to place oneself at once at variance with the fundamental Calvinistic principle which con-

[1] The Rev. Christian Knoll, pastor of our church at 12 Rue Calvin, Geneva, confirms to the writer the statement that of the nearly two thousand sermons of Calvin there preserved—the great majority on Old Testament texts, and twenty-four on the Epistle to Titus—not one is upon the words of Jesus, or from either of the Gospels!

[2] Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, 1909. With this stricture a commendable work.

[3] This perfectly echoes Hodge when he declares that one simple question will lay bare whether one be a Calvinist or not: "In the last analysis, who decides the question of John Smith's salvation? If the answer be, 'God,' the answerer is a Calvinist. If it be, 'John Smith himself', the answerer is not a Calvinist."

[4] See previous footnote.

ceives all that comes to pass teleologically and ascribes everything that occurs ultimately to the will of God. [Or, as the Standard Bible Dictionary—Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, 1909—more tersely expresses it: "The processes of time are but the realizing, objectively to God, of that perfect plan of them which proceeds from his will and was, as it were, subjectively foremirrored in his thought in eternity. This must include not only the quiver of every leaf but every sin of every soul, and the final destiny of each individual soul. That destiny God has willed eternally, whether it be salvation or destruction." "The true predestinarian cannot conceive of saving grace except as irresistible, and hence he maintains that to the nonelect, to the souls that perish, it was never intended to apply." "We are inherently incapable of thinking from these two bases—the eternal plan and the human will—so as to discover their harmony." Article on "Predestination."]

Resuming Professor Warfield:

> The first serious defection from the fundamental conceptions of the Reformed system came from the rise of Arminianism in the early years of the seventeenth century [names Arminius and others]; and the Arminian party was quickly sloughed off under the condemnation of the whole Reformed world. [They] were met by the reassertion of the fundamental doctrines of absolute predestination, particular redemption, total depravity, irresistible grace, and the perseverance of the saints (Canons of the Synod of Dort).[1]

"Sloughed off!" Thanks for that word! It was to supply liberal antidote to such poison that in 1777, in order to save Christianity from the virus of Calvinism, John Wesley founded The Arminian Magazine, of which the Methodist Review is the American offspring, now for long the oldest and most widely circulated periodical of its kind in our land. Under all the circumstances named it would seem that space may be spared therein for prophylactic, if not antidote.

As in Daniel's vision, Calvinism is distinctly a mixture—gold and clay. At the close of a student's preaching of his sermon-exercise before his class the homiletical professor returned to him his manuscript with the smiling remark: "I can say truly, sir, that your sermon is both good and original. Candor compels me to add, however, that the part that is good is not original, and the part which is original is not good." Similarly, all there is of good in what passes current as Calvinism is not the peculiar essence of Calvinism, but is the *kat' holic*, the everywherefound, universal,

[1] "We have met the enemy, and we are theirs." See first footnote.

general, Christian truth inherited by all from Christ and the apostles, while that which is so original with Calvin as to have secured for it his name (including his inheritances from Gottschalk and Augustine and the pagan fatalists), is simply not good —in fact is execrably bad. The Calvinist's part in the world's evangelization has had a measure of success at his hands, not because of his "horrible decree," but in spite of it. Would that those fostering it, but really hampered by it and hampering all others, could see their way bravely and heroically to renounce it root and branch "for the glory of" the Christly "God"!

As a lad in the Civil War days the writer sympathetically and patriotically "scraped lint" from old linen and other worn material, tons of which was used at the front in dressing the wounds of our loved boys in blue. In the best medical phrase of that day, "it produced a laudable pus," and occasionally a poor fellow recovered—actually got well—in spite of it! How brave and bold has been the medical faculty since, and how life-saving! In their present antiseptic treatment they know that probably every shred of that germ-infected lint acted as so much virus, inducing the death of untold thousands who might have recovered had there been no lint at all. That in Calvinism which gives it its distinctive name is as poisonous and deadly as that—let us say—well-meant but fatal lint. Nothing ever taught by Arius or Pelagius did so misrepresent the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ as does that which is the essence of Calvin's teaching. Who, then, can forbid that he wear the same epithet as they? How has infidelity bred and festered because of it! How many have perished through it for whom Christ died; men repulsed, families degenerate, communities "'gospel' (?) hardened"![1] Only a change of physician, nurse, and treatment—a wide and constant and militant heralding of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ rather than the characterless despot of Calvin—has brought the church to its present glad evangelism and world-wide missionary zeal.[2] If the withdrawal of the "horrible decree" from the

[1] The writer's first pastorates were in New England towns filled with perplexity, revolt, despair, degeneracy, from two-hundred years' instilling of Calvin's "horrible decree" as the glad news of the all-gracious Christ. Never will those conditions be effaced from memory or history.

[2] "A union of missions and a partial call can never rationally coexist."

pulpit, and its discreet retirement to the privacy of the closet for esoterics, have combined to point out the way to the heart and thought of mankind, why should hypocritical professions of actually believing it longer repel the millions who would by its heroic renunciation be drawn by such strong and heroic churches *to* Christ rather than be repulsed *from* him?

At sight of the fresh print quoted above one longs for an hour of the preachers and preaching of a century and half a century ago, when they stormed the land, put to flight the aliens, and overturned that "other gospel, which is not another." One had supposed that the necessity for such rough-and-tumble bouts was past, and that a genuine case of the avowal of "Calvinism without reserve" had become as rare, and as strange to Americans, as has a case of smallpox to most young physicians—who, it is alleged, would not know a case were they to see it. But in view of its fresh activity we can but welcome the blows whereby Calvin's Five Points were met and vanquished by Arminius's Five Points as to

SALVATION

If you seek it, you won't find it.	If you seek it, you will find it.
If you get it, you can't know it.	If you get it, you can know it.
If you know it, you haven't got it.	If you know it, you have got it.
If you get it, you can't lose it.	If you get it, you may lose it.
If you lose it, you never had it.	If you lose it, you must get it again.[1]

Their part in the quenching of Calvin's heresy is best shown by further quotation from Professor Warfield in the same article

[1] In this connection one hears again the old circuit rider's song-prayer of Wesley:

O All-atoning Lamb,
O Saviour of mankind,
If every soul may in thy name
With me salvation find;
Equip me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight,
My simple upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

Increase (if that can be)
The perfect hate I feel
To Satan's HORRIBLE DECREE,
That genuine child of hell;
Which feigns thee to pass by
The most of Adam's race,
And leave them in their blood to die,
Shut out from saving grace.

and publication, and also from Professor Beckwith (Chicago Theological Seminary—Congregationalist) in his article, "Arminianism," in the same. Professor Warfield writes:

> It must be confessed that the fortunes of Calvinism are not at present at their flood. In America, to be sure, the controversies of the earlier half of the nineteenth century compacted a body of Calvinistic thought which gives way slowly. . . . It is probable that few "Calvinists without reserve" exist at the moment in French-speaking lands. . . . Even in Scotland there has been a remarkable decline in strictness of construction. . . . Nevertheless, it may be contended that the future, as the past, of Christianity itself is bound up with the fortunes of Calvinism. [*Sic.*]

Per contra, and by strange contrast in the same publication and under common editorship, hear Professor Beckwith:

> Arminianism . . . in spite of opposition, however, in part on account of its later profound spirit through Wesley, and in part by virtue of its essential truth, has thoroughly leavened the Christian thought of America. A sign of the times is that theological schools confessedly Arminian educate young men for churches which are traditionally Calvinistic, and ministers holding Arminian views are received by such churches as thoroughly "orthodox."

But while berating Calvin let us not close our eyes to a fault we have in common with him, and, further, to the fact that another equally detrimental sort of "determinism" proceeds from the dominant philosophy and science of the day. Materialistic fatalism is the proper name for the latter. The former arises from our increasing and thoughtless repetition of the Apostles' Creed "without note or comment." When one says: "I believe in God the Father Almighty" he means it "with reserve," for, in the domain of man's moral choices under grace, man himself is almighty, according to God's self-limitation in making man in his image and after his likeness. In fact, we may well believe that God himself has a creed; to wit: "I believe in Man; in the realm of his moral choices, Almighty; Creator of his own heaven or hell." In the equilibrium graciously established between the sum total of sin and evil on the one side, and the sum total of God and grace on the other (in each case computed as large as one will), every human possessed of his senses chooses, uncontrolled, with which he will ally himself. As illustrating this, Evangelist J. Wilbur Chapman tells of an old theologian of color who explained to him

as follows: "'Bout 'lection, suh, dis am de way. 'Lection's goin' on all de time. God's votin' for yer; debble's votin' 'gainst yer. 'Lection goes which eber way yo' vote yo'self." Verily, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise! Could aught be more illuminating? How that relieves of the suspicion that God and the devil ever side together against man!

From this, however, let no one infer that one's moral choices involve and secure their full and perfect execution. Character depends upon struggle, not necessarily attainment. The struggler in the slums of Water Street may go into the kingdom before the hereditary saint of Tuxedo Avenue who never struggled. By the sovereign and glorious scheme of grace, every man must throw his sword into one lanx (pan) or the other of the bilanx (balance) before him. His it is to decide which shall descend, not how much it shall descend; over that he has no control. Before each, in the plan of God, stretches infinite opportunity. Whether man will multiply himself as a plus quantity into the same, producing for his product a plus infinity, or whether as a minus quantity he will get as his result and possession a minus infinity—is all his, his alone, to decide.

One may well be amused at the age-long attempt to derive from the apostle Paul support for Calvin's heresy. On the contrary, Paul to the last boasts himself a Pharisee, and, as a friendly rabbi telephones me, it has from the very beginning been a tenet of the Pharisees—to which body he and all rabbis belong—that *Hakkol beyad shamayim hutz yire shamayim;* which is being interpreted "Everything is in the hand of God except the fear of God." Under the scheme of universal grace man is god of his moral and eternal destiny. The heresy of an irresponsible despotism over man's moral choices—whether of the spiritual kind pretended by Calvin or that arising from the alleged fixedness and immobility and unchangeableness of our physical nature and inheritance and environment—must not, shall not, be permitted to blind us to our responsibility for our destiny; whether under grace "thou shalt save thyself" or "become a castaway." This glorious but awful responsibility—to forget which all sorts of opiates have been invented, all delusions devised—is well set forth in a rare bit of

verse quoted to young men for the formation of character by one a score of years pastor of a Plymouth Congregational Church, evidently a Calvinist with very large "reserve":

> One ship drives east and another drives west
> With the selfsame winds that blow;
> 'Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales,
> That settles the way they go.
>
> Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
> As we voyage along through life:
> 'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,
> And not the calm or the strife.

The *winds* are His, and likewise the *reaching* of the goal. But the *decision* as to the goal to be *sought,* and the *"set of the soul"* to seek it, are another's—even yours or mine—alone.

Arius was unreproachable in morals, and held much truth, but is a heretic. Pelagius similarly—a heretic. Calvin similarly; but, as a noted Scot concedes, "Calvin actually veiled the face of God to men." Should he not wear that title too?

Wilbur Fletcher Steele.

Art. V.—"PROSPICE": THE LYRIC OF LOVE TRIUMPHANT

In his book, The Forms of English Poetry, Professor Charles F. Johnson says, "Browning 'thinks too much' and too subtly, but is lyrical in attitude, so that his manly personality is evident even in his most unsonglike verse, and many of his shorter poems are lyrical in directness of address though as far removed from the ordinary song as it is possible to conceive." This is sufficient reason and authority for classifying as a lyric Browning's short poem, "Prospice." Its theme is love's victory over death. Its many-sided greatness makes it not *a* but *the* lyric of love triumphant. There is no quicker and surer way to the best of Browning the poet and Browning the man than a study of this poem. Stopford Brooke writes, "Browning at his best, Browning in the central fire of his character, is in it." Dowden says, "At no time did Browning write verse which soars with a more steadfast and impassioned libration of wing." Berdoe declares: "In the short poem 'Prospice' is concentrated the strength of a great soul and the courage of one who is prepared for the worst with eyes unbandaged. . . . As an example of the poet's power nothing can be finer. . . . The dramatic intensity of the opening lines—the fog, the mist, the snows, and the blasts which indicate the journey's end, 'the post of the foe'—is unsurpassed even by Shakespeare himself." Its representative character suggests two lines of study: Its relation to Browning's own experience and its relation to his philosophy of life. First, then, its relation to his own experience.

Fiction never conceived a sweeter love story than that of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett; history has nothing that surpasses it, and literature contains no finer expression of the strong and tender passion than the poetry it inspired. Clandestine courtship and elopement are ordinarily both foolish and criminal; but when they are indulged in by people so sane and conservative as these two they become the evidence of obstacles that could not otherwise be overcome and the halo of a passion so holy that it

must obey God rather than men. Such obstacles Browning and his wife found in the opposition of an unreasonable and implacable father-in-law, and such a halo they found in their love; a love so holy that, while Mrs. Browning thought it a dreadful thing to cause her father pain, another feeling sustained her and prompted her to say to her husband, "You only, as if one said God only; and we shall have him beside, I pray him." As the years went by their affection for one another broadened and deepened like the Mississippi—which starts with small streams and as it wends its way is enlarged by a thousand tributaries until at its great delta the mighty current carries itself far out into the sea. What she was to him is the theme of several of his best poems. What he was to her is the theme of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Only by a study of these poems can we thoroughly understand the faith and love that throb so mightily in "Prospice." What he was to her may be seen in a single sonnet whose fourteen lines mirror the immensities of her love as a placid lake reflects the over-arching infinitudes of the sky:

> How do I love thee? Let me count the ways:
> I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
> My soul can reach when feeling out of sight
> For the ends of Being and ideal Grace;
> I love thee to the level of everyday's
> Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight;
> I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
> I love thee purely, as they turn from praise;
> I love thee with the passion put to use
> In my old griefs and with my childhood's faith;
> I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
> With my lost saints; I love thee with the breath,
> Smiles, tears of all my life! and, if God choose,
> I shall but love thee better after death.

What she was to him may be seen best in the poem, "By the Fireside," because more than any other it tells of their happy married life:

> My own, see where the years conduct!
> At first, 'twas something our two souls
> Should mix as mists do; each is sucked
> In each now; on the new stream rolls,
> Whatever rocks obstruct.
>
> . . . . . .

O, I must feel your brain prompt mine,
Your heart anticipate my heart,
You must be just before; in fine—
See and make me see, for your part,
New depths of the divine!

Speaking of the time when she accepted his proposal of marriage, he says:

I am named and known by that moment's feat;
There took my station and degree;
So grew my own small life complete
As nature obtained her best of me—
One born to love you, sweet!

Very often expressions like these must be labeled "Poetry Only," but in this case they are transcripts from life. It was love like this that made Browning's grief over the death of his wife almost uncontrollable. "When I was moved," he said, "I began to go to pieces." At another time he said, "I shall grow still, I hope, but my root is taken." His flight from Florence, to escape the presence of his wife's grave and other associations that preyed upon his mind, helped but did not cure, for later he said, "And I shall bear for thee no year-long grief, but grief that lasts while my own days last, Love." When he said, "I want my new life to resemble the last fifteen years as little as possible," he evidently felt that the loss of Mrs. Browning marked off a new epoch in his career. That epoch is marked in his poetry as well as in his life. Dowden says of "Prospice," written the summer after the death of her whom he called "the one woman in all the world": "The verses are a confession which gives the reason of that gallant beating up against the wind noticeable in many of Browning's later poems. He could not cease from hope; but hope and faith had much to encounter and sometimes he would reduce the grounds of his hope to the lowest, as if to make sure against illusion and to test the fortitude of hope even at its weakest." "Prospice," therefore, takes us into the very heart of the poet and his poetry at their best, namely, in the hour when love and faith win their great victory over death. The teaching of Browning may be summed up in three simple fundamental ideas: first, serene faith in God; second, immortality for the individual based on this serene faith in God and on a belief in the essential worth of the individual himself; third, the endless

development of the soul. But in "Prospice" all these elements are blended into the harmony and beauty of the rainbow's color. Here love, his dominating passion toward men and God, but seen at its best in his devotion to his wife, and death, "the Arch Fear in a visible form," but seen at its worst in wresting from him his beloved, meet in deadly, decisive combat, and in the balance hang all the issues of his faith. As literature, as experience, as philosophy, "Prospice" is, to use one of Browning's own figures, "all the shade and the shine of the sea in the core of one pearl."

We turn now to the relation of "Prospice" to Browning's philosophy of life. The biographical and representative character of "Prospice" becomes the more evident when we remember the poet's passion for analyzing abnormal and unusual moods. Even in "By the Fireside," where he seems most to forget himself, he makes a speculative excursus on what might have happened if his sweetheart had not been what she was. This trait of mind leads Stopford Brooke to say, "On the whole, his poetry, like that of Wordsworth, but not so completely, is destitute of the love poem in the ordinary sense of the word, and the few exceptions to which we might point want so much the exclusiveness of a lover, which shuts out all other thought but that of the woman, that it is difficult to class them in that species of literature." If this was Browning's usual frame of mind, who can doubt that during the period between the death of Mrs. Browning and the writing of "Prospice" he put his philosophy of life—optimism and all—into the crucible to see if he could detect any dross? But no dross was found. In "Prospice" all his old beliefs shine with still brighter luster because they have proven themselves pure gold, bought of God and tried in the fire. The way to relate "Prospice" to Browning's philosophy of life is to outline the poem and see how each phase of its thought crystallizes some idea fundamental to all his poetry.

In lines 1 to 6 death is feared:

> Fear death? To feel the fog in my throat,
> The mist in my face,
> When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
> I am nearing the place,
> The power of the night, the press of the storm,
> The post of the foe.

Paul speaks of those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. Browning, however, was not of these. None had written more nobly on death, but he here portrays it in a new light. In "Rabbi Ben Ezra" death is a friend, in "Prospice" it is a foe. But while the strength of the enemy makes the combat more perilous it also adds to the glory of the victory. It is the mists, the snows, the blasts, the night, the storm, the post of the foe that make possible "the one fight more," with its trophies of eternal peace and light and love. It takes the darkness of the night to bring out the luminosity of Browning's faith.

In lines 7 to 12 death is certain:

> Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
> Yet the strong man must go;
> For the journey is done and the summit attained,
> And the barriers fall,
> Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
> The reward of it all.

The title that Browning chose for his poem is a significant comment on these lines. The word "Prospice" is from the Italian and means "look forward." It indicates that the center of his life has changed. Now his citizenship is in heaven because his heart is there. To meet Mrs. Browning again is "the guerdon to be gained," "the reward of it all," but standing between is the inevitable battle with what seems like an invincible foe.

In lines 13 to 20 death is disdained. Does Browning shrink from the struggle? Listen to him and see:

> I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
> The best and the last!
> I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
> And bade me creep past.
> No! Let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
> The heroes of old,
> Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
> Of pain, darkness, and cold.

Great souls ever feel that the inevitable ought to be faced resolutely, defiantly. Should a brave man be told that he might dodge by death on the sly he would instinctively feel it beneath him to be so cowardly; he would believe to the very marrow of his bones that to prove himself a man he must vanquish the monster

that stands between him and his immortality. And this is Browning's mood here, and the mood of a lifetime applied to its severest test:

> I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
> The best and the last!

And what is the ground of his faith at this point? It is his belief in the sufficiency of the principles he has tied to in the past. We can read between the lines, "In this, the greatest fight of all, the things that stood by me in the past will not fail me now." We are reminded of David's saying, as he goes forth to meet Goliath, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the power of this Philistine."

In lines 21 to 24 death is defeated. All the poet's art and passion and faith at their whitest heat are here welded into a strong and mighty climax. Here most of all we can say with Stopford Brooke, "Browning in the central fire of his character is in it."

> For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
> The black minute's at end,
> And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
> Shall dwindle, shall blend,
> Shall change.

The battle that he would disdain to evade, were it possible, is, after all, but for a minute, and it takes Browning scarcely a minute to tell it. But it is a "black minute," and did ever a poet by dramatic touch and rapidity of movement put more blackness into so small a space of time? Will there ever be another minute so tense, so throbbing, so thrilling, so triumphant as that which begins with "the elements' rage" and hurries to the quivering moment when the fiend voices shall change?

In lines 25 to 26 death is despoiled. In the oft-repeated story of the old romantic days of chivalry a beautiful princess is within a palace where she has every material comfort heart could wish. But she is a prisoner. To get to her her lover must pass the guards. Likewise Browning thinks of his wife as being in the larger life beyond. But she is a prisoner. Death keeps off all comers. To reach her he must overpower the guard. The climax of victory recorded in the previous lines is, therefore,

made the foundation of a climax of reward, an enumeration of the spoils of war that culminates in the joyous certainty of reunion with her whom he once called "soul of my soul." After "the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rage, shall change," they

> Shall become first a peace out of pain,
> Then a light, then thy breast,
> O, thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
> And with God be the rest.

Here one of the favorite ideas of Browning and his wife finds its most exultant expression. The love poems of each abound with their belief that after death all love's severed ties will be reunited forever. At the end of "The Last Ride" the man says, "Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride," and then asks, "What if this yearning should be forever fulfilled"

> And heaven just prove that I and she
> Ride, ride together, forever ride?

In a little poem called "Speculative" he gives a concise but comprehensive statement of this belief:

> Others may need new life in heaven—
> Man, Nature, Art made new, assume.
> Man with new mind old sense to leaven;
> Nature new light to clear old gloom;
> Art that breaks bonds, gets soaring room.
>
> I shall pray: "Fugitive as precious—
> Minutes which passed—return, remain!
> Let earth's old life once more enmesh us,
> You with old pleasures, me—old pain,
> So we but meet nor part again.

In "By the Fireside" he says to his wife:

> Think, when our one soul understands
> The great Word which makes all things new,
> When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
> How will the change strike me and you
> In the house not made with hands?

Not until the last verse, where he has gained his choice and is watching her as she sits by the fire, does he answer, "The gain of earth must be heaven's gain too."

The gem of all these aspirations is what he calls "a posy" to the ring with which he encircles his wife's finger in "The Ring

and the Book." In olden days "a posy" was a motto inscribed on a ring and sometimes on a knife. Browning's "posy" invokes not the muses but his wife, who alone can inspire him, because he feels that she is still with him in spirit, and that the life he now lives he lives by the faith that he will one day see her face to face:

> Hail, then, and hearken from the realms of help!
> Never may I commence my song—my due
> To God, who best taught song by gift of thee—
> Except with bent head and beseeching hand,
> That still, despite the distance and the dark,
> What was again may be; some interchange
> Of grace, some splendor once thy very thought,
> Some benediction anciently thy smile.

In the days of the flesh this longing was equally strong in the heart of Mrs. Browning. We have already heard her say,

> "If God choose,
> I shall but love thee better after death."

During courtship, when sickness made the grave seem nearer than the marriage altar, she wrote:

> Guess now who holds thee? "Death!" I said. But there
> The silver answer rang, "Not death, but love."

How his wife's faith must have quickened his own! But all the ardor used elsewhere in asserting his belief in the eternal reunion of severed ties is concentrated and energized in the passionate outburst in "Prospice" which tells of Love's victory over death:

> Then thy breast,
> O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again—
> And with God be the rest.

In speaking thus Browning was but voicing a universal instinct. In the old picture Monica and Augustine clasp hands in the twilight and look longingly into the open sky. An eminent divine has used this as a symbol of man's instinctive yearning after immortality, and so it is. But those clasped hands mean that the only immortality that can satisfy love is one that guarantees the reunion of severed ties. The demand for a future life is almost invariably accompanied by a demand for the eternity of the deeper friendships. Homer in the Odyssey represents Ulysses as recognizing his mother in the world of spirits. When Tennyson pic-

tures him as sailing forth beyond "the baths of all the western stars," to seek new worlds, he makes him say,

> It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles
> And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

Socrates in his address before the judges said: "Who could not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Orpheus, Hesiod, and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death I would even be glad to die often. What pleasure will it give to live with Palamedes, and others who suffered unjustly, and to compare my fate with theirs! What inconceivable happiness will it be to converse in another world with Sisyphus and Ulysses, especially as those who inhabit that world will die no more." Cicero echoes the same hope: "For my part I feel myself transported with the most ardent impatience to join the society of my two departed friends, whose character I greatly respected and whose persons I sincerely loved." In his account of the visit of Æneas to the world of spirits Virgil describes his hero as recognizing his friends and being recognized by them. Even though the dead child was the child of his sin, David must needs say, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." In the full light of the New Testament revelation the hereafter is a sumptuous feast where we shall sit down with our friends and the noblest souls of earth—the Abrahams, the Isaacs, the Jacobs. This hope beats eternal even in savage breasts. It was the hope of attending him in another world that prompted the widow of India to throw herself on the funeral pyre of her husband. The wife of Little Wolf, an Indian Chief, accompanied him to Paris, where she died. They had lost four children, and in answer to her husband's desire that she might live she replied: "No! No! My four children call me. I see them beside the Great Spirit. They stretch out their arms to me, and are astonished that I do not join them." Beyond doubt, this is a universal belief, and universal beliefs are the voice of God. It is just this essential humanity of the belief that constitutes the ground of Browning's faith. Once reunited with his wife, what of the eternal future? Not knowledge but faith, is his answer. After all, the grand climax of "Prospice" is

the last line, "And with God be the rest." His only argument is that of Whittier:

> I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care.

Because the deeper and nobler instincts are implanted by God, Browning holds him responsible for their eternal development, and because God is mighty and good, that responsibility will be fully met, not in cold legality, but in love. Therefore he says,

> All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist;
> Not its semblance, but itself.

But he makes love the greatest good. Of all his human ties the greatest is his love for his wife. If God gives fullness and eternity to the lesser instincts he has implanted, much more, then, will he give them to this, the finest of all. When he says in the concluding line of "Prospice," "And with God be the rest," he makes an eager, confident application to himself of the argument used in "Evelyn Hope":

> For God above
> Is great to grant as mighty to make,
> And creates the love to reward the love:
> I claim you still, for my own love's sake!

Wherever men delight to see art engaged in a ministry of sympathy and faith; wherever bereft love would conquer death and regain its own; wherever there is a belief that the nobility and purity of our longings argue for their eternal development because the God who made them has morally bonded himself to perpetuate them—there "Prospice," the Lyric of Love Triumphant, the most biographical and representative of all the poems of Robert Browning, will be prized as one of the most precious inheritances that a supremely great poet ever left to enlighten and strengthen the hearts of men.

Homer B. Potter.

Art. VI.—PAGANISM

It is said that a famous organist who visited Niagara Falls a few years ago became impressed with the fact that the torrent was making majestic harmony as it took its eternal plunge. The idea took such possession of him that he made careful experiments, and as a result came to the conclusion that the great cataract was sounding the chord of G of the thirty-two-foot pipe of the organ, only four octaves lower. He was able to detect the harmonies and to determine their pitch, and from these he deduced the fundamental of the chord. And thus the vast roar that had been mere noise for most people became for him music, a vast and glorious and majestic part of the world's music in which he himself had his small share. I have sometimes fancied that if one with a sufficiently trained ear could listen to the roar of a great city from the right coigne of vantage, he might discover that that awful roar also was, after all, making a note of God's majestic music. To us who live in it there is no music—only noise. But get far enough away from the roar of London, or Paris, or New York—get far enough away from the rattle of the elevated road, the shriek of the steam whistle, the clangor of the tools of a million workmen, the despairing wail of disheartened men, the sobs and cries of them that mourn, the drunken song of revelers, and the shouts of little children at play—and I can fancy that in some mysterious way all would be transmuted into a note of mighty music. And a trained, sensitive ear might be able to hear and to determine that note, I can fancy. Major or minor, I cannot say. I fancy that it might be minor. Wordsworth speaks of hearing "the still, sad music of humanity." And yet it might be major; the brave, resounding strokes of glad labor and the joyous sounds of hopeful life overcoming the minor tones and pushing them down into a subordinate place. And in quite a similar way, one can almost think, the confused sound of life in all the world, made up of the dreams and aspirations, the truths and the untruths, the victories and the mistakes, the poetry and the prose, the ideas that succeed and the

ideas that fail, of mankind, as it rises up into the heavens becomes blended together in some kind of a unison that means music. Often it seems to us more like the tuning-up and the experimental sounding of the instruments before the symphony begins, but that may be largely because we are too near. And, if not, then we feel that it is, at any rate, the preparation for a great song that ought to be sung some day, and must be.

As we listen to the great din of sound we try to pick out the instruments and their notes. It is a useful process, because it enables us to try to correct the orchestra where it is at fault. We find that sometimes one part is dominant, sometimes another. Sometimes it is an ungodly instrument that rises to the top and overcomes all the rest, threatening to ruin the symphony. That instrument is tamed, and brought into place, and another rises to dominance that is full of strength and purity and godliness. And so the play goes on, seldom plainly and simply, always with many instruments sounding many notes, sometimes with all the instruments quarreling for the mastery, sometimes with many working in harmony. Paganism is one of the notes in the ensemble of sound to-day. It is not the dominant. A careful student of present conditions said the other day that, to his ear, the dominant note is an awareness of the troubled life of others. Some one else might find a different dominant. But down in the great cacophony is the note of paganism. It is not the blat of the horn, nor the squeak of the violin, nor the roar of the double basses that builds the foundation. To me it is more like the insistent, haunting tone of the oboe. In the sound of the oboe you have the clear air of Greece, the fair hilltop or grove or glade, and the shepherd with his reed making melody and thinking of the "great god Pan." And that picture carries you to paganism. Historically, the word "pagan" refers to those village dwellers in the later years of the old Roman empire who were the last to come over to Christianity. When the rest of the empire had long since adopted Christianity for its religion those villagers still clung to the gods, the sacrifices and the festivals of the older times. It is like the word "heathen," which etymologically refers to those dwellers on the heath who longest resisted the truth after Christianity was introduced into

Germany. But in this paper the word is not used in that narrow sense. It is used rather in a large way to suggest those ideas and ideals that dominated the better parts of the world before Christianity came. The highest and most attractive expression of paganism is found in early Greece. The life of the Hellenic times has a perennial fascination for the mind of man. Always are there minds and hearts harking back, either consciously or with mere human instinct, to the joyous, care-free blitheness of the life of pagan Greece. The blue skies, the hearty outdoor life, the beautiful bodies, the lithe limbs, the bright eyes, the culture, the grace, the refinement, the garlands, dances, and wine, the music and art, the days of pleasure, the lives untroubled by "the pangs of conscience, the fears and hopes, the triumph and despair of the soul which were the preoccupations of the Puritans"—these things seem very desirable to the hearts of men over and again as the world wags on. And over and again as the world wags on the hands of men are stretched out to seize them, the efforts of men are spent to gain them.

As applied to conditions to-day, paganism would refer to any manifest survival or recrudescence of the ideals or the aims of pagans; it would refer to any obvious abandonment of the Christian ideal and the substitution of the ideals of those people who lived in the moment, whose aim was pleasure, who exalted nature, and whose souls were untroubled by those questions of sin and salvation that historically have gone with the Christian faith. If there is any marked literary expression of this point of view, or any general or increasing going over to pagan ways of living, there is food for thought for the student of the life of the day. That there are evidences of this few would be disposed to deny. The frank way in which people will avow that they are becoming pagans is an interesting fact. The causes are doubtless manifold. In an age that might be characterized as the age of problems—an age when "problem" is almost our most familiar word—many grow tired of problems and the Puritan view of life. In an age of maddening nervous tenseness and deadly weariness from rushing, ideals are set aside for the comfort or the pleasure of the moment. A deadly lassitude of conscience falls even upon those

of New England heritage. People give up their religious practices because they seem less important to them than other things. In an age of such boundless wealth as was never known before in the Christian world, the reckless extravagance and eager self-indulgence that are the camp followers of such wealth have undermined the feeling of responsibility. In one way and another, not to multiply causes, the spiritual aspirations of people are forgotten, starved, or buried. And paganism creeps in. For paganism is life without a spiritual ideal. The pagan is a man who is satisfied with the present. He lives in the now.

It is not fair to vituperate wealth all the while. Nor is it honest. And yet it cannot be forgotten that it was said a long time ago that great riches make it hard for a man to get into the kingdom of heaven. Certainly the possession of enormous wealth makes it easy for a man to be a pagan. When Midas had his fatal gift of the golden touch he could not have been anything but a pagan. Unless increase in conscience, in moral restraint, and in the feeling of responsibility keep pace with increase in wealth, there is pretty likely to be trouble somewhere. Men become like engines with a big head of steam up and the governor off. There is a vast power not under restraint. Though a revival is taking place now, in recent years conscience, restraint, and responsibility have not been increasing as fast as wealth in this country. Therefore we have the situation that is taxing the most serious thought of the best men in the land. Though the "yellow rich" may be willing to lapse into paganism, the masses of the people are not content to become Helots. This makes the difficulty of our situation. The ancient pagan aristocrat looked upon the serfs as little more than cattle, and slew them for the pleasure of watching their death struggles. The modern pagan, reveling in easy self-indulgence and cheerful irresponsibility, ruthlessly and haughtily disregards the masses tailing below him in poverty, ignorance, and degradation. The workmen who become "spent men" while still scarcely more than boys matter not to him. The babes working all night in the foul, hot air of crowded mills are beneath his notice. The bodies etiolated from their much confinement, the diseases induced by unsanitary surroundings, the gaunt frames,

the sunken cheeks, the clamorous stomachs, the beclouded minds, the stupid faces, the thousands killed unnecessarily in mines and factories, the women driven to dishonor because of insufficient wages—these things, that he might have helped, do not make the modern pagan flutter an eyelid. The insolent arrogance of the fur-clad, begoggled motorist, who spatters mud upon all sides and furiously rides down those who do not keep out of his way well typifies the practical attitude of many toward their fellow men. Not that all motorists are like that, nor that all rich men treat the masses thus. Not even that the majority are such. But the type will be recognized. Lest this general attitude of mind and life should not be sufficiently effective in the world, some gentlemen of our own day have kindly built it up into a philosophy for us. In the superman philosophy, the philosophy of lion natures that is so vigorously taught by one school of writers, we have one of the literary expressions of modern paganism. Here is a modern pagan philosophy. The teachings and ideals of Christianity are set aside and paganism is put in its place. And yet here is a curious fact. These superman philosophers by no means exhibit that hardness of heart which is the most condemnable thing in the world, but, on the contrary, their hearts beat hot and high with a very intense social passion, while at the same time they are teaching that the only hope for the world lies in the production of a race of strong men, hard men, men who shall override all others and do as they please. While a philosophical school propounds the theory, the economic tendencies of the time produce the reality. The "strong man" that the philosopher talks about is the lion-hearted financier, the unmoral money king, the ruthless egoist, that the common business man or laboring man has to encounter. The philosophical statement is pagan in its point of view, the men who unconsciously illustrate it are pagan in deed. This same ruthless egoism, this same eagerness to override everyone else to get to one's own goal, is revealed in the mad rush for pleasure, the demand for enjoyment at any cost, that has become a familiar spectacle. The feeling that mankind ought to be happy is a deep and universal and true instinct. All nature seems happy. The animal creation seems happy. Man alone is unhappy. But to snatch happiness

with a high hand, to live by this rule, "I must be happy at any and every cost"—this is a very different thing from the Christian's hopeful living for a future happiness that is entirely compatible with perfect goodness. The modern pagan, however, is resolved to be happy at any cost. He grows tired of his wife? He promptly decides she is not his affinity, leaves her, and induces some one to tie him up to his affinity. He wants a motor? He sells his house, makes his children homeless, cheats his butcher and baker —and buys the coveted expensive toy.

Every little while we are startled by some new evidence that comes to light of the mad desire of jaded lives for a new sensation—some story of "high society" folk dining at a table with monkeys, or otherwise showing themselves to be agreeable innovators in the realm of pleasure. Perhaps we should have more food for thought if we could see in how many black-coated, respectable-looking men the same desire—manifested in more conventional ways, it may be, but the same desire for sensations—has become regnant. They are not restrained by any conscience. They are not being held back by any eternal or divine law of right. They are living for sensations, not for character. "Self-indulgence rather than self-denial, play rather than work, excitement rather than self-respect," are what they think desirable. They have become pagans. For the pagan is a man who has ceased to struggle toward an infinite, ever-progressing ideal, has ceased to hunger and thirst after unattained and unattainable character, and has settled himself down to get the greatest enjoyment out of the passing moment. For him there is no longer any passion for ideals, there is no more any ecstatic sending of the soul up into the highest places.

One of the surest evidences of this modern paganism is the cutting out of all effort for spiritual culture. The calm and frank way in which people do it is most suggestive. "O, we have become quite pagans," they say, and laugh it off. And they have. For the typical ideals of the best of the pagan world were culture and self-realization. As Professor Griggs has put it, the highest thought of the Greeks was "the harmonious development of mental and physical faculties." He mentions the Sophocles of the Lateran

as an illustration: "The figure is erect, beautifully proportioned, and gracefully draped. The head is noble, the face showing a union of power and self-control together with a glad joy of life. There is no great aspiration, no profound spirituality in this statue, but that serene and balanced harmony of mind and body which was the highest ideal in ancient life." This is fine, but it is a limited manhood. Men and women after that pattern can only be called "noble animals." And that is the product of paganism at its highest culmination. The people who have cut out of their lives all spiritual longing and struggle, all effort to be anything but "noble animals," have become nothing more than latter-day pagans. We have them for our neighbors. They have ceased to go to church, because church seems to them less important than countless other things. If they ever do enter a church it is either because fashion decrees, or because for a moment they have been fooled into thinking church is not church by means of the sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, that have been brought in for the hour by some astute priest of paganism. But they have no holy day. There are days of work and days of pleasure, but a holy day they have none. When Sunday comes round they choose rather to enjoy the pleasures of golf for a season than to separate themselves with the people of God. When they think of morals it is from the point of view of the ancient pagan, who regarded moral evil only from the æsthetic point of view. And if they do, perchance, still pretend to some touch with the ancient religion, it is probably to add yet more to those crimes against truth and vital religion that have been so often done under the fetich of a false liberality. The new devotion to the body and enthusiasm for outdoor life that have just been alluded to are among the striking characteristics of our time. A man can have a beautiful body and not be a pagan, and can love outdoor life and not be a pagan; but if those two things are the chief objects of his devotion, he is not likely to be much else than a pagan. The cultivation of the body is a very different thing from the cultivation of the soul.

> Thy body at its best,
> How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

So spake a wise man. And that word, and this other great word,

> I count life just a stuff
> To try the soul's strength on,

indicate the difference between pagan and Christian. But there are other interesting facts in this connection. With this new devotion to the body has come a new exaltation of the purely physical functions. There is the school of social philosophers who teach that the only possible solution of the social and industrial problems of life lies in scientifically planned and guarded reproduction to people the earth with a new race. But more strange even than this is the outbreak of literary revelation of sexual emotions in the novels and plays of the day, and the constant discussion of sexual questions and frequent palliation of sexual transgressions and abnormalities. Just at present a number of writers seem to have gone mad about "Life Force." Books are written about the "Life Force." Description of sexual delights is given with the greatest frankness. Love is interpreted in the purely physical way. The highest point of a woman's love is a desire to reproduce the physical likeness of the man she loves, and neither conventions, nor laws, nor morals, nor anything else must stand in the way of this desire. So these writers would have us think. This exaltation of the sexual is one of the striking literary phenomena of our day. And not the least striking thing is the fact that so many of those who wish to make this self-revelation to a curious public are women. In these wicked books by silly women a little sprinkling of capitals is supposed to cover a multitude of salacious maunderings. Print "Love" with a capital, and "Life Force" with capitals, and "becoming One" with a capital, and lo! your badness becomes a sort of sublimated good, beyond the judgment of ordinary moral men and women, and the curse has been taken off voluptuous revelings in violation of the seventh commandment. It is strange what miracles a simple capital can work!

This kind of writing is not the only literary manifestation of modern paganism. No catalogue of names is to be given, but any observer of modern literary tendencies can make an ample list for himself. FitzGerald's quatrains of "Omar Khayyam" not only were themselves an expression of paganism, but their remarkable

popularity indicated the latent paganism in widely diverse classes of society. This same thing is indicated by the vogue of other modern poets whose chief asset seems to be their luxuriant riot in mere sensuous beauty. Turning from poetry to prose, we find that in the "social problem" class we have developed a set of writers who have slight regard for the teachings and ideals of orthodox Christianity, but have great faith in selective breeding, scientific generation, disruption of family life, education by the State, isolation of the fittest, and voluntary nobility. Not that all men of this class believe all these things, but these are things that as a class they stand for. So far as any solution of the problems of life is concerned they are utterly pagan. Far from looking for any solution in Christianity, they do not let it enter into their calculations. It is a negligible quantity. And there are others who plainly say that Christianity is only a partial truth, and wholly inadequate as an ideal of life.

These are some of the signs of paganism in the day in which we live and among the people with whom we associate. During the ages of the world's history the great pagan civilizations—Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Greece, Rome—have one after another been brought to ruin. It remains to be seen whether the civilization that we call Christian will have any better fate. Many of the conditions that prevailed in those old pagan states are duplicated in America to-day. Will Christian civilization prove itself any more able to cope with great and crying evils than the pagan civilizations were? We return to the statement at the beginning. Paganism is only one note in the great symphony. Christianity conquered paganism once; paganism will not conquer Christianity now. Paganism worked itself out in ancient times. It will work itself out again. The harmony with life, in which paganism seems to establish a man, is like the harmony established by the Greek religion, which, Mr. Lowes Dickinson says, "was a harmony for life, but not for death." That will not do. Man cannot live without a solution for the problem of life. Paganism is only one note in the great symphony. Ten or twelve years ago Henry van Dyke, writing of what he called an "age of doubt," had this passage:

> In how many of the lighter novels of the day do we find any recognition, even between the lines, of the influence which the idea of God or its absence, the practice of prayer, or its neglect, actually exercise upon the character and conduct of men? Take, for example, Trilby, as the type of a clever book carelessly written for the thoughtless public of a passing moment. It is incredibly credulous in regard to the dramatic possibilities of hypnotism. It is pitifully inadequate in its conception of the actual potencies of religion; and it uses Christianity chiefly as a subject for caricature in the style of the illustrated newspapers which are called comic.[1]

That could hardly be said to-day. The novels of the day are full of religion, and sometimes pretty good religion, too. If there are some that are distinctly pagan, there are many that are not. And if among the prominent contributors to the literature of the day we have such schools of writers as were mentioned a moment ago, we have, on the other hand, such an insistent teacher of Christianity as Mr. A. C. Benson, such a militant poet of Christianity as Mr. Kipling, and such a thumping critic of our time and agile pricker of bubbles and valiant defender of the faith as Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton. These men proclaim that man does not live for sense but for character, not for the present alone but for eternity.

Paganism is only one note in the great symphony. And because Christianity is not a denial of life but a fulfillment, and a richer fulfillment than paganism, the note of paganism will be subdued into its proper place, and the music will be ever more majestic as it rises from a world that is learning to love the ideals and live the life of the Man of Nazareth.

[1] Henry van Dyke, D.D., in The Gospel for an Age of Doubt. Macmillan, 1896.

Winfred Chesney Rhoades

Art. VII.—SCIENCE THE COMPLEMENT OF RELIGION.

Perhaps the most impressive sight to be seen at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 was the inscription stretching along the great peristyle fronting the lake, "Ye Shall Know the Truth, and the Truth Shall Make You Free." The thoughtful mind felt like paraphrasing Jacob at Bethel: "This is none other than the voice of God." Indeed, these words were those of Jesus himself, and not those of an agnostic iconoclast hurled at religious tenets. They should be the working motto alike of scientific investigator and Christian student and philosopher. Freedom from bias and prejudice is essential to best results both in scientific research and devotional meditation.

There is an ancient and time-dishonored fallacy that science and religion are natural enemies and have been long engaged in inevitable strife. Instead of deadly antagonists they are the inseparable complements of each other, "useless each without the other." Science deals with the objective world, the things which are seen and temporal, and religion with the subjective and the things which are unseen, spiritual, and eternal. They both bear testimony of God. They may overlap, and if so they cannot disagree, because they are the output of the same great Author, "who changeth not." There are parallel cases of complementary relations among the sciences themselves. Physics and chemistry, zoölogy and botany, anatomy and physiology are the natural complements of each other and do not conflict, though they may overlap in certain regions. They may and do aid and substantiate each other, but they never contradict or interfere. Nevertheless, there are indubitable evidences of conflict between certain scientists and certain theologians, in the suspicion, and even passion and bitterness, that has not wholly disappeared even yet in certain quarters. It is well to note, however, that mutual race hatred and occasional street riots in Tokyo and San Francisco do not necessarily indicate nor precipitate war between the United States and Japan. America need not countenance the attacks of a few sand-lot hoodlums upon a Japanese

savant, even though said sand-lot rioters have their naturalization papers as proofs of their citizenship. "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," that both science and religion have had occasion to disavow and apologize for the many attacks of the devotees of each upon the other. It does not concern faith in God whether the earth be the center of the universe or a tiny ball revolving around the giant sun and accompanying it on its swift flight through space. It does not matter to "true religion and undefiled" whether the world be flat or spherical. The spiritual life is no more dependent upon the creation of the world in six days than upon one covering many æons of time. The immanence of God in nature and the affairs of men is no more affected by the theory of the evolutionary development of related species from each other than by the direct creation of every species and variety of plants and animals *de novo*. And yet unwise theologians have not been loth to stake the authenticity of the Scriptures upon the acceptance of each of the above-named theories. Neither the kingdom of the Spirit and the Bible nor the credibility of science was involved in these disgraceful mêlées. "The reign of law" does not interfere with the supremacy of Jehovah. I know of no better definition of law than that it is God's usual way of doing things. Speaking reverently, it is not too much to say that natural laws are simply God's habits. A miracle, conversely, may be considered simply as an unusual way for God to do a thing. Is God less free to contravene a habit than I? Every portion of the foundation and superstructure of science is strengthened and upheld and buttressed by as great miracles as any mentioned in the Bible. The endowment of the humblest of creatures with the exceeding mystery of life is an unfathomed mystery to the wisest of scientists. Dr. John P. D. John puts it forcibly thus:

> Science and religion do not conflict. They cannot conflict, for their origin and ultimate end are the same. Philosophy and theology come in conflict, but philosophy is not science, and theology is not religion. Philosophy is the human interpretation of science and theology is the human interpretation of religion. That which is human is finite and fallible, whether it appear in philosophy or theology. That which is divine is infallible, whether it be in science or religion. . . . Now, it can be no objection to science that we cannot, with the microscope, get a focus on love; or in the spectrum get a glimpse of the bright lines of

hope; or with the balances weigh the force of the human will. . . . Nor, on the other hand, should it be any objection to religion that it cannot see physical facts with spiritual eyes and touch physical facts with spiritual hands. Conscience can analyze the elements of a human act but it cannot analyze a molecule of water. Is it any objection to hope that it cannot anchor a ship, to love that it cannot hold a planet in its orbit, or to faith that it cannot turn back the tides of the ocean as it turns back the tides of sin in the human soul?

Religion is the elder brother of science; elder because the instincts of the spiritual nature found expression in worship long before any orderly attempts were made to solve the mysteries of physical phenomena, and brother because they are equally the manifestation of God the Father. Science should be the strongest ally of religion in battling with error, sin, and superstition, and will be when we silence crimination and recrimination. All either science or religion ought to ask, regarding a statement, theory, or discovery, is whether it be true. If true, it is as eternal as God himself, and if not true, it will fall of its own weight. Science is seeking to know the truth as it is revealed in God's material world, while religion is seeking to know the truth as it is revealed in Christ Jesus; but these twain are the natural and necessary complements of each other. There are many facts established by science that are the strongest bulwarks of monotheism, which is the bedrock upon which Christianity is founded. In our confession of faith we have been affirming our belief in "one God and Father of all," but we had no other basis for this belief than the Scriptures until science abundantly verified that fact. The revelations of science regarding this point may be considered under five divisions: *First,* the unity of the universe has been established beyond question by the telescope, microscope, and spectroscope. The latter instrument has revealed scores of elements in distant heavenly bodies, as the sun, stars, comets, meteors, etc., but it has not found one single element anywhere in the universe with which we are not familiar on the earth. It is a strong indication of the unity of God if all things everywhere are made of the same stuff. *Second,* the telescope and spectroscope both establish a like unity of force throughout the universe; and what is force but God in action? Not only gravitation, but also light, heat, and, probably, electrical energy extend to the utmost

star. In the presence of these facts such polytheistic systems as the mythologies of the cultured Greeks and Romans are utterly untenable. *Third,* science establishes the unity of God not only by the similarity of forces and materials but likewise in the identity of processes of creation. While these processes are practically complete on the earth they are still operative upon the more distant planets, stars, nebulæ and star clusters. Indeed, we could easily trace either forward or backward the creation of the solar system and the earth in the yet unfinished parts of the universe. The astronomer is freely admitted into God's workshop and permitted to watch the processes of creation. Some of the planets are yet in various unfinished stages from that in which "the earth was without form, and void" to that of the completed world. One of them at least, Mars, is in much the same stage as the earth at present, and experiences much the same vicissitudes of season and storm and flood, and probably the same phenomena of plant and animal life.

There is a very curious fact, call it coincidence, or conscious correlation, or what you may, that speaks loudly of "one God and Father of all." The botanist has long known that leaves were not placed in a haphazard manner on the stems of plants, but that they had a definite arrangement, varying from opposition on through the series expressed by the fractions one half, one third, two fifths, three eighths, five thirteenths, eight twenty-firsts, thirteen thirty-fourths, and—nothing else, for the series ends abruptly here. Now, some inquiring mind found that this series was founded upon the curious mathematical principle of adding the like terms of the two preceding fractions to secure the corresponding term of each succeeding fraction of the series. Evidently the Creator of plants was a mathematician. It was later found that this same series, beginning and ending with the same terms, expressed very closely the relative periods of revolution of the planets around the sun. In other words, if the places of the planets in the solar system were forgotten, the botanist, with the aid of this law and Kepler's third law, could tell the astronomer the correct order and distance. Evidently, the Creator of the solar system is also a mathematician, and, what is to the point, the same mathematician as the one who created plants! *Fourth,* we have given a halting assent to the apostle's

statement that "He hath made of one blood all nations of men," and wondered if the Negro and Hottentot and Digger Indian could have been known to the apostle. On this point science grimly verifies the apostle, and includes the blackest and brownest and yellowest and whitest of the race in one undoubted species. The most uncouth savage of human kind is a near relation at least, if not our brother. *Fifth*, science establishes the unity of plan in all living creatures also. There is no escape from the fact that the Creator of the humblest creature is the same as the Creator of man. There is much food for thought in the practical identity of structure of such widely different functioning organs as the arm and hand of man, the wing of a bird, the flipper of a whale, the hoof of a horse and the paw of a cat. Whether or not they be derived by evolutionary development from each other, there can be no question that the same Being with marvelous ingenuity manipulated these identical materials so as to serve very different purposes. It seems that religion might make effective use of such facts, and science is willing to stake everything upon their credibility.

To instance one or two further facts that science puts at the disposal of religion: The scriptural statement of the coming end of the world has been considered extremely improbable and fanciful by some agnostics, who have been inclined to treat the description with levity. Astronomy, however, insists that this catastrophe is one of the most credible and probable of possible endings of the earth. There are now known to be multitudes of dark stars or non-luminous bodies drifting through space, the number probably equaling or surpassing that of the visible stars. This is shown in a startling manner by the occasional temporary stars that flash out and then die down to inconspicuousness, or disappear altogether. Some of these appear where no star was ever observed before, and recent observations render it extremely probable that they arise from the impact of two dark stars that collide with terrific velocity and force. Time will not permit a further discussion of the proofs of such an hypothesis. The sun with his attendant planets is also drifting through space with many times the velocity of a cannon ball. The direction of the flight is known to be somewhere between the constellations of Hercules and Lyra, but what lies across his path,

or where, or what is his destination, God himself only knows. The devout astronomer says with the poet,

> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond his love and care.

Suppose the sun or the earth should collide with one of these dark stars, what then? Why, the elements would melt with fervent heat and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll. The eminent astronomer Simon Newcomb a year or two ago wrote a fanciful description of such a catastrophe. Professor Winchell says: "Could we fly to the remotest star we should still be at home in the house of our God." He adds that, although we cannot at present make that journey, light, heat, gravitative force, and, probably, electricity are constantly making the trip. Is that statement not worthy to be placed beside one by the Psalmist: "If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there . . . thy right hand shall hold me"?

There is something direct, logical, inevitable, and fascinating about modern methods of proof. Suppose a student comes to the teacher and says, "I cannot believe that two gases, one of them burning with intense heat and the other fiercely supporting combustion, form by their union a liquid like water that will neither burn nor support combustion. Oxygen, too, is necessary to respiration, while water would suffocate me if I should fill my lungs with it. It is too paradoxical for belief." The teacher would not argue with him, but would say, "Try it and see." He would direct him to put some water in a vessel and pass an electric current through it and note that only oxygen and hydrogen would be formed. He would further tell him to put oxygen and hydrogen together in the proper proportions and unite them with an electric spark and see that only water would result. There is much of this same scientific spirit in religion. The great Teacher said: "If any man will do the will of my Father, he shall know of the doctrine." That sounds very much like a laboratory direction: "Try it and see." The same candid challenge is voiced by the prophet Malachi: "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows

of heaven and pour you out a blessing." God does not resent our inquiries, nor blindfold us and cram His message down our intellectual throats. "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord." Mr. John says: "If the religionist who attacks reason and the positivist who attacks faith are Samsons going to their destruction, the expounder of modern science who lacks faith is a Haman building the scaffold on which he himself shall meet his fate." There is much of the religious spirit of faith and sacrifice in scientific investigation. All physical research is founded upon the belief that nature will act in a uniform manner under similar circumstances—the scientific phrasing of the scriptural statement that God is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." The scientist is firm, too, in the faith that there is a purpose or a reason back of all phenomena and principles of nature, and he considers himself thrice happy if after a lifetime of toil and devotion, without any worldly emolument, he can add to or confirm a little of these laws and principles and can say with the assurance of Kepler, "I think God's thoughts after him." The great scientists of the day deliberately ignore or reject great salaries and honors if they interfere with their task. The great Agassiz replied to a temptation of this character: "I have no time to make money." The most eminent paleontologist of the day refused the most desirable scientific position in the gift of the nation, the secretaryship of the Smithsonian Institution, because he was engaged upon a work he could not complete in Washington. An eminent biologist recently left a large university, against the earnest protest of the president of that institution, and accepted a position in a smaller university on the seacoast, at a much reduced salary, simply because he wished to study sea life under normal conditions. Life itself has been as cheerfully sacrificed in the laboratory and in the pursuit of knowledge as it ever was in the mission field or on the battlefield. Agassiz is said to have hung in his laboratories the motto: "Be reverent; you are in God's workshop."

It must be admitted that there have been many eminent scientists in the past who were avowed agnostics, but there are only a handful at present, emphasizing the present tendency of science toward orthodoxy. The foremost among these few to-day is Pro-

fessor Haeckel, who clings desperately to his monistic philosophy despite the fact that most of his former comrades have abandoned their position at his side and have become pronounced dualists, or believers in both matter and spirit. Haeckel himself names such men as Kant, Virchow, DuBois Reymond, Wundt, Romanes, and Von Baer as having deserted him and become champions of dualism. He fiercely denies that man has an immortal soul, but he is willing to grant that atoms and molecules of inorganic matter have souls which, from the indestructibility of matter, must be immortal! He, with Schopenhauer, denies purpose and will to the Creator, but they affirm that "All force is will." They have strenuously repeated the world-old feat of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. Von Hartmann in speaking of the forces of nature says: "This universal power is like a God asleep." Suppose this "universal power" could be shown to be not only all-powerful, but all-wise, all-merciful, all-seeing, and all-good, would not this "sleeping God" seem very much awake, and would he not resemble very closely the God of the Christian? I believe that science establishes every one of these postulates in many different ways. Let us take a single well-known illustration. Geologists tell us that many ages ago the earth's atmosphere was unfit for air-breathing animals because of the immense quantities of carbon dioxid in it. The great world-house badly needed ventilation. It was a serious problem how to get rid of the noxious gases. In the fullness of time the earth brought forth an astonishing luxuriance of grass and herb and tree "whose seed is in itself." This rank vegetation quickly purified the air, and at the same time converted the noxious gases into useful vegetable tissues for the beautification of the landscape and the fertilization of the soil. Surely, this was a marvelous transformation, but it was not all. Some of that vegetation fell into the extensive swamps of the period and, gradually losing the volatile constituents, became more or less pure carbon. Strata after strata of earth were heaped upon these deposits, and under the tremendous pressure to which they were subjected, and with the aid of heat, this carbon became transformed into beds of coal and deposits of graphite and diamond, and the volatile products were stored in subterranean reservoirs—what for? The dominant dinosaur had no use for coal, or graphite, or

diamond, or oil, or gas. It was buried too deeply to get at, anyway. Wait, however. Great upheavals followed, and unthought-of denudation of the uplifted strata, and, lo, the coal and other deposits are brought within reach. Immense fields of ice piled mountain high were now shoved down over great areas, scraping down elevations, filling river valleys, causing them to seek new channels, damming their courses frequently and forming countless thousands of lakes for the passage of commerce and the beautifying of the landscape and providing numerous waterfalls. To what purpose, pray, since the mastodon did not engage in commerce, nor utilize the water power, nor appreciate the beautified landscape? But here comes an altogether different kind of creature, walking upright, and an ancient superstition calls him "the lord of creation." He is not so massive or impressive a creature as the saurian, or mammoth, or leviathan, but he takes hold of things as if he indeed were master. He tames and uses or kills off other creatures, he finds and uses the coal and oil and gas and admires the diamond. He builds fleets to sail the great waterways, harnesses the waterfalls, and becomes a coworker with nature in improving the landscape and the varieties of plants and animals which he uses. He discovers invisible and incredible forces of steam and electricity, utilizes them as his own. Are we merely dreaming and guessing when we conclude that he is the world inhabitant for whom nature has been providing so long? Could a better provision have been made had these forces of nature been purposeful and intelligent? It looks as if the "sleeping God" had been very much awake in geologic times at least. Prove that there was no intelligent purpose or design in all this, and I will venture to attempt to prove there is no intelligent design in a locomotive. Indeed, a waggish rhymester has undertaken a similar task in accounting for Drury Lane Theater, London, as a mere freak of chance materials and forces:

> From floating elements in chaos hurled,
> Self-formed of atoms, sprang the infant world;
> No great First Cause inspired the happy plot,
> But all was matter—and no matter what!
> Atoms, attracted by some law occult,
> Settled in spheres—this globe was the result.

I sing how casual brick in airy climb
Encountered casual cow-hair, casual lime;
How rafters, borne through wondering clouds elate,
Kissed in their slope blue elemental slate;
Clasped solid beams in chance-directed fury,
And gave to birth our renovated Drury!

Suppose man had come upon the earth with no more preparation than the trilobite, the ichthyosaur, or the megatherium. He could not have risen above the scale of life they led. We cannot think of any great conquest of nature even without coal and the by-products of its manufacture. This "sleeping God" was not only awake but merciful in providing for the higher activities of his creatures. "Like as a father pitieth his children." I am not quoting the Mosaic account in citing the above facts. Perhaps, however, God may have been awake in geologic times, but, like ancient Baal, when creation was practically completed he has gone to sleep, or is engaged in other more important affairs, or has gone on a long journey. Goldwin Smith, who has never been accused of over-zealousness for current orthodoxy, says God's hand is very evident in history. The reason his plans are not more evident to us, he says, is because we are like insects of a moment's duration upon the canvas of a Raphael. We see in the brief moment of our lives a sharp-pointed instrument passing near us or over us, but we cannot trace or comprehend the lines it is tracing, perhaps the portrait of an angel which it is forming. We need a broader sweep of vision and a more extended examination of the plan and its execution. Yes, God is still awake, and he is still busy in his workshop, the universe, as the astronomer is willing to testify.

There is no good stopping place when one has launched out upon this theme. Materials and illustrations and evidences overwhelm one. We do not have to ascend into the heavens with the astronomer, nor delve into the bowels of the earth with the geologist, nor cross wide seas with the traveler in order to see and appreciate the marvelous works and tender care of our God, for we ourselves "are fearfully and wonderfully made." If you multiply by several hundred thousand the number of stars revealed by the Lick telescope, you will have approximately the number of white blood corpuscles in the veins of your own body. These corpuscles are known

to be the policemen and physicians of this marvelous organism we call the body. They are going on their ceaseless rounds through every tissue and fiber of the body arresting and destroying the intruding disease germs that might otherwise cause death. If pathogenic bacteria invade the body in great numbers, they wage valiant warfare until these enemies are expelled or they themselves are overcome. Countless millions unhesitatingly sacrifice their lives for the safety of the great organism of which they are a part. Multiply the number of white corpuscles again by five hundred and you have the approximate number of red blood corpuscles, the oxygen carriers and ventilators of the body. Besides these there are countless billions of tiny cell masons and cell carpenters ceaselessly building bone, and sinew, and other tissues of the body. These tremendous multitudes of physicians and builders and workers must have an extensive and adequate commissary department. There is a most admirable system for the preparation and distribution of food, and every part of this vast world of cells is kept in constant and instant communication with headquarters, and therefore in harmonious action, by a complex system of telegraphy. Above all and over all sits the regal soul, that not only keeps the vast armies at work but finds much time to consider the deep things of God and of nature about it. "Lo, these are parts of his ways, but how little a portion is heard of him!" But little has been cited that might be said in confirmation of the theme of this paper, but they who have eyes to see, ears to hear, minds to conceive, and hearts to appreciate may understand how mighty an ally or how dangerous an enemy science can be to true religion. There is an ancient legend of two knights that met on a highway where a beautiful shield had been set up. One knight remarked what a fine silver affair the shield was. The other knight said his eyes were very reliable, and that he would stake his reputation as a knight that it was of gold. The first knight intimated that in that case he had not much to lose. They battled strenuously over the material of the shield until it was found to be both, silver on one side and gold on the other. In this battle between the theologian and the scientist a very similar state of affairs has existed. The scientist after a lifetime of investigation in the laboratory said: "As far as I can see, this God of the

universe is a being of infinite power and immutable laws. He always works according to a definite and unchanging plan and purpose." The theologian replied: "No, no! Our God is a God of mercy and love, a God of answered prayer. He ever liveth and careth for us." Misguided theologians and scientists took up the gage of forensic battle and inconsiderate strife. At last we are beginning to understand that the God of the scientist is the Creator of the universe, "in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," who "is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." The God of the theologian is the second person of the Trinity, and both are the God of the Bible. One is the complement of the other.

Whatever may have been the attitude of scientists in the past, they are not averse to orthodoxy to-day. The vast majority of the leaders and authorities in all branches of science are believers in God, and the larger proportion of them are devout Christians. On the other hand, the theologian has been worsted so frequently when he has ventured within the province of science that he is growing cautious, if not cordial, toward scientific discovery. There is no call for contention. The scientist should be given absolute freedom in his field of the material world and he should not be allowed to trespass in the realm of the spiritual, which cannot be understood by the natural man. The theologian may rest assured that no facts or phenomena of nature will overthrow God or interfere with the action of spiritual forces. Whatever the scientist may really discover we may accept with reverence as an added item of news concerning our God.

W. F. Hoyt

Art. VIII.—FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES, POET AND LOVER

To the thoughtful mind, scanning the horizon of human events, the measure of life does not appear to lie in length of years; rather its greatness results from attempts made and work crowded through to successful ends. There is, let it be remembered, an illustrious company of brilliant men of letters who finished their work early, so far as years are concerned. Frederic Lawrence Knowles has taken his place in the midst of this multitudinous band. The roll on which are emblazoned their names is long and —to us, we will confess—regretful. There are Chatterton, and Burns, and Byron, and Keats, and Shelley—brilliant men all, who stand at the head of the list, and all gone before forty. It may be an open question how early a man's best work is done. With Bryant many subsequent years in a long life failed to produce anything from his pen superior to "Thanatopsis"—a student's flash of genius written before twenty. What Keats would have done had he lived to be eighty is a question that lurks in one's mind like the dawn's flushes of colored lights, all pointing to the glory of a great light yet to be. With Tennyson maturity was indicative of improvement, growth, power; so that the call is far from "Break, Break, Break" to the deep, full, silent strength of "Crossing the Bar." One might, however, reasonably expect the increase of life to show ripeness and enrichment on every hand, culminating at last in some masterpiece wrought out of experience and toil.

Although Frederic Lawrence Knowles was born in 1869, and laid aside pencil and paper forever in 1905, he had not lived in vain. Much merit had been crowded into these brief years of toil. His literary work was extensive. In one of his volumes of selected verse he boldly implied that there was sufficient creditable material for an American "Golden Treasury." Also, his two volumes of original verse, "On Life's Stairway" and "Love Triumphant," attracted more than passing note. The opportunity

of life, as it lay in his mind, bulked big and immediate. Patient, persistent, tireless in his use of time, eager in the pursuit of his life-task, and charmed by the best in literature, he spared no pains to develop his own gift of graceful expression. If this gift was conspicuous, so, for that matter, was he himself. Even in his boyhood he had a distinct personality. There was something about him that caught your attention. You felt already that his was no colorless, inane, flat life. Some of us can see him now, perhaps seventeen years of age, somewhat pale, rather delicate, and possessed of a sensitive, cultured face, with fine spiritual eyes of rare lights and gleams—a poet by nature. But what a poet! Not the maker of rhymes simply; but burning fire glowed and smoldered and burst into flame as he glowered over its heat and forged his verse. His were

> No lips that sing at a patron's nod
> For the price of a jester's crust,
> But a voice whose sagas shall live with God
> When the lyres of earth are rust.

Even in those early years he could not conceal the impress of an intellectual life opulent and bursting with desire for future achievement. Literature was a passion with him. He knew books, and his choices were in harmony with the finest tastes. His conversation was fluent and full of delight, as well as profit, to those who were fortunate enough to be his friends. When, for a time, he took some classes in English literature, students of various tastes thronged his lecture room, drawn there by the rich and unusual character of the things he had to offer. All the while, however, he felt within his soul the mystic spell of the Muses. There was something breaking down his inclination to classroom work, something crowding him out from scholastic halls, voices that sounded in his ears as alluringly sweet as those of the sirens, until he became an Orpheus whose lyre—can you not hear it?—smote with lovely skill, outmastered all else. With advancing years Knowles caught the fancy of a wide and appreciative circle, and was quickly admitted by competent critics into that inner realm where only the masters work with word-jewels and transmute humdrum life into pictures and music. By the skill of his

workmanship, the native lyrical spirit that was singing ever within him, and the character of his thought he rose to an enviable position among the poets of New England. There was a depth and strength, as well as sweetness, about him that crept into song, tinged every word-picture, made melodious the soft, limpid flow of language, and filled with solemn hush and awe great imaginative sweeps of thought across cosmic distances. In variety, range of subjects, tenderness and strength, lightness and gravity you accord him the power to charm, to thrill, to illuminate you, and perchance—let us face it—he may drop a thought into your soul with edges on it that, while it may rankle, will have the commendable property of provoking you to think. Wonderful are the things he brooded over, and his dreams were dripping with golden sunshine and purely tremulous with unregretful music; while before his eyes there spread beautiful and far visions, as if some great curtain of crimson and purple shadows were lifted by magic fingers —lifted to him, while other men still looked eagerly into the mysteries, seeing nothing. Being young, his friends said, with admirable enthusiasm, "Here is a poet of promise!" And it was true. But, beyond question, he was also a poet of fulfillment. Strange that he should be summoned thus hurriedly away. And, thinking of what he might have done, we cry, "O those unfinished years!". Was it, think you, because he sang with such confiding sweetness in "Laus Mortis" that Death wooed him so passionately, and won him? "Laus Mortis"—listen:

> The lordliest of all things—
> Life lends us only feet, Death gives us wings!

Or, take this same thought in "The Tenant":

> This body is my house—it is not I;
> Herein I sojourn till, in some far sky,
> I lease a fairer dwelling, built to last
> Till all the carpentry of time is past.

Or this, in his last poem:

> Our past is dead, our dreams are fled;
> We stroll by a vaster sea.

That Knowles has a way of making you feel close to eternal things is manifestly true. With him time is but the slightest,

infinitesimal fragment of eternity, and one theme is as natural as the other. Thus it befalls that you find a golden line of light, bewilderingly and gloriously beautiful, running to and fro across the boundary of temporal things. Love, according to his view, is Here and There, and therefore it is triumphant. However great the forces of the material universe, love is greater. However susceptible to the ravages of the "restless centuries" is "Solomon's purple show," or despite the inexorable fact that "Helen's lips are drifting dust," yet there is one element that is indestructible. Taken at his estimate, all other elements, terrestrial or celestial, are but accessories. The universe, with its skies, stars, and seas and all that therein is, constitutes only the setting —magnificent and glorious, no doubt, but still nothing more than the setting—for this one undimmed and incorruptible jewel. He regards this fact as one worthy of repeated emphasis. Over and over the blow of his mighty hammer knocks away the earthly scaffolding, so that nothing transient may obscure its full, intrinsic beauty. In "The Survivor" he shouts, clarion-clear, across the ages:

> Love shall reign immortal
> While the worlds lie dead!

Love is immortal however it is related—whether to earth or heaven. The glamour of romance, when the hearts of youth and maiden are first fastened together with unbreakable chains forged in sweet silence, or when parental love fondles the bewildering wee, sweet, strange thing, that by coming within doors brings hither the glories of paradise, is something after all more than earthly. In the progress of his thought, you occasionally get a bit of shock at the sudden lurch into the mysterious regions of the unexpected, as, for instance, in "The Celestial Moment":

> O turn to me, lean to me, lips that I love!
> One moment of merciful bliss,
> Ere my shade shall be borne to those stars above
> Where only the ghosts may kiss.

And yet what is there unexpected about it? After all, Knowles is right. It is all over so soon. Then, how the simplicity of the poet's pathos slips through your thought, only to return again and

again, as you read "The Child Who Went Away"! What is more tender, more fragrant with the bloom of the lilacs, and—yes, more lonesome?

> And the lilac-bush shades the low south room
> Just as it did of old,
> And the butterfly, deep in the milkweed's bloom,
> Is poising on wings of gold;
> But nothing is glad, while all is gay—
> The soul of the summer has slipped away.

"The soul of the summer"—not color, fragrance, zephyr; not brooks, birds, trees, but the delicious presence of a little child. This is nothing new to us—the fact—only none of us had ever put it just that way. The load of a world's care dulls and dazes our frail humanity till our vision gets clouded. We dash momentarily hands across eyes wet with weeping, but the grime of toil that is on our hands helps us not. The mists still linger. But when Knowles sings to us love grows sweeter, loftier, more glorious, and in the hope of its vast to-morrow our eyes get filled with wet laughter. Hope is there for the sinful, the solitary, the sorrowful. Eternal Love it is that lifts you up, giving you wider world-vision, until you feel the thrill of joy darting rapturously through your soul. Then he cheers you up a bit, and urges you onward, in "The Steps":

> Seize your staff! beyond this height
> We shall find the Infinite Light.
> Gird your thigh! this sword shall hew
> Paths that reach the untroubled blue!
> Though dark mountains form the stair,
> It is ours to climb and dare!
> Law, truth, love—the peaks are three:
> Sinai, Olives, Calvary!

There are, scattered through his pages, masterly touches that wake into life both thought and feeling. Knowles is in sympathy with things whether great or small. His reflective mind surveys, recognizes, and appropriates ideals that to other men are so often devoid of value. He could write appreciatively of butterfly, or bird, or, if you like, "worms in the world of green." No one can fail to observe how delicate and light is his hand in the creation of graceful imagery, like "The April Boy," or this couplet,

When June flees down her laughing lanes
As fast as foot can fall;

while, on the other hand, great themes, pulsating with energy primal and cosmic, are treated with large and vigorous skill. If it be a landscape, it is wide and far; if a glimpse of the sea, it is vast and awful; if a flight to the heavens, it is long and lone "across dark fecund voids" to the star-dust of "planets yet to be." And back of it all is recognition of One who "hurls the star and shapes the rose." Probably nothing in his verse shines more brilliantly than the light that breaks from his pen illuminative of the love that constitutes the central fact of the Christian faith. With him, "God is love." The spiritual aspect of his life is transferred to song, and lies unconcealed in the sight of all that pass by. Who could hide it save he who had it not? And he who lacks it—well, let him sit down thoughtfully with Knowles, and he will get, not dogma nor theological instruction, but that which poets are especially competent to impart—inspiration and vision. Knowles deals with creeds, sects, rites as a poetic iconoclast. In his "Love Immortal" he admits that we must not sneer at these "broken symbols" if they have served to "point us through the dark." But they must not become the substance, for it is only love that can make them "glow with fire." He rides rough shod through the external, formal mode of worship into the very heart of the spiritual life. It is the spirit, not the letter. There must be not the ritual but the conscious apprehension of the Infinite by which every task shall fulfill the divine order. Prayer, then—what is it? Let Frederic Lawrence Knowles tell us. In his "Sunset Poems"—alas, that there should be such!—is one of unusual sweep and strength on "To the Eternal Spirit." Mark this:

Prayer is communion, the repose
  Of hearts too closely joined for speech;
No plea that Life withhold the blows
  Whose stalwart purpose is to teach,
No coward's shriek, no discord shrill,
But brave souls resting in Thy will.

Let us kneel in solemn silence, the will assenting, the heart at peace, content to bear the ills of life, so we learn the larger lesson

of faith that solves all problems however intricate and full of puzzle. How does Knowles solve them? The answer is easily found. In "To Jesus the Nazarene" there is distinguishable a note of victory and utter reliance:

> O Christ of contrasts, infinite paradox,
> Yet life's explainer, solvent harmony,
> Frail strength, pure passion, meek austerity,
> And the white splendor of these darkened years,
> I lean my wandering, wayward heart on thine.

His religious poems are many and diversified. But through them all the gospel of love compassionate, tender, kind, is not forgotten nor lost in the horrid din of the world's hate and sin. "Golgotha," "The Larger View," "The Widow's Son," "The Three" reveal much of his inner attitude toward life in the light of the Christian faith. Hating sham but loving the truth, Knowles grips our hearts as the thoughts of home tug at us, if perchance we have wandered out afar into the wild countryside, sin-smitten, sun-scorched, scarred and twisted and desolate—grips our hearts and brings us back home.

Is it not worth our while to linger over the pages of a new poet like Frederic Lawrence Knowles? Fresh, virile, original, he spreads before us world-old aspects of life newly emphasized and modernized. If he has ransacked the treasure-houses of the ages for rich stores of knowledge, he himself has been the arbiter of taste, and his work is not that of one "misled by the splendor of some great renown." Happy poet! Is not the renown his own? Has he not climbed the stairway of life himself, bidding us follow? Has he not felt the thrill of passionate love, and thereby become conscious of its immortality? And, having learned these things, his poetry is replete with those elements of life that throb with power.

Geo W Farmer

Art. IX.—THE SPIRIT AND POWER OF DISCERNMENT

Man is created with a most intimate relation to the things about him, but the ultimate benefit derived will depend largely upon his spirit of discernment. By the power of vision he beholds a world of beauty and forms some idea of the shape, size, and color of external objects. Through hearing come sounds of varied quality and degree of intensity, while other senses convey certain impressions of pleasure or pain peculiar to them. But invaluable as the senses may be with their multiplied and varied effects on the mind, it is apparent that there must be a power or faculty in some respects far superior to insure the best results from impressions received. For convenience let this be called the power of discernment, or, if preferred, the faculty of discrimination. Without such faculty there might be vision or hearing, but the impressions would be vague and indefinite, colors and shapes not being clearly distinguished so as to give correct ideas of beauty or repulsiveness, and the sounds coming to the ear would be so confused as to make sweetest melodies seem like jarring discords. It is to be observed that the keenness of perception through the senses both by nature and training is truly marvelous, having in some of the lower orders of animal life reached a very high degree of perfection. The mastiff, for instance, will be startled from his slumber by a sound that might fail to attract the attention of a man even in his waking moments. The wild deer of the forest will detect the hunter's approach and flee for safety, while the hound scents the fleet-footed animal far away in its flight when the hunter is not conscious that he is on the trail of the game.

But in man is discovered a finer sense which enables him to render sounds, forces, and objects of inestimable value. He may not be so keen of vision or hearing, but what he perceives has far greater meaning. Sounds borne on the breeze or impressions on the turf easily noted by the animal he might overlook, but beneath the surface of the ground he beholds riches of

fabulous worth awaiting development, and all about him the world vibrates with forces to be used for increasing his power and enlarging his life. By the delicacy of this faculty the master musician detects the false note amid all the varied expressions of the great orchestra; another has such power of discrimination that he can with blindfolded eye at once recognize and name any key of the instrument touched by another hand, while to the trained eye of the artist the finer shades of coloring and lines of perspective are easily discernible though totally unperceived by the unartistic mind. It is not, therefore, to the perfection of the organs that attention would be called as a matter of so rare importance as to the cultivation of a clearer and stronger discriminating faculty. The physical senses may be just as acute in one as in another with far different results, the one perceiving a wealth of meaning, richness of beauty, or sweetness of melody where the other observes only the commonplace or fails to appreciate the glory of the commonplace, merely because he lacks the faculty of interpretation which his fellow observer holds on a higher range of development. Now, it is upon the training and proper exercise of this faculty that the higher, richer, fuller life will depend. How much more of the sublime and beautiful will the world contain for the one whose mind has been carefully schooled to note differences between the multiplied shades, forms, and sounds of nature's vast domain! How many rich tones of melody will come to the ear alert to hear nature's myriad voices, and how unspeakably rich will be the pages of literature to the person accustomed by habit to observe the finer shades of thought expressed in prose and poem! In these realms is to be found a mine of wealth open to all who are willing to train their minds to habits of careful discrimination. Is it not apparent that a vast field of enrichment is being overlooked by the multitudes whose taste has been cultivated to enjoy only the light and ephemeral publications put in attractive forms to captivate the fancy without culturing the mind or enriching the being? Great treasures of thought have come down from the past, and the master minds of the present are giving forth gems of untold worth, but the power of discernment and appreciation

is so lacking as to leave these treasures unappropriated by many who need them to give fullness and completeness to life.

If, further, we turn to the spiritual realm of thought, the invaluable character of this law of interpretation is even more clearly recognized. As any physical organ or mental faculty is developed under training, so the deeper moral nature will receive impressions as it is kept in proper relation to right influences. The great Master Teacher said, "He that is of the truth heareth my voice," which, properly understood, may be taken to mean that truth within responds to all utterances of truth. One is quick to hear sounds for which he is intently listening. The mother knows at once the footstep of her boy for whom she has been anxiously watching and waiting in the lonely night hour, thus indicating that the perceptive faculty in its more sensitive form is largely a matter of the will or inclination of the soul. It may be relied upon, therefore, that constant and willing attention to truth will develop a high degree of moral and spiritual discernment, and it is cause for painful thought that in this ultracommercial and pleasure-loving age the finer qualities of soul capable of such training are being deadened by excessive gratification of the physical tastes and the inordinate lust for and grasping after material enrichment. It is not surprising that under these conditions there is such confusion of mind that the voice of God is mistaken for a thunder peal, as when the Father spake out of the cloud to his well-beloved Son. Men readily see the fire, feel the tremor of the earthquake, and are conscious of the storm, but they have not kept themselves in close fellowship with the Lord so as to appreciate, like Elijah, the meaning of the "still small voice." Unquestionably, a world of enrichment lies all around us, summits of ecstatic vision standing invitingly in our pathway, and the air quivering with secret influences ready to produce richest melody in the lives of those who by thought and training keep their hearts open to right impressions. Miss Helen Keller, that marvel of mental and spiritual intuition, who neither sees nor hears through physical organs, says that she is by some inner sense conscious of both the beauties and sounds in the world about her, and most touch-

ingly expresses the nature of this intuitive faculty in the words: "I came up out of Egypt and stood before Sinai, and a power divine touched my spirit and gave sight so that I beheld many wonders, and from the sacred mount I heard a voice which said, 'Knowledge is love and light and vision.'" Does not the experience of this sensitive soul indicate that in the measure of our harmony with the Great Source of light and truth we will be able to distinguish and rightly interpret the messages intended for our inspiration? It was this faculty so highly developed in Dr. Horace Bushnell that led him to say: "In the lofty passes of the Alps I heard a music overhead from God's cloudy orchestra, the giant peaks of rock and ice, curtained in by the driving mist and only dimly visible athwart the sky through its fold, such as mocks all sounds our lower worlds of art ever can hope to raise. I had never any conception before of what is meant by quality in sound. There was more power upon the soul in one of those simple notes than I ever expect to feel from anything called music below, or ever can feel till I hear them again in the choirs of the angelic world. I had never such a sense of purity, or of what a simple sound may tell of purity by its own pure quality; and I could not but say, 'O my God, teach me this! Be this in me forever!' And I can truly affirm that the experience of that hour has consciously made me better able to think of God ever since—better able to worship. All other sounds are gone; the sounds of yesterday, heard in the silence of enchanted multitudes, are gone; but that is with me still, and I hope will never cease to ring in my spirit till I go down to the slumber of silence itself."

With such a spirit the people of to-day, even amid the thunderous roar and traffic of this busy, strenuous age, might recognize the call to higher privilege and duty, and discern what Harold Wright describes as "the trail that lies along the higher, sunlit hills where those who journey see afar and the light lingers when the day is done."

Geo. M. Hoke.

Art. X.—THE RELIGION OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

In this year of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes there are still living a considerable number of persons who can remember when Holmes was looked upon with feelings approaching very nearly to both hatred and fear because his views with regard to religion were supposed to be heretical, dangerous, and infidelistic. To-day some of his views find very general acceptance among persons who are counted orthodox, while the so-called "liberals" have gone so far beyond Holmes that he might almost be called a conservative by comparison.

Holmes was a doctor of medicine, not of divinity, and he had very strong inclinations toward scientific studies and research; also he is famous as an author for his light and gay style and matter, yet he had a very strong theological bent. His Puritan ancestry for generations and his father's clerical profession offer an explanation of this peculiarity to believers in heredity. It would not be hard to imagine a career for Holmes which would have led him into the ministry, but it is probable that he would have borne more resemblance to Theodore Parker than to Lyman Beecher. And yet his father, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, was a believer in the old-fashioned Calvinism, and taught it with all its horrors. It is proper to say, however, that he was a very good and kind man—much better than his theology.

It is hard for a large part of the present generation to comprehend the religious conditions which prevailed so largely among New Englanders a century ago. The Unitarian movement was in its infancy. Methodism had made only a feeble beginning. In Massachusetts the Congregationalist churches were established by law and most of them taught the old theology. There is no question that the revolt against the old creeds was carried much too far, but Holmes, Parker, and Emerson were a natural, almost an inevitable, result of the old New England theology. Calvinism naturally bred both Unitarian and Universalist views. Much

credit belongs to Methodism for saving New England from an utter surrender to these. Now that the "decrees" of ultra-Calvinism are almost as dead as Calvin and Augustine themselves, in days when the revision and neglect of creeds have almost made of the heretics and liberals of another generation the conservatives and orthodox of the present, it is hard for those unfamiliar with the ancient terrors to see why a man should have been reviled because he asked of the Creator the simple justice expected of a man. Yet much of the abuse directed against Holmes came on account of such a demand. He quoted with marked approval the famous retort of the sturdy old Methodist sailor-preacher, "Father" Taylor, to his Calvinistic opponent, "Your God is my devil." No attack was made upon Holmes with regard to morals. Of course, from the Puritanic standpoint, a man who was fond of the theater, who drank wine and smoked cigars though in great moderation, might be assailed, but in the great indisputable essentials of morality no man stood fairer than Holmes. He was a patriotic citizen, a faithful friend, a loyal son, a tender husband, an affectionate father. He was not a radical reformer, but when thoroughly aroused to some great question, as in the case of slavery, his noble nature appeared. His Puritan blood and training sometimes showed in unexpected ways, as when he wrote Harriet Beecher Stowe that he did not read novels on Sunday, but made an exception of hers. But while he stood by the important things in Puritan morals, and even some of the minor things, he vigorously assailed much of its theology. First, he utterly refused to accept the old Calvinistic doctrines of election, reprobation, infant damnation, and all such horrors. As practically everybody now agrees with him, this point need not be discussed. But he went much farther. His scientific training and inclinations, combined with his literary studies, led him to join himself to those who found science incompatible with the old views of the Bible, and hence abandoned or greatly modified the theory of inspiration. Some of the attempts to reconcile undoubted facts with the supposed teachings of Scripture seem as amusing to us now as they did to Holmes years ago. He wrote to James William Kimball:

> If you choose to accept . . . . that the world was created with mock skeletons of almost innumerable mock genera and species, many of them holding the remains of mock food in their mock interiors, and with their teeth ground down as if by long use, ... I shall have to say again, always with perfect respect and courtesy, "Good-morning, Mr. Kimball."

This is certainly somewhat mocking, but what else is there for an intelligent man to say? While we may smile at this we cannot avoid regret that Holmes did not succeed in keeping more of the gold of the old religion when he cast away its dross. As so often happens, he became an unbeliever, or at least, a doubter, upon points of faith which, when properly understood, have no conflict with the facts of science or with man's highest reason. In some cases we can see that his trouble was rather with the arguments by which doctrines had been supported than with the doctrines themselves. He refused to admit that an infallible judgment had settled all disputes. He would have no Pope, either Catholic or Protestant, but he never sneered at honest faith and sincere conviction. He said he would not attack "intellectual noncombatants." He never mocked at any man for believing more than he did himself. The reverence in him forbade. But he had a sneer for a hypocrite, or for a man who was afraid to use his own brains and do his own thinking.

Dr. Holmes resembled the oft-quoted character who "never had much religion to speak of." He hardly ever spoke of his religious feelings or experiences, yet his character impresses one as that of a man genuinely religious in spirit whatever might be his creed. He was always a faithful churchgoer, and perhaps his most marked expression of personal religious feeling was his charming saying, "There is a little plant called Reverence in the corner of my soul's garden, which I love to have watered about once a week." His regular Sunday home was that singular compound of the Episcopal Church and the Unitarian, King's Chapel of Boston. There he was married, there his children were christened, from its doors he followed his wife to the grave, and from them, at his own request, his own body was borne to its last resting place. But he sometimes attended other churches, notably the Baptist church of Beverly, where he acknowledged receiving

edification. He wrote a beautiful letter to Phillips Brooks, expressing his appreciation of a sermon he had heard from him and explaining the ties which bound him to King's Chapel. The poetry of Holmes may be considered to some extent an expression of his religious faith and feelings. His prose deals with such matters in a somewhat negative or questioning way—his novel, Elsie Venner, in particular, raised a storm about his head. But in his verse dealing with serious themes he shows a reverent and noble spirit. One of his ambitions was to write some hymns which would be acceptable for use in the church. He succeeded in doing this for Unitarians and for orthodox churches as well. There are three of his writing in the present Methodist Hymnal. The hymns beginning, "Lord of all being, throned afar," and

> O Love divine, that stooped to share
> Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,

bid fair to take a permanent place in the hymnology of the church universal. Of other poems we may note "The Living Temple," with its closing prayer, "The Chambered Nautilus," with its lofty aspirations, and "Tartarus," a poem of his old age, which ends,

> Look up from earth, and read above,
> On heaven's blue tablet, "God is Love."

It is hard to tell what the creed of Holmes was. Indeed, he hardly knew himself, except that he sometimes said it was the first two words of the Lord's Prayer. He believed in the development of creeds, and his own was constantly changing. He repeatedly criticised the requirements of churches that their pastors should conform to a certain creed. It is singular that one of his intelligence should have failed to see the logical distinction between a man in an independent position and the representative of a society. Even the Unitarians have occasionally found some restraint necessary for their pastors, notably when the Rev. George C. Miln declared himself an atheist. In his departure from the old standards of faith Holmes went farther than Longfellow, but not so far as Emerson, or even Lowell. He seems always to have held to the personality of God and he never lost his faith in the

divine Fatherhood. He believed that God is good, no matter how badly men might have misunderstood or lied about him. He always spoke more of the Father than of the Son. He sometimes applied the term "divine" to Jesus Christ, but it is doubtful if he meant by it what the "orthodox" mean. Yet the hymn we have mentioned, "O Love Divine," is certainly inconsistent with the most extreme Unitarian views, and may fairly be interpreted as indicating a belief in the incarnation. It is also interesting to know that Dr. Holmes believed in the literal resurrection of Jesus.

On July 4, 1863, he delivered an oration before the city authorities of Boston, the only oration he ever gave. This speech is published under the title "The Inevitable Trial," in Pages from an Old Volume of Life, and also in Soundings from the Atlantic. To judge by reading, it is worthy of the fellow citizen of such orators as Sumner, Everett, and Webster, worthy of even the greatest of these. But toward the close the speaker said:

> There were holy wars of old in which it was glory enough to die, wars in which the only aim was to rescue the sepulcher of Christ from the hands of infidels. The sepulcher of Christ is not in Palestine. He rose from that burial place more than eighteen hundred years ago. He is crucified whenever his brethren are slain without pity; he lies buried wherever man, made in his Maker's image, is entombed in ignorance, lest he should learn the rights his divine Master gave him.

That passage might have come from the most orthodox of clergymen. In one of his letters to Mr. Kimball, Dr. Holmes summed up part of his faith in the following words:

> A supreme and absolute faith in one great Father; a revelation of himself "at sundry times and in divers manners," . . . . infallibly in creation, more or less fallibly in all that has been committed to human tradition, preëminently in the life of one of the "sons of God," known on earth as the Anointed, of whom we have some imperfect records.

Those last words may properly introduce the remark that Holmes would to-day probably be in sympathy with the more radical of the higher critics. He recognized the human element in the Bible much more than he did the divine, and it may be doubted if he would have accorded to the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures any inspiration different in kind from that of other lofty literature.

The loudest cries against Holmes were raised because of his

attacks upon theories prevalent in his younger days concerning human responsibility and future punishment. When men set up a theology which settled the fate of men for eternity without reference to their hereditary dispositions, mental powers, or surrounding circumstances, almost without reference to their conduct, he entered a sharp protest—with which most thinkers are now inclined to agree. Trained from childhood in the literal interpretations concerning the physical horrors of hell, the whole doctrine of eternal punishment was to him a most horrible thing. The thought of a world with "wounds that never heal, and an army of experts in torture" was too horrible for his acceptance. Indeed, it is for ours. But Holmes seems never to have understood that future punishment depends upon man's free will and the eternity of character, rather than upon a divine fiat. He seems never to have attained a perfect faith with regard to the general question of a future life and immortality. Immortality was a thing to be desired and hoped for, but not assured. In 1868 he wrote: "It is impossible to disprove the reality of a future life, and we have a right to cherish the hope that we may live again." In 1871, in writing to a friend near death, he spoke of a desire, almost a longing, some might have for "even the crumbs of faith which fall from the table of the triumphant and unquestioning believer." But in the same letter he says, "We must all soon cast anchor, if we have one, and mine is 'trust in God.'" Such things as these make those of us who can still firmly hold to faith in the everlasting life pity the strong intellects who have lost their childlike trust. Another doctrine which Holmes seemed to understand but dimly was that of conversion. He recognized the sudden transformations of character sometimes produced, referring to the case of John Newton, but he refused to admit a natural hatred of God in man, and said of conversion, "The finest and noblest souls I have ever met have never been through any such technical process." This shows once more how the mind may be warped by an unfortunate method of presenting a doctrine to one in youth. Holmes could never get away from the influence of Calvinism even when he rejected it. In one respect he was more orthodox than some clergymen of his early days. He believed in love—love of God

and love to man. He said of Elsie Venner, "It is conceived in the fear of God and the love of man." He wrote to Mrs. Stowe: "All that you say of the infinite love and pity is the very substance of such belief as I cherish. . . . To you, I suppose, sin is the mystery; to me suffering is. I trust love will prove the solution of both." Once more we wonder at his blindness, at his failure to see that sin and suffering were from the same root. To Mr. Kimball he wrote, "The only way I can judge whether a man loves God is the apostle John's way—to see whether he loves his brother."

We have passed the time when men found delight in consigning their adversaries to perdition. Few men to-day would wish to raise the question of the personal salvation of Oliver Wendell Holmes, stormed at for a heretic as he was a generation ago. He believed in God. He loved his fellow men. For all else we may trust to the truth in his own lines:

> That one unquestioned text we read—
> All doubt beyond, all fear above—
> Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed
> Can burn or blot it: "God is love."

Frank S. Sawyer

Art. XI.—AS TO FOUNDATIONS

The need of a sure foundation is not a modern discovery. Ever since men began to build homes, palaces, temples, towers, monuments, and other structures they have known that solid, durable foundations are necessary. An invariable law of physics ordains that buildings erected on sandy or swampy land are unsafe. The rains may so soften the mud and loosen the sand that, lacking cohesive power, the loose earth becomes as quicksand, the structures topple and fall, and the greater they are the greater the fall, the ruin, and the loss. As men must count the cost before beginning the work of erection, they must also, to avoid the shame and loss of ruined buildings, consider carefully the kind of ground on which the foundations are to be laid. At whatever cost the foundation must be made safe and solid. The builders of the pyramids were wise men, not only selecting granite, diorite, and other hard and durable stone for the outer courses of the immense superstructures, but solid rock for the foundations, and for four thousand years these monuments of their wisdom and skill and honesty have resisted the ravages of the elements to compel the continuous admiration of the world. The Egyptians, the Persians, and other ancients of the Eastern world were adepts in the working of stone. We have reinvented the tools they used in sawing and polishing it. They cut enormous blocks of it out of the mountains and set them in their enduring structures to excite the wonder and admiration of the world. Even the early Indians of Mexico knew how to build magnificent palaces or temples. At Mitla, near Oaxaca, one may see ruins which would challenge the skill and cunning of modern builders to duplicate. Great cylinders of stone still stand in majestic grandeur, gracing a temple or temples, whose purpose, even, we cannot divine. Huge square blocks lie in security which earthquakes (and Mexico has plenty of earthquakes) cannot disturb, as lintels over openings in the walls, and a flight of stone steps leads down to a great quadrangle paved with the same material. Whence came the stone (there is none like it in neighboring quarries), how the gigantic monoliths

were quarried, how transported, how placed in position, no one knows; nor can anyone tell us who were the architects. The mural paintings, some of which are still clear and distinct, give no clue, only showing that the skill of the painters was inferior to that of the builders. There the ruins stand, grand and extensive, suggesting problems in architecture, transportation, history, migration, ethnology which no man can solve. The Zapotecs of to-day, believing themselves to be descendants of the palace-builders, are only hovel-builders. If they are really in descent, it is a long and a deep descent.

Ruins such as these speak of centuries far back in man's history, and of architectural achievements which do not belong to the childhood of the race. There were builders in those days who had no need to be ashamed of their work. They built for the ages. They laid safe and solid foundations. Iron will rust, brass and bronze will corrode, wood will rot; stone is durable and unchangeable. The hammer of the winds, the dynamite of the sun, and the floods of the heavens have little effect, as the centuries come and go, upon structures hewn from the granite hills, and it is meet that rock should serve as the type of that which is solid, lasting, and immovable. We meet it often in Bible descriptions and illustrations: The Lord "is the Rock," "the Lord is my Rock," "Who is a Rock save our God?" "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I"; "His holy hill"; "the everlasting hills"; "the everlasting mountains"; "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help"; "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Modern builders have not found any material superior to stone for solid and durable structures; nor have they found any other bottom so safe and sure as rock on which to lay foundations. The world is not now building palaces for its living kings and emperors, nor pyramids as their mausoleums. This is a democratic age, and palaces are for wealthy subjects, temples for the disciples of Christ, and other great and costly structures for industrial, commercial and governmental purposes. The age is so prosperous that it is pulling down its barns and building bigger ones, not for greater ease of soul but for a more strenuous struggle. Great

edifices no longer rise solely out of government treasuries, or out of the accumulations of a few Crœsuses or Midases, but out of the credit of corporations; and the cost of the pyramids or of the temple of Karnak or of the Parthenon of Athens would not be prohibitive in New York or London. Indeed, the foundations alone of some great twentieth century buildings must equal the cost of some of the famous buildings of ancient times. The builder may not choose good natural foundations for his edifices; other considerations determine sites; but he must make foundations under shifting sand or soft, watery soil. Great piles of stone like the towers of the East River bridges, and huge steel structures like the City Investing, Singer, Stock Exchange, Park Row Buildings, and the Hoffman House, in New York city, must go down to bed rock. The methods of overcoming the obstacles presented are the invention of modern engineering genius. Masonry piers must be put down to solid rock. How this is done an article in the Century Magazine lucidly describes. It is not possible to dig through sand and gravel saturated by flowing water. So in the last fifteen years the piers have been built inside pneumatic caissons, which are gradually sunk to the rock:

> Very strong, air-tight steel or wooden boxes, with flat tops and no bottoms, are set on the pier site at ground water level and pumped full of compressed air, while men enter them and, excavating the soil, undermine them so that they sink, sometimes at the rate of about two feet an hour, until they land on the rock, and are filled with concrete to form the bases of the foundation piers. As they sank, the walls were at first built up beyond the roof, so as always to extend above the bottom of the pit and form dry wells in which masonry was laid, and by its weight forced the caisson down through the earth. The men enter and leave the caisson through vertical steel shafts, with small chambers, called air locks, on top. These have a trap door in the roof and another in the floor, both opening downward, so as to be kept closed by the air pressure; and as one door must always be closed when the other is opened, they prevent the escape of compressed air from the caisson. When the caisson sinks very deep, the air pressure becomes heavy, and is dangerous for men who are feeble, dissipated, or have weak heart or lungs, sometimes producing paralysis or great suffering from the "bends," which may be fatal. It is necessary to emerge very slowly through the lock, so as gradually to reduce the pressure and equalize it in the body. Men have been instantly killed by trying to emerge from the lock suddenly. . . . Usually the caisson-sinking stops when the rock is reached, but if it is found to be

soft or unsound it is sometimes excavated several feet farther to hard, solid strata. Then it is carefully examined and approved by the engineer, leveled and washed, and the caisson is filled with concrete, rammed solid in every corner, the men backing up and away, as they fill it from the sides toward the center and top. This is the worst of all the caisson work, and as the space becomes gradually smaller and smaller, the compressed air becomes fouler and fouler, and is suffocating with the heat and the presence of so many men. Finally, when the concrete is filled to the ceiling, a pipe is brought down the shaft, and a liquid cement is forced through it under pressure to fill all the voids and seal the caisson. . . . At one time while eight caissons were being sunk (in the Atlantic Mutual building) the steam pressure suddenly gave out, stopping the air-compressors and causing fear that the quicksand would run into the caissons and, undermining the adjacent tall buildings, do great damage. Fortunately, the steam supply was restored before these fears were realized; but not until, by desperate exertions, the contractors had secured several steam boilers and loaded them up to bring to the site from several parts of the city. The thirty-two-story building for the City Investing Company at Broadway and Cortlandt Street, New York, is about 486 feet high above the sidewalk, and cost about ten million dollars. Its estimated weight of one hundred and seventy-two million pounds is carried by fifty-nine concrete piers sunk through quicksand, earth, etc., by the pneumatic-caisson process to a depth of about eighty feet below the Broadway curb. Some of the piers were built up to a height of over forty feet above the ground before sinking was begun, and much of the fine, dry sand encountered was forced by air-pressure out of the working chamber of the pneumatic caissons in a stream like water. The foundation piers for the steel columns of the twelve-story extension of the Hoffman House, New York, were built in deep pits, walled in by massive steel-sheet piles, and carried about forty feet to rock through earth and bowlders. The upper ends of the steel piles were cut off after driving. When done by hand, with two men, it was at the rate of one foot a day. Afterward it was accomplished by an electric current with which two men could melt off thirty feet in eight hours.

These foundations are costly, but there appears to be no limit to the size or weight of the buildings that may be placed thereon, or to the period of time they may be expected to stand. While, therefore, the initial expense is very great, the fact that they will last for scores of years and easily sustain thirty, forty, fifty or more stories, makes the investment a reasonable one. The builders are building for the future as well as for the present.

The foundation laid by the Great Master-Builder twenty centuries ago was a costly foundation, how costly we do not fully understand. But it was laid for all time, and is good for all

possible sites and structures. It is as safe and sound and solid to-day as though it had not for nearly two thousand years been subjected to high winds, great floods, fierce fires, and terrible earthquakes. Men have tried to lay other foundations, but the quicksands of human nature have swallowed them, or human passions have shaken them down, or human frailty has caused them to collapse. But Christ the Corner Stone, laid upon the unchangeable rock of divine love, has withstood all that time and the ingenuity of destructive elements could bring to bear upon it. Many have built upon it, in violation of sound architectural law, wood, hay, and stubble, and have inevitably suffered loss; but the foundation remains the same, immovable, unshakable, proof against the fires of persecution, the floods of unsound doctrine, and the earthquakes of immorality. Strong sieges, attacks of sappers and miners, betrayals by traitors, blunders of defenders, have been continuous; "nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure." The divine Master knew by close contact and observation every possible variety and succession of the strata in the human soul. He knew the treacherous quicksands of self-love, the obstructive bowlders of obstinacy, and slimy clay of hypocrisy, the stony gravel of hard-heartedness, and the flowing water of inconstancy. These must all be pierced that a sure foundation might be reached for the spiritual house. His daily companions, the disciples, served him for illustrations. There was Peter, poor, impulsive, unsteady Peter. How could such a faint-hearted, unfaithful, man-fearing spirit be built into the Church of Christ? He denied with abject fear his divine Lord in the hour of the Master's greatest need, and lied and blasphemed. How could such "wood, hay, and stubble" be built into a spiritual house? On the Christ-foundation all human material may safely be laid. The rock of divine love—safe, solid, immovable, unchangeable, overlaid with the sacrifice of Christ—is sure and eternal, and if any man build thereon he cannot fail. Peter converted was Peter transformed, and his heart became as true to Christ as the needle to the pole. And the Master, remembering what manner of man Peter had been, and seeing what manner of man he was now, told the disciple, so grieved and distressed at the Lord's repetition of the searching

question, "Lovest thou me?" a wonder and a mystery: "Thou art Peter, and upon this Peter I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." How true this prophecy was the rest of Peter's life clearly demonstrated. None now bolder, braver, truer than he. Persecution only made him the stronger. Leaving Rome, according to tradition, in a fit of momentary discouragement, he met the Christ, and said, "Quo vadis?" ("Whither goest thou, Lord?") The Master replied, "To Rome to be crucified again." Peter's love and courage were immediately triumphant, and he turned and went back to lay more firmly with his blood the foundations of the church in the great pagan city. He loved his Lord so truly that he did not hesitate to be crucified for him.

Thomas was skeptical of the Christ-foundation and required a practical demonstration before he would accept it; Saul of Tarsus scorned and hated it, but building upon it, he became the chief apostle of it. And so it has been in all succeeding generations—among the Jews and among the Gentiles, among the barbarians, the Scythians, the bond and the free. The wickedest and the weakest, the cruelest and the most cowardly, the most obstinate and the most inconstant, the vainest and the most selfish—in short, the worst, the lowest and the most despicable of mankind, building on the Christ-foundation, are so utterly changed in character that they come to represent the very virtues they hated. It is the miracle of miracles, ever in process and never failing. The parable of the builders is being constantly demonstrated. The foolish man builds his house on the sand, and it falls; the wise man builds his house on the rock, and it stands forever. Compare the Christ-foundation with that which others have laid: Christianity builds upon the solid foundation of Jesus Christ and the sure promise of eternal life; Confucianism upon agnostic Confucius, his moral aphorisms, and the worship of posterity; Islam upon the Koran of Mohammed, and the dream of a sensual glory; Taouism upon the propitiation of the innumerable capricious spirits of earth, air, and water; Buddhism upon Buddha, and the slender hope, through myriad rebirths, of Nirvana, which is final extinction or unconscious absorption; Hinduism upon millions

of gods, jealous, sensual, capricious, the soul a flickering candle flame and the prey of witch-gods, and in place of sympathetic brotherhood the demoniacal system of caste.

Is there any other foundation than that of Jesus Christ worth any man's attention? Being "of the household of God," we are "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus himself being the chief corner stone; in whom each several building, fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God in the Spirit." And "we know that if this earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

H. K. Carroll.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

A WRITER in the New York Evening Post, contending that prose may be as splendid as any poetry, says that the art of writing noble prose has fallen upon evil days, and that, not mentioning Sir Thomas Browne and Ruskin and others, we are in danger of forgetting what glory the solidly printed page could take on, when, for example, De Quincey wrote with undeniable splendor, albeit grievously misapplying a superb eloquence in eulogy of his own deadliest and most deceiving enemy:

> O just, subtle, and all-conquering opium! that, to the hearts of rich and poor alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for the pangs of grief that "tempt the spirit to rebel," bringest an assuaging balm—eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath, pleadest effectually for relenting pity, and through one night's heavenly sleep callest back to the guilty man the visions of his infancy, and hands washed pure from blood—O just and righteous opium! that to the chancery of dreams summonest, for the triumphs of despairing innocence, false witnesses, and confoundest perjury, and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges—thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles, beyond the splendors of Babylon and Hekatómpylos; and, "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep," callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the "dishonors of the grave." Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of paradise, O just, subtle, and mighty opium!

In contrast with De Quincey's luxuriant page, the same writer, remembering that the greatest of all prose is found in the Bible, says that few poems reach down to the elemental soul as do the words of the inspired chronicler who wrote:

> And, behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil.
>
> But he answered her not a word. And his disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away; for she crieth after us.
>
> But he answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.
>
> Then came she and worshiped him, saying, Lord, help me.

There are entire hymnals in that "Lord, help me."

THE ILLUMINED FACE

THE main theses of this writing are that the face is an exponent of character, that in a measure one can make his own face, and that the illumined face is the emblem of humanity at its highest.

1. The truth or falsity of the statement that the face reveals character should be easily and quickly ascertainable. For verification or for disproof take it into the portrait gallery of history, and the general rule is that countenance and character correspond. In the capitol at Rome scan the long rows of marble busts of the old emperors, and compare Marcus Aurelius with Caligula and Nero and Septimius Severus. Strike into history or into life wherever you please, and note, as a rule, the suitability of face to character. A studious examiner of a large collection of modern busts noticed that Thomas Paine had a hard, irreverent look, with heavy eyes and a twisted mouth, and that the bust of Voltaire was supercilious and sarcastic, reminding one of the description given of another skeptic, "a conceited mouth with its corners habitually pinned back into incredulous smiles." Before this bust one could not help remembering that Carlyle, who knew a great thought when he saw it, said of the works of Voltaire, "There is not one great thought in all his six and thirty quartos." A few really great thoughts, long and hospitably entertained, would have taken away that vain, cynical look which Macaulay called a "haggard sneer." Looking on the busts and pictures of Byron, with their curious duality of expression, we understand why Charles Lamb said of him, "I cannot love him nor squeeze a tear to his memory"; and why Daniel Webster said, "I desire no association with the soul of Byron, because he was not respectable; there was not one trait in his character that I could respect." A fine-shaped upper head he had, a high and protuberant forehead indicative of brains; but a dangerous, if not diabolical sign in the eyes, the sensuality of a dissolute and abandoned life spoiling the lower face, and the lickerish leer of a lecher lurking around the lips; a mixture of anarchist and profligate. A sinister and licentious face it was, on whose fiery passions at the age of thirty-six death sprinkled white ashes at Missolonghi.

In the National Gallery at Kensington, Phillips's picture of Michael Faraday shows, in the strong, good face, the great chemist's traits, high moral rectitude, natural gaiety of temper, and great firmness of purpose combined with a modest and retiring disposition. Massive intellectuality marks the bust of Cuvier, who had almost the

heaviest brain on record. Delicate sensibility and exquisite refinement characterize the picture of Mendelssohn. We are all familiar with the strong composure, the patrician dignity, the lofty and immutable integrity, the steady and unswerving will which ennoble the portraits of Washington, and with the quaint simplicity, the shrewd rustic sagacity, the humane sympathy, the half-mournful, half-humorous tenderness, the self-forgetting patience, the absorbed attentiveness, which make the homely and ill-shapen face of Abraham Lincoln so pathetic, so dear, so forever memorable. Who that ever heard Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner can forget the imperial intellectuality, the ethical severity, the lofty unflinching fidelity to principle, the statuesque dignity and marble immovability which spoke in their faces and combined to make them so formidable, so majestic, so commanding? Blackwood's Magazine, describing England's great prime minister at the height of his strength, said: "Gladstone's face flashed with the light of battle, and was ennobled with the dignity of a wide outlook." When Gladstone visited Norway, a leading journal there said: "Seldom, if ever, has it been our fortune to behold such a noble and energetic countenance." His face was at once a reflection of his character and a record of his life. Another prominent example of the harmony of countenance with character is Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, whose mastiff face was as grim as the muzzle of a loaded mitrailleuse, and recalled Shakespeare's description of a warlike eye, "prying through the portage of the head like a brass cannon." More than once that grim face of the German chancellor stared his enemies and all Europe out of countenance. The physiognomist is well satisfied with the photographs of our own General Sherman, altogether suitable, in face and figure the ideal warrior —erect, sinewy, and hardy, his skin looking like shriveled leather, every inch of it so creased and seamed that one could fancy it a map of the regions he led his army over, or a plan of the campaign by which he cut the Confederacy in two, marching through Georgia from Atlanta to the sea; a face plowed and furrowed so deep that, when death had smoothed it, as death has a way of doing, those who looked on it lying in the oaken coffin in New York in February, 1891, were reminded of the poet's line, "Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front." Phil Sheridan also carried a character-speaking physiognomy, rugged, knotty, gritty, belligerent; fit for the man who, one western-frontier day, leaped into his saddle, wearing a lieutenant's shoulder straps, to go to the rescue of a beleaguered garrison, shouting to his comrades

as he struck his rowels in, "Good-by, boys! I'm coming back a captain or a corpse"—a face fit for the general who galloped his black horse southward, twenty miles from Winchester, and like a living thunderbolt met, breasted, and turned back a most disastrous rout, and changed defeat into victory. No less did Grant's face bespeak the quiet, taciturn, soft-voiced, simple-mannered, unostentatious, clean-lipped, modest gentleman he was, a gentleman in heart and word and deed. As for Robert E. Lee, his face, as well as his bearing and manner, was a noble manifestation and distinct proclamation of the great qualities of his nature. The urbane dignity and gracious benignity of President McKinley's face were a true reflection of his gentle, amiable, earnest, and winsome nature. If a living face may be mentioned in illustration, few more expressive have been seen than that of Theodore Roosevelt, indicating intense energy, swift and intrepid decision, impassioned action, and a sort of sharpshooter look which suggests rifle practice and intimates that he usually hits what he fires at, and that when he aims at a target, nothing is in danger but the bull's-eye. All these ornament the portrait gallery of history, and incidentally confirm our thesis that the face is an exponent of character.

The doctrine we have been illustrating is, like every other doctrine, sometimes questioned. In these days nothing escapes disparagement. Professor Jowett said, "Logic is not a science but a dodge." Yet the schools go on teaching logic. One professed student of human nature declares that physiognomy is a vagary of the imagination rather than a science; that the countenance is not a reflex of the soul, but is often a spurious mask concealing one's inner self. This is like saying that the object of language is to conceal one's thoughts, which is putting the exception in place of the rule. The natural and customary use of language is to express one's thoughts, and, equally, the habit of the face is to reveal the spirit. The face no index to a man's nature, no indication of what may be expected from him? As well say that the appearance of the sky is no criterion of the weather. Everybody knows better. Such a statement is contradicted by convictions born of universal experience from the days of primitive man until now. Doubtless, the careful weather-watcher will note *all* the signals, asking not only "How does the sky look?" but also "Which way is the wind?" and "What does the barometer indicate?" and "What does the weather bureau predict?" and even "What does the old sea captain or the veteran farmer say?"

The face no evidence of one's inner condition? As well say that the face is no indication of health or disease. Doubtless, for *thorough* diagnosis the physician examines *all* symptoms, applies searching scientific tests to secretions, blood-pressure, lungs, heart, and other organs. But especially, and probably first of all, he scrutinizes the countenance, for the experienced practitioner can often read ill health and its nature from the color or the eye or the general expression.

The face not a revelation of the state of mind and heart? An English artist, when his children were naughty and gave way to bad temper, and their faces showed anger, or a rebellious spirit, or a sullen mood, could make them ashamed of themselves by sketching them on a leaf of his sketch-book, and letting them see how their naughtiness showed in their faces and how ugly it looked.

The face not an exponent of character? That fine dramatic critic, William Winter, says that a thoughtful observer need only watch the faces of the average theatrical audience of the present day to see that it "is largely composed of vulgarians who know nothing about art or literature and who care for nothing but the gratification of their low tastes and animal appetites."

No one will pretend that face-reading has been perfected into a science, but it is rather early, and might be presumptuous, to affirm that physiognomy is incapable of becoming as exact as many sciences are. Exact sciences are few, and some so-called sciences are utterly spurious; Eddyism, for example, has been declared by its founder to stand "before the world as an eternal and demonstrable science." Setting surgery aside, has medical practice been perfected into an exact science? Or is it, as some frank physicians acknowledge, largely experimental in the case of each patient? Francis Galton, with his usual ambition to obtain quantitative precision in every problem he studies, has contemplated a quantitative and exact treatment of the problem of heredity. Now, the face is a most obvious and interesting part of the problem of heredity, and precision in face-analysis and face-reading, for the purpose of tracing and metering ancestry and descent, seems to us quite as likely to be attained as in any other branch of the study of heredity. Heredity is a deep and wide sea wherein are many currents that may never be completely charted.

The well-known fact is that in practice we all treat as axiomatic the doctrine that the countenance is to some extent an exponent of character and a revelation of the thoughts. It is one of the primary assumptions on which we habitually proceed. Instinc-

tively we turn a studious and inquiring look upon the faces of our fellow men. When a mother wonders what is going on in her child's mind, she observes "the havior of the visage." A business man carefully scrutinizes the face of any stranger who broaches a proposition and invites commercial dealings. It is reported of a noted master of finance that his habit is, during a business interview, to keep his eyes downcast while he himself is talking, in order that mind-reading be not practiced on him; but that, when listening, he scans the face of his visitor searchingly and looks straight into his eyes to read there all he can. We are pretty well equipped for investigating and cross-examining. We have more implements than a dentist has on his tray. When we have exercised our five senses upon the personality we are examining, we have used only a few of our faculties. There remain certain unnamed, delicate capillary sensibilities through which impressions are received, with insights and intuitions unnamable. By the touch of fine invisible tentacles we detect in some persons something that gives us a creepy, shivery feeling, which fills us with a vague uneasiness. In such investigations, as in others, close and prolonged attention is one secret of discovery. The concentrated gaze of a lover on the beloved face can detect the passage of a flitting thought or feeling, swift as the touch of a swallow's wing on the glassy surface of an evening lake; just as one on the bank of a rapid stream may catch sight of a darting fish "between the green brink and the running foam." Even after some mistakes in judging faces, it remains inevitable that we will trust some and distrust others. One densely foggy day in London a little girl was standing on one side of a crowded street, afraid to cross alone. Searching the faces of passers by to find some one she might trust, she saw a tall, spare man of grave and kindly aspect, and, looking sweetly up into his face, said, "Please, sir, will you help me across?" Lord Shaftesbury afterward said the greatest compliment he ever received was that little girl's trust.

An evil face, a hangdog look, or a mean sneaking manner will give an accused man a poor chance before a jury. A member of Congress, testifying as a witness in a trial, said, concerning one whose character was in issue, that he had never been able to feel any confidence in that man because of a sly, furtive, evasive look in his face, a stealthy sort of movement, and a habit of talking in a half whisper. He had found, he said, that honesty and innocence had, as a rule, a clear, open, sincere, and unevasive look and manner of speaking. Of one man it was once said that he ought to be

indicted for his fierce, malignant look, which proved him a potential if not actual murderer. The citizens of a certain town watched a certain boy, son of a prominent lawyer, growing up. He carried about the streets one of the most insolent and defiant of faces. One citizen remarked that for society's sake, if not for his own, that boy ought to be sent to a reform school until that diabolical look should be reformed off his face, for it was a public menace, boding evil to mankind. Twenty-five years have fulfilled that menace in a career defiant of law and authority, reckless of the rights of others, a daring affront to decency, making it a wonder that the fellow, so far, has managed to keep out of prison.

It may be not impossible for a man's face to be, in Milton's words, "but visored falsehood and base forgery"; but that is not the rule. As a rule, the face is a bulletin board rather than a mask. It may be barely possible for a woman to be as tender-eyed as Leah, as comely and well-favored as Rachel, and yet be a Jezebel; but it is most unlikely. It is not usual for one with a serene and gentle face to be a stormy, ill-tempered, brawling person. After middle life especially the face bears more and more the impress of the soul. The facial legend may be misread, but it cannot steadily and consistently lie. And on it is recorded the verdict of heaven itself upon the summed-up thoughts and emotions of a lifetime. In the matter of face-reading one difficulty is that there are few experts, very few skilled operators who know enough of facial telegraphy to read the rapid signals; many are unobservant or dull of vision and easily imposed upon; some so innocent and unsuspecting as not to understand even glaring signs. Yet in a bad man's face there is apt to be some danger signal flying. Something in the face of Mephistopheles makes Marguerite shudder without knowing why. The dear, innocent girl does not know enough of evil to interpret that sinister and boding look. Often we recall afterward a look which, if our wits had been sufficiently alert, keen and instantaneous, would have told us all; and we wonder at our own stupidity as did the Emmaus-road disciples when they said to one another, "Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way?" Many a destiny has been seriously and forever different because of failure to understand what a look said.

The Maker of men and of worlds has ordained that every soul shall be made manifest, of what sort it is. We are taught by a venerable and august Authority that the plan is to have every man's nature ultimately published in full; it may be slowly, and in small

installments, but finally complete, and so plain it can be read like print. Every man is a public character. His exposure is not southern or northern alone, but to thirty-two points of the compass; they all converge and concentrate upon him to inspect and investigate; and correspondingly he is all the while protruding and publishing himself to the circumjacent universe. Personality proclaims itself. Often when a pretender thinks his disguise complete, he is unawares confiding his secret to the world. Moreover detection seems planned for in the system of things; the universe is policed, "the woods are full of" detectives. To delude ourselves with the notion that nobody will know what goes on in the secret places of our being is easy but unwise. "Son of man, hast thou seen what the elders of Israel do in the dark, every man in the chambers of his imagery? For they say, The Lord seeth us not." Their thought is that their inward wickedness may be hid even from the Lord, whereas it cannot be concealed, even from men. If evil holds the fortress, its banner will float upon the outer wall.

Frequently one's "speech bewrayeth" him. Whatever light is in the soul is apt to play upon the surface of conversation; whatever darkness is within will cast its shadow on one's talk. And in words from the lips there is not only articulate language but an undertone; from the pen not only distinct lines but meanings readable between the lines.

"Actions speak louder than words," and deeds, motions, manners, and bearing are of the nature of self-revelation. Benjamin West, the portrait painter, said: "Dangling hands mean a dangling mind, and a listless face a languid mind." A shambling, hesitating gait indicates indecision and a feeble will. A cringing and obsequious manner goes with a servile disposition. An erect, manly, and unaffected bearing is the natural sign of a sincere and honorable nature. Even in so common an action as shaking hands one's nature and disposition are made manifest. We are all familiar with the indolent and indifferent person who listlessly extends his fingers, and with the wooden-faced individual who mechanically offers us a flat and fishlike flipper —both sorts leaving us to do all the shaking. And by contrast we all prize the warm welcome with which a cordial temper expresses itself sincerely in the hearty grasp that means amity and reciprocity.

It is fair to "judge a man by his friends." "A man is known by the company he keeps," whether intimate friends or preferred and familiar books. It was like Tennyson to die with Cymbeline lying in the moonlight on his bed. The Imitation of Christ under Marian

Evans Cross's pillow, though a surprise to some, must have indicated the direction of some of her thoughts at that time. A man occupying, at Oxford University during the long vacation, a stranger's room, looks over the most-used books he finds there, opens many a volume, sees the underscorings, and reads the notes penciled on the page margins until he feels that he measurably knows the mind and the taste and the views of the absent owner; and sitting down in the borrowed room he pens the following sonnet concerning the wandering absentee:

> Far off he strays, I know not where nor how;
> Mayhap on some proud Alp he gropes his way
> Or lies at languid ease where breakers play
> And frames some idle legend round the prow
> That cuts the salty wave; or hand on plow
> Turns umlaut-farmer on his holiday.
> And while he strays I mount his vacant throne
> Beside his flameless altar, and at hand
> I find a marshaled row of friends who stand
> To welcome me and flout the thought "Alone!"
> *I know thee, though our hands may never touch;*
> *These constant mates of thine have told me much.*

The marked passages in a man's Bible may be to some extent an index to his inner life. Bracketed verses in a young girl's New Testament were to a pastor's eye a record of her soul's aspirations, spiritual struggles, and victories.

But beyond all such revelations, is not the soul frequently more fully revealed in the face than in any other way? Does anything match the human face for expressiveness? It speaks a universal language which men of every tongue can understand; an angry frown needs no interpreter; a sweet smile is a "song without words." The face is more truthful than speech; to make words lie is far the easier; and if the words tell one story and the face another, you have no difficulty in deciding which to believe. In a picture entitled "The First Lie" no evidence is needed to convict the small, unhappy culprit other than the guilty look on his pitiable little face which flatly contradicts his false words when he denies that he broke the platter.

II. All along sufficient warrant has been gathering for the statement that in a large degree a man makes his own face. True, the framework of the countenance is a physical construction which one has no share in shaping, a present to him at his birth, and largely determined by heredity; but the expression of the face is in some degree a spiritual emanation and even the natural form of one's features is often modified by the life he chooses to live. So that in pro-

portion as one can control his spirit and regulate his life, and be the captain of his soul, he may be the maker of his face as much as, or more than, master of his fate. The spirit that is allowed to dwell within is the artist that will carve the face, chiseling a line here, obliterating another there, and altering the fashion of the countenance. Inward condition measurably rules outward aspect, and so far as we can decide the one, just so far we can regulate the other. None will deny that we have some control over our thoughts and feelings. We are able to decide what shall live and move and have being within us, what desires we will cherish, what tempers we will indulge, what sentiments we will cultivate, what subjects we will brood upon; and by the same decision and in the same measure we order what effects and meanings shall move in sight across the countenance. Everyone has a good enough face to start with, and betters or mars it as he goes through life. One shudders to think how horribly a good face may be ruined. An attorney-general of the United States had the misfortune, when a child, to fall into the fire. The accident left a fair, smooth face terribly disfigured for life. Yet he played the man, bore his calamity bravely, gained the respect and love of his fellow men, attained distinction, and made his life a power for good, carrying that scarred visage up to the highest legal position in the land, the worst marred countenance ever seen in the cabinet of a President. Pitiful as it seems that a manly face should be so disfigured, a far worse ruin may come upon it. It may be burnt by fiery passions, coarsened by swinish living, seared and bleared by debauchery, until it is more hideous and repulsive than coals of fire could ever make it. A face can be more spoiled from within than from without. "A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, groveling spirit takes all the dignity out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into ugliness. It is as impossible to preserve good looks with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, a set of low loves roving through the heart, and a selfish, disdainful spirit enthroned in the will, as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion, with a litter of swine in the basement, a lot of tramps in the parlor, and vultures in the upper stories." A peevish, petulant, impatient, worrying temper, if indulged, will cover the forehead with a fretwork of wrinkles. A self-indulgent, gross, and idle life can so shape a face that men will name him "The Bloat." Because degeneration of character and deterioration of life show themselves in an altered coun-

tenance, Thomas Bailey Aldrich tells of seeing a woman sitting in an opera box, gleaming in silk and glittering with diamonds, in whom he recognized a girl he had known in years long gone. And he says that, gazing on her spoiled face, he

> Read the history of her life
> As it were an open book;
> And saw her soul like a slimy thing
> In the bottom of a brook.

An altered countenance is the effect and the evidence of inward change. Intellectual culture and moral progress can be photographed. Put a group of Apache boys and girls before the camera, and "their faces bear the marks of rude, reckless, and ungoverned characters." Photograph the same group after six months' Christian training in the school at Hampton or Carlisle, and a marked change of spirit and temper has taken place in them. The faces are more thoughtful, amiable, respectful. Stolidity has given place to sensibility, roughness to refinement. The gentling of the savage is visibly reported in his face.

A mother knew that any inward change would write itself in her boy's face, and when the time for his first home-coming from college approached, she, knowing by report the wickedness of the world, almost dreaded to meet him, for fear she might miss from his face something fine that was there when he went away, and might see some sign that the white flower of his young manhood had been plucked by evil hands. Such a searching look as she turned on the face she had read like a book from his infancy, and such a glad leap as her heart gave when she saw there the soul of her boy unspoiled and true as ever, and felt his arms about her and his kiss on her lips, and heard him say, "Well, mother, here I am, just the same old Bob!"

Beauty is not so much a gift as an attainment. We can all be beautiful if we will. No face is so devoid of symmetry that a sweet spirit beaming out cannot lend it a loveliness surpassing all mere grace of outline. A plain face may be very fascinating. The finest charm is not in exquisite contour and complexion—a wax doll may have them; it is rather in something subtle, indefinable, spirituelle, the meaning of the mind, the significance of the soul, the feeling of the heart, flashing in the face like the aurora in the northern sky. Edmund Burke wrote a eulogy of his wife, of which this was part: "She is handsome, but it is beauty not arising chiefly from features, complexion, or shape. It is not by these

she touches a heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a face can express that forms her beauty. She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight, but it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first. She is made not to be the admiration of everybody but the happiness of one." Surface beauty is little more than the equivalent of cosmetics, and, as Shakespeare says, is "but a vain and doubtful good, a shining glass that fadeth suddenly." And mere physical pulchritude may be positively offensive. A professional beauty is frequently, to the thoughtful and experienced observer, an unpleasant creature. The strutting self-conceit of a handsome phiz may publish its owner as a vain popinjay. Self-consciousness and pride may make a "stunning" society belle as repulsive to look upon as a mowing, goiter-throated idiot. There is even room for doubt whether Spartan Helen's "face that launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium" was worth all the sacrifice it caused.

Real beauty is spiritual. Even that accomplished English man of fashion, Greville, whose diaries give an inside view of court life in the reigns of George IV and William IV, had sense enough to write: "The criterion of true beauty is that it increases with examination and familiarity; of false, that it lessens." True beauty, then, must be spiritual, for that is the only kind that is lasting, that stands the test of time and use, that wears well and grows on us through the years. A poor, agonized woman went to President Lincoln to plead for the life of her soldier son who had been condemned to be shot. She came from the interview sobbing passionately: "They told me he was homely. He's the handsomest man I ever saw." The great, tender heart of Lincoln had looked out at her: tears of pity had made his deep eyes beautiful to her; the large unshapely mouth had spoken to her the word of life. How could the noble, homely, weary face seem other than beautiful to her? A newspaper correspondent reporting an Annual Conference wrote: "The presiding bishop is possessed of a gentle wisdom that reflects calmly and accurately. He is able, courteous, kind, and his face is a volume on holiness." The way to approximate a benignity of expression like that on the face of William Xavier Ninde is to have a heart like his, pure and gentle. Bishop Simpson caused one who was near him in his later years to recall Richter's beautiful words: "His face was a thanksgiving for his past life and a love letter to all mankind." The secret was in the sunny sweetness of Simpson's soul. J. M. Barrie, writing "How my mother

got her soft face," says her nature had been softened by sorrow, and self-forgetfulness, and patient submission, and by her limitless love. John Wesley's deformed sister Mary's face is spoken of as "exquisitely beautiful—the legible index to a mind almost angelic." Some faces are sacramental, "the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace."

III. The illumined face is the fit emblem, and often the accompaniment, of humanity at its highest. Jesus of Nazareth wore a countenance marred by sorrow, and weather-beaten by exposure, for while foxes had holes and birds of the air had nests, he often had not where to lay his head. Storms beat on him, hot suns smote him, dust covered him. At the last his face was defiled with spittle, his forehead and temples torn by thorns, his features distorted on the cross by cruel tortures. But in mid-career the Son of man had one radiant and resplendent hour on the Mount of Transfiguration, when as he prayed the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white and glistering, and he was crowned with glory and majesty as the only-begotten Son of the Father. There on the holy mount, with Peter and James and John, with Moses and Elias, with the cloud and the voice and the splendor, with the wonder and the rapture and the fear, is the summit-level of humanity. From that glorified figure—one stainless, shadowless splendor from head to foot—superb, superlative, supreme, clothed in the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of his Person, shone forth some of the glory which he had with the Father before the world was, glory which the incarnation concealed in swathings of flesh. That surpassing scene was a revelation of Divinity. But also it was the whitest and sublimest peak of human history. There humanity was shown at its brightest and best, and the signet of its glory is, "his face did shine as the sun."

In that supreme hour the God-man did not lift himself clear of humanity, but lifted it with him; and it has been seen that mere men, God-filled men, are capable of similar transfiguration. In the Old Testament Moses on Sinai, talking face to face with God, beholding his glory, and receiving from him laws for mankind, came down from the mountain with the skin of his face shining so supernaturally that Aaron and all Israel were afraid to come near him. In the New Testament, when Stephen stood before the Sanhedrin, accused of blasphemy and treason, "all that sat in the council, looking stedfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." As for

"the face of an angel," the one who appeared to Daniel in a vision, as also the one that rolled away the stone from the door of Christ's sepulcher—before whom the keepers fell like dead men—had "a countenance like lightning." And in that magnificent episode in Rev. 10. 1-6—a passage which was Tennyson's favorite, and which for sheer majesty has been the admiration and envy and despair of writers and artists—the "strong angel" is pictured with a "face like the sun." Forever dear are Fra Angelico's tall trumpeting angels "all radiant with the glory and the calm of having looked upon the face of God."

The angelic is not wholly unattainable by man; and the sign and symbol of its presence is the illumined face. Not only in the council chamber of the Sanhedrin, where Stephen lifted beseeching eyes to heaven, but also in many a place where some pleading saint has knelt, it has come to pass that

> Looking upward full of grace,
> He prayed, and from a happy place
> God's glory smote him on the face.

Human nature at its happiest, and purest, and brightest is, indeed, a radiant sight. We all hold memorable some luminous hour when we saw our friend at his best, when his kindled soul was flaming in his face. The writer of this remembers looking straight into the eyes of a man who found himself that moment at the summit of life's possible exaltation, and seeing in the depth of the man's heart, like a star at the bottom of a well, the sacred shining of a reverent joy. It was a face transfigured on the height of life's supreme attainment. Also there is remembered, in the case of another, a moment when a quiet man's face, usually impassive, grew soulful in a flash and lit up with a look of love so beaming and unmistakable as made that moment the one supreme festival in a friendship of twenty-five years. In many an enraptured hour, lit by some high and holy gladness, the human face is verily "like the face of an angel." Such is the radiant instant in a woman's face when she fronts the one man her heart chooses, and the living light of her spirit signals up into his eyes, "I love you."

In the human face at its noblest there is an epiphany and apocalypse of something divine. "In thy face," said the dying Bunsen to his wife bending over him, "I have seen the Eternal." Tennyson, writing of one who spoke "in rapt oration, flowing free from point to point with power and grace and music," said, "We saw the God within him light his face, and seem to lift his form, and glow in azure orbits heavenly-wise."

What is the nature of that light which makes the human face appear divine? History answers the question. It was when Jesus prayed that his countenance shone like the sun. It was when the lawgiver had been forty days in communion with God that he brought down from the mount the face which dazzled Israel. It was when the Proto-martyr was looking steadfastly into heaven that his face took on an angelic appearance. It was in the upper chamber of prayer at Jerusalem that foreheads were mitered with pentecostal flame. The answer is that such radiance is essentially divine; it accompanies the exercise of man's highest faculties in the noblest way. It is manifest when man's better nature is in finest action, with intellect flashing, conscience regnant, the soul supreme; when he worships the holy, surrenders to the pure, is alive to his own possibilities as a child of God, then it is that his eye kindles with celestial fire and his brow is touched with light and majesty. A man from Tarsus, once Gamaliel's pupil, had at certain climaxes of his career visions so glorious and thoughts so triumphant that, scarce knowing whether he was in or out of the body, he "found a jubilee in thinking." At times his exultant language makes us think his face must have been lit like the house-fronts on a city square when the bonfires of some great victory are blazing in the plaza.

Sometimes upon the face of the dying there is a light which seems celestial: it must be of spirit, since it cannot be of the flesh; whether it radiates from within or falls from the open heaven, who shall say? It seems the latter; and witnessing that illumination we have not felt it was like Wordsworth's "light of setting suns," but like Longfellow's "dawn of another life that broke o'er the earthly horizon." Often on their faces there is a wide-eyed gaze of wonder into the world beyond, as if at some beatific vision.

With awed spirit we close this meditation on the human face by adapting to our use a literary artist's description of Joan of Arc's last vision and of the light thereof in her face as the Woodmaid of Domremy lay dreaming in prison on the straw-strewn floor:

"When the children of the tree, the Tree of Life, die in a far land, then if they be at peace with God, they turn their longing eyes toward home, and there, far-shining, as through a rift in a cloud that curtains heaven, they see the soft picture of the tree, the Tree of Life, clothed in a dream of golden light. . . . And by their transfigured faces you know also, you who stand looking on, yes, You Know the Message that has come, and that it has come from Heaven."

THE ARENA

THE NEED OF "THE PHILIPPINE EXPERIMENT"—DEFINITENESS

Anyone who knows the real mind of the American people knows that in their relation to the Philippines the predominant thought is that of being of service to a race which was strangely and, as we mostly believe, providentially committed to our care. It is true that Congress in its attitude toward Philippine sugar and tobacco seems to be urged by the commercial interests behind these products at home to what looks like small and ungenerous treatment. But Congress will probably find that in this contest over the Philippine tariff Mr. Taft has the nation with him. We have always shown great sensitiveness to anything that threatens our home production, and Americans never appear in a less amiable light than when any matter of trade is in sight. In spite of this the attitude of the country toward the Philippine Islands is that of a humane and sympathetic interest. On the other hand, the Filipino seems to be considerably mixed in his thoughts of America and the Americans. It will be remembered that at the very first, on the defeat of the Spaniards, Aguinaldo expected the country to be handed over to him and his army, affecting to represent the "Philippine people." Aguinaldo's dream was rudely dispelled; his army turned against the Americans and kept up a guerilla warfare for some time, until Aguinaldo was captured and his army disintegrated.

With the coming of Mr. Taft there began a regime of intelligent handling of Filipinos which recognized their strength and their weakness, their noble qualities and their strange and unfamiliar mental processes, which elicits admiration from anyone familiar with the East and the difficulty that most Occidental minds have in treading its labyrinthine mazes. But all through Mr. Taft's administration the hope was more than kept alive in the minds of the leaders that "independence" was near at hand. It was only on his last visit that Mr. Taft spoke with comparative plainness, saying that probably some generations must pass before the people could be expected to intelligently administer their own affairs. Meanwhile a very large measure of self-government has been given the people. The municipal townships are almost wholly administered by Filipinos. The provincial governors are, with few exceptions, Filipinos. All the justices of peace and many of the judges of the courts of first instance and of the Supreme Court, all the way up to the chief justice of the supreme court, are Filipinos. Within eight or nine years of the American entry, a "Filipino Assembly" was in session, and the second house or senate is a "Commission," of which several Filipinos are members. When ex-President Roosevelt, in his recent "Africa Jubilee" speech, said that we had "taken a long stride ahead of all other nations in the distinguished consideration with which we had treated the Filipino people," he spoke simple truth. For America has been sensitively

anxious to notify this people, and the on-looking world, that the Filipino is not an American citizen, nor an American subject, but an American ward, being made ready for citizenship in a Philippine state. The giving of much privilege and the absence of a definite and well-marked program has, however, tended to create a marked unrest and desire for speedy autonomy. America says, "When you are ready we'll let you take entire charge of yourselves." But who shall be the judge of fitness? Leave it to the Filipino leaders, and they have long been persuaded of their fitness. Leave it to Americans in America, and they are divided in opinion, many thinking that at the most we should see a kind of an inferior South American republic on the borders of Asia. What, however, are the facts? Is the Filipino people ready for self-government?

I dismiss in a few words the objection of their incapacity to resist a foreign fleet and to defend themselves from any predatory power. Presumably, there could be arranged a concert of nations—Japan, Great Britain, Germany, France, Holland, and America could agree to make of the Philippines a "neutral state." And even if, in view of all our recent history, we should retain a naval base and a coaling station, I suppose no valid objection could be raised. But granting all this—could a Philippine government live? I gravely doubt it; or, if it could, its chances both for survival and for worthy and progressive being would be greatly increased after a further period of American training. And for this belief there are reasons economic, social, and moral. The Philippines need most of all economic development. It matters little who holds the reins if the wagon be empty. The land is so rich, the natural resources so great, nature so kindly, and yet poverty abounds. With a land area as large as Japan, containing more rich alluvial fields, with a population less than one sixth of Japan, we yet import millions of pesos worth of food stuffs every year. Rice, chickens, eggs, onions, potatoes, meat—almost everything is imported. The country does not yet feed itself. If one fourth the thought and energy of its leaders were turned toward agriculture instead of absorption in academic politics, a physical base would be created for the future national life. Should America leave these people to the squalid poverty that immediate native rule would entail upon many generations? This is a question that should give us all pause. What the country needs is capital and industry. Give it a definite program, fix an approximate time and certain conditions to be met by that time, and then autonomy, and the form and terms of it, and capital will know what to expect. And also make the development of the agricultural resources one of the conditions of "independence" and industry will be quickened. As yet the poorer classes—and that includes nine tenths—know nothing of economic prosperity. They are continually being told that the panacea for all ills is "independence." They have a hazy idea that "independence" will fill empty stomachs and clothe naked bodies. Let there be a set period of time in which all voices—American and educated Filipino—will urge the country along the path of agricultural and economic development, and there will be more progress toward a better scale of living in ten years than immediate independence is likely to bring in a century.

In this economic uplift the presence of the American, whether as fellow toiler or teacher, is indispensable. For let it be remembered that the evil Spanish tradition that encumbers the thinking of all middle-aged men is that labor is servile. Whatever may be the criticism of the American school system, it is already making a marked change in this: manual training is found in every fourth-grade class in the islands, and alongside the provincial high school is a provincial trades school. And the extraordinary sight of school children building their own schools, making and hanging doors, and working at and improving native industries of weaving, hat-making, embroidery, etc., may be seen at almost every capital.

M. Henri Gourdon, the director general of education in French Indo-China, has recently visited the Philippine schools, and says over his own name: "Another fact which forcibly impresses a stranger is the great number of American teachers who have come over from the United States to organize educational work and direct the imposing number of Philippine educational institutions. Their method, in all its details, is truly modern, practical, American and, I am sure, will prove efficacious. It assures the rapid transformation of the Filipino people. To the people who first arrive at a superior political and economic organization belongs the future of the Far East. Finally, the truly original character of American education in the Philippines is the combining in the same schools of all classes and in as thorough a manner as in any Western country, of complete academical as well as practical studies, well adapted to local conditions. To teach local industries and domestic science seems to be the most serious preoccupation of the men in charge of the educational system here. The schools thus will be an important economic factor in the future of the people, not only as regards their intellectual development but also in the matter of a practical and systematic exploitation of the natural resources of the country. The material results have been considerable. No European colony, neither in Asia nor in Africa, can show figures comparable to those of the Philippine schools during the past year, neither in point of the total number of pupils nor as regards the mean attendance. In no Asiatic country has the school attendance been as large as it is in this country; and, what is still more significant, in no Asiatic country do the young children receive as high an education as in the Philippines. The fact that girls may here take the same academic courses as the boys is the most characteristic feature of the Philippine school system."

The immeasurable advantage received from this school system alone is sufficient reason for every intelligent well-wisher of the Philippines to desire the American presence for two or three or more decades. If the future of the Philippines is to approximate modern ideas of national worth, the people must have time to be delivered from their present social ideas. The *cacique* system has prevailed so long that the ordinary man has not yet found himself. The old tribal feeling and thinking which commits a group to a leader has so far prevented individuals from having either definite opinions on any matter outside the narrowest personal

affairs, or any adequate idea of personal rights as over against the mandates or even whims of the *cacique*. Only widespread education under the superintendence of men devoted to ideas of "personal" freedom can ever breed a race of free men in these islands. And for stable, orderly government without constant revolutions, *coups d'état*, etc., I see no hope without the foundation of a manhood that has found itself through all classes of life. And, finally, there must be a better moral order for sound government. It is not that the Filipino has not many noble and fine qualities. In sobriety, in hospitality, in good-natured patience he is without a superior. But in great community-building virtues he lacks. He has been taught to magnify "honor" without reverencing truth; he affects dignity while lacking sincerity; his religious feeling is great, but it is apart from morality. He needs to learn self-restraint and to find facts rather than phrases, and to welcome truth, however humble, rather than pretentious seemings. The man has the aptitudes of the rhetorician—he needs to learn soberness. He, in the present Spanish-educated generation of him, is apt to strut and mouth rather than think and work. Time is necessary to exalt the plain workaday virtues, and this also will come soonest and best through the American presence in the schools and in general life.

If, therefore, there be set a certain time—say thirty or fifty years—, and certain conditions to be met, such as the complete efficiency of the islands in producing sufficient food for self-support, and the approximate literacy of all over fifteen and under thirty years of age, it would probably hasten the development of this land. Meanwhile there might be a continual extension of self-government and a progressive filling of governmental positions with men who are manifestly helpful in the bringing in of the new order of thought and life. Then, perhaps, five years before final action the people should be given the opportunity to declare whether in their sober judgment, which by then would be the judgment of a people and not of a band of *caciques*, they desired autonomy or closer affiliation in some large and self-respecting way with the United States—whether as a Territory or as a group of states. Some such program is called for, and when laid down, then meddlesome and troublesome efforts to embarrass the carrying out of this program should be sternly forbidden in the interests of the people at large. Our first business is to help "the people" find themselves economically, socially, morally. Then to hear their voice. Just now there are many voices, but the *vox populi* is inarticulate.

W. F. Oldham.

Manila, Philippine Islands.

ATHLETICS AND SCHOLASTIC IDEALS

Many young men go to college in these days to have a good time and for the family and social distinction that come from academic associations. They are not hard pressed by study and they find themselves bound, as it were, to enter into student "activities," so called, no doubt to distinguish them from pursuits of learning, which, on the whole, are regarded from the

student viewpoint as the statics rather than the dynamics of college life. Athletics have captured the boy, and it is high time for a revival in secondary schools and colleges of scholastic ideals. Student activities have their intellectual sides. No educator can object on principle to high values being placed on medals and prizes won for distinction in public speaking and debate, or for literary excellence or even for preëminence in such diversions as chess, which make no demand on merely brutal energies. Why is it that our boys at home know the names of college athletes at Yale and Harvard, and know nothing of the scholars in the faculty that have brought renown to learning and glory to alma mater? Why is it that the champions of the prize fight ring are heralded the world over and exploited by the public press in all lands? Why are monumental honors in the public squares of great capitals awarded to the heroes of Austerlitz, of Waterloo and Trafalgar? Athletic contests are open to all, but nature is capricious in distributing intellectual gifts to men. There is a certain man power in muscular energy that approximates horse power in the normality of its coefficient. Man may be considered physically, even chemically, and chemically considered man may be said to consist of about eighteen pounds of mineral salts and two pailfuls of water.

Vital statistics, too, yield their mathematical formulas on study and analysis, and tell us what are the widow's chances in the coming years and what annuity her capital will buy. Sex variations we find are permanent and irreducible. The male has the greater physical massiveness. There is more of him, such as it is. He is less burdened by the labors of reproduction. Equine, bovine, and human life are all alike in this. The athletes of Vassar cannot come within fifty per cent of the record of their brothers at Yale. And so it will ever be. Man has his physical limitations. In longevity he may never equal the toad, the turtle, the parrot, or the elephant. His crowning glory is his articulate speech. He is the only animal with a chin. And his eternal hope is in his capacity for self-improvement. In this, too, he is solitary and supreme, for bees, ants, and wasps, beavers and sea lions do not advance with the passing centuries. They stand now in the scale of being where they stood three thousand years ago.

Physical exercise has its great place. But all must deplore the excessive devotion now paid to competitive athletics. The men who should exercise daily in the gymnasium are not there. The apparatus is monopolized by athletic experts preparing for exhibitions. These men amount to little in later life. Moreover, the exercises imperil health, and particularly the normal action of the heart. No permanent benefit results to general health from hardening the muscles of the shoulders and arms. Many a man, like Senator Evarts, has honestly ascribed his long years to the fact that he took no exercise.

For the honors of physical prowess all are eligible. The Indian boy, untutored son of the forest, takes the palm at the Marathon race, on the gridiron and the diamond field from the favorite of fortune who attends the college of rich men's sons. There is much that is heroic and altogether admirable about the athlete. He glories in fresh air and freedom, in ac-

tivity and feats of strength, and he has contempt for hunger, cold, and pain. He leads the strenuous life, and can summon all his energies at will for one supreme effort at mastery. But his laurel wreath fast fades. The multitudes soon proclaim a new idol. Of all who ran from Marathon to Athens only one brought a message worth remembering, and with the cry of "Victory" he died. The rest have gone down to the "tongueless silence of the dreamless dust."

In the Panegyric of Isocrate's the orator asks why those who convened the great festivals and established athletic contests deemed physical excellence worthy of such great rewards and yet allotted no honor to those who individually toiled for the public good and so formed their minds as to be able to benefit others as well as themselves. Hellas, not greater than Saint Lawrence County, New York, has given to eternal fame the names of fifty men and more who lived in the Periclean age—"names on which the poppy of oblivion can never scatter its dust." These are not the names of athletes. It is not physical excellence, nor even intellectual power, that commands our highest reverence. Why is there no niche in the Hall of Fame for Edgar Allan Poe, and why did Swinburne miss the honors of the laureate? Is it not because the world will never pay its greatest tribute to those whose aim is not the highest, and who pervert genius even to the ministry of wrong? Is it not for us who lead the youth out into the world, where self-direction must soon come, to hold ever before them the noblest ideals of intellectual and moral excellence?

New York. ISAAC FRANKLIN RUSSELL.

THOSE WOMAN PAPERS

PROFESSOR THOMAS, in his studies of the woman question, in The American Magazine, is quite right. I did not intend to say this, for I heard all manner of dreadful reports of what he was saying, from persons who read his articles in the November, December, and January numbers of the magazine, and who immediately displayed much energy and passion in both writing and talking about them. I was too busy to read the offending articles when they appeared, but the outburst of indignation from several sources, including some letters from women in The American, made me hunt the papers up, and read them, after making a fell resolve that, if Professor Thomas had said what these critics reported that he had said about women, I would straightway write an answer to him; I would maintain the dignity, honor, and intellectuality of my sex which, they said, he had relegated to the place of savage and inferior. I was ready for the fray. My blood boiled. I longed to dash into the arena. But first, of course, I must read the papers carefully. I must know just where the enemy aimed his blow, and how he did it. So I began to read, to take notes, and to cool down. My blood ceased to boil. And then I found that I had nothing to say; it had all been said; my thunder was stolen; all of my favorite theories on the subject were explained and elaborated. In fact, the enemy was no enemy at all. For I found that, judged by themselves, with any degree of common sense, Pro-

fessor Thomas's articles were just, reasonable, and appreciative. I do not see how there could be a saner or more satisfactory treatment of the woman question. Much less do I see how any thoughtful woman could take exception to anything he has said. The common sense, the fairness of his presentation of the subject, together with a genial and refreshing humor, have made these papers the most genuinely pleasing of anything of the kind I have read. Indeed, as I went on in my study of them (for they deserve real study), I changed from an opponent to an eager champion. I began to urge my friends to read the articles, feeling sure that it would do the women of my acquaintance good, if they were to read them dispassionately, and that the men might receive the same benefit in the same simple way. Then, as I thought of the philippic I had intended to write, it occurred to me that justice still demanded something of the kind, but on the other side. So here it is. The gist of it is this: If any woman is opposed to the sentiments expressed by Professor Thomas, she shows herself, not as a type of the sex, but as an exception to it, to be the mental inferior which she disclaims being. For Professor Thomas does not say that woman is naturally inferior to man. In point of fact, he says almost the opposite. He shows, biologically and historically, how woman's work and her place in society have been differentiated from man's, bringing with it inevitable limitation and weakness. He suggests the remedy for this in the broadening of woman's life, by giving her some of the interests which men have, and the training which is needed to develop such interests. At the very last he says something which it must be that the passionate critics have failed to understand when he sums up his argument with the thought that it is not a matter of sex, but of specialization. Could there be a clearer or fairer view of the case?

Personally, when I think of some of the present follies in dress, such as the distorted empress style, with its accompanying deformity in the hipless figure, and its inartistic "skimpiness," I wonder why Professor Thomas did not say more on that subject. It is time for some prophet or reformer to hasten the day when women will learn to dress simply and beautifully. That, probably, can be done only by an educational process. It is possible, as we know by the success of the movement against the wearing of birds on hats. Women who study natural history, those who love nature, and many others of the requisite sensibility, have made an impression on the minds of even fashionable milliners, by steadfast refusals to wear birds. A similar and more intense and successful effort is needed to overcome some of the absurdities perpetrated now in the name of fashion, especially those which have an injurious effect on health and manners. The sensible woman can only hope for better times, for the honor of her sex. On the other hand, Professor Thomas might, perhaps, have taken more notice of the women who have developed broader views of life, greater interests, and the kind of specialization which makes for intelligent power. He has written rather more of the conventional woman, of the society woman, and of the "Hausfrau," than of the more intense and the broader-minded woman. As a college woman,

a teacher of college students, I know of women who are becoming, of some who have become, what Professor Thomas thinks they should, and who have done it by the educational and specializing process he favors. And this has been done without any crudeness or arrogance expressing itself in women's rights views, or in the masculine "new woman," though there is reason to hope, I fully believe, that both of these disagreeable tendencies may some time, in a modified and refined way, serve the new and sane idea of woman's work and life. These college women and professional women of my acquaintance (I except the few aggressive ones) are learning to live more healthfully, happily, and intelligently than those who have not undergone the same process. The husbands of those who are married have in them not mere care-takers and associates, but comrades and friends, whose gracefulness and winsomeness are enhanced, not diminished, by their broadened outlook on life and wholesome interest in the affairs of the world. But it was not necessary for Professor Thomas to speak of these women, for he was treating the conventional woman and her kindred. It is well that the subject has received such careful and honest handling.

Rensselaer, New York. GRACE L. ROBINSON.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE ALTRUISM OF CHRISTIANITY

It was for a long time thought that the business of the Church and the sole business of Christianity was the salvation of men, their deliverance from sin and spiritual death; and this, certainly, was its supreme purpose. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and, again, "The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost." While the salvation of souls is the primary mission of Christ to mankind, it is also true that Christianity has another function correlated to this; that is, the saving of the bodies of men, the preservation of their physical well-being. Christ's test of his own Messiahship is set forth in Luke 7. 22: "And he answered and said unto them, Go and tell John the things which ye have seen and heard; the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, the poor have good tidings preached to them." The altruistic aspect of human thought is shown in the study of language. An eminent lawyer has said that familiarity with the classical languages, Latin and Greek, renders an English lexicon unnecessary. Whenever he met a difficult word he sought its root meaning, either in the Latin or the Greek from which it was derived, and was thus able to determine the signification in the particular instance under consideration. Words are the mile-posts on the highway of history and show the progress of mankind; in fact, there is no place where history can be studied more accurately than in the words that have been employed in successive ages. There are several words in our language which show the altruistic ideas of mankind. We have the word "benevolence," which is simply willing that which is good or kind; "beneficence," doing that which is good; "philanthropy," loving mankind; "charity," which expresses graciousness and kindness. All these have the same general idea, and yet each one puts the altruistic view in a different aspect.

What has Christianity added to these general ideas representing the kindness of the ancients? Christianity has added the word "love." It is a familiar fact that the Greek noun which we translate "love" is not found in the classical writers of the Greek language. It was reserved for Christianity to supply the word, and with it the spirit out of which all beneficent influence flows. No philosopher of antiquity could have written the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, nor the Sermon on the Mount. Neither Plato nor Socrates could have written them, notwithstanding their philosophic and spiritual insight. They may have had a glimpse of the thought, but they could have no clear revelation of it until Christ came with his great word "love," which has transformed the face of the world wherever his teaching is faithfully proclaimed and obeyed. Christ has taught reverence for the body and recognized its sacredness. We do not forget that the old Greek practically worshiped

the body and that the perfection of the human form and physical power were regarded as the highest type of greatness. Beauty of physical form was admired to a wonderful degree. Christianity makes the body sacred in that it is to be the home of sacred thinking and living. Our bodies are to be temples of the Holy Ghost. They should be controlled and devoted to sacred uses. Christianity has invested the body with a dignity which was never known until Christ appeared. Christianity has contributed universality of interest in human suffering. Narrowness was characteristic of paganism; one cared for little outside of his own tribe or his own community or his own family. It was Christ and Christianity that first taught the world breadth of human sympathies, and as a result in the times in which we live there is no one who is regarded as remote from human interest and human affection. Christianity has also furnished the recognition of obligation growing out of man's relation to his fellow men. Every man is a brother, and because of his brotherhood we owe him something; hence what we do for the sufferings of our fellowmen is something that we ought to do. It is not merely a gracious act which we can withhold or perform, but it is an essential part of our life which we cannot avoid without failure to recognize one of the deepest obligations of our nature. As a corollary to this, Christianity has taught us compassion for the suffering. Delicate feelings toward human suffering were not and could not be characteristics of the ages of brute force. Cruelty was the common law of man toward enemies of whatever kind, and compassion was practically unknown. Delicate feelings will not be found in their fullness until war is eliminated from our conception of high civilization. So long as war is reckoned as civilized the deepest sympathy with human suffering cannot be found. The example of Christ has been the great teacher of care for the suffering. When John sent to Jesus, asking, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" the Saviour answered, "Go and tell John the things which ye have seen and heard; the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, the poor have good tidings preached to them." They were to know that the Messiah had come because the sufferings of mankind were alleviated by his coming.

The church of the future must include in its mission the body as well as the soul. A new alignment of forces must take place. Many think that the philanthropic and beneficent work of the world is apart from the church. We must teach the world differently, and it is being taught differently by the interest which is being taken by the Church of God in the cause of human suffering. John Wesley recognizes this when in his General Rules he says, "By taking care of the bodies as well as the souls of men." With that keenness of insight with which he was endowed he saw in the dim distance that to which the Church of God is now approaching. One of the dangers of our beneficent activities to-day is their professionalism. The vital thing is to have persons do good because they enjoy doing good, who see in every opportunity for the help of their fellow men simply an opportunity for service, and they turn to it as gladly as the flower turns toward the sun. The gratification at doing a

service to a fellow mortal is far more to such a one than that of receiving a service. Such as recognize the great law that "it is more blessed to give than to receive" are the servants and benefactors of humanity. Above all, the great example of beneficence in its broadest and deepest aspects is the Master himself. His most numerous works were gifts of healing, and his greatest joys were the joys that came to him from the blessings of the poor and friendless. On every hand we see the influence of the unseen Christ. When Christ ascended from Olivet, we are told that a cloud received him from their sight. He entered the invisible realm, but his Spirit is moving among men though they see it not. The hospitals and benevolent movements of the world are all from him. Our benevolent men are worthy of all honor, but many of them fail to recall or never knew that their deeds proceed from the Spirit of Him who, when on earth, "had not where to lay his head."

IRONY AS AN INSTRUMENT OF USEFULNESS IN SPEECH AND WRITING

Irony, as a rhetorical from of expression, is allied to wit, and yet, closely considered, is quite distinct from it. Both are valuable as means of making an impression or enforcing thought, but both are weapons which should be handled with skill and wisdom or they are likely to do damage. Irony is a reference to facts, if not to discredit, at least to disparage that against which it is employed. A notable case of irony is found in First Corinthians, fourth chapter, verses 8-15: "Already are ye filled, already ye are become rich, ye have come to reign without us: yea and I would that ye did reign, that we also might reign with you. For, I think, God hath set forth us the apostles last of all, as men doomed to death: for we are made a spectacle unto the world, both to angels and to men. We are fools for Christ's sake, but ye are wise in Christ; we are weak, but ye are strong; ye have glory, but we have dishonor. Even unto this present hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling place; and we toil, working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we endure; being defamed, we entreat: we are made as the filth of the world, the offscouring of all things, even until now. I write not these things to shame you, but to admonish you as my beloved children. For though ye have ten thousand tutors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers; for in Christ Jesus I begat you through the gospel." The divisions of the Corinthian church had reached so acute a stage that Paul felt called upon to rebuke them with severity. Some of the teachers had become proud, and this state of self-gratulation had extended to their disciples. They gloried in their knowledge and forgot the lowliness and humility appropriate to followers of their crucified Lord. The critical editors differ as to whether the former part of the eighth verse is to be recognized as a series of questions, "Are ye filled?" or stated affirmativly, "Already are ye filled," etc. By a subtle irony he shows them their pride, their boastful spirit, their desire for worldly gratification, in contrast with the persecutions

and humiliations which he was called to endure. Not that he would regard persecution as a test of piety, but in that day to be free from persecution was not the lot which a true follower of Christ had reason to expect. His charge against them is that they had lost sight of the true dignity of Christian service, and had become fascinated with the excitements and ambitions growing out of their partisan attachments. They had made Christ the inferior, not the superior; they had placed the apostles and teachers above their Lord and King and had become inflated above measure. The irony of the apostle in this passage is exceedingly delicate. He drifts into it without notice; he has avoided personality in the previous part of this discussion, and has substituted the name of himself and Apollos. He could best illustrate the wrongfulness of party strife by using his own name as an illustration of its dangers. With a sudden and unexpected burst of indignation he reminds them of their lordly feelings and their self-gratulation. They had enjoyed good things to fullness, even to satiety; they reigned as kings, but he had no share in it. On the other hand, Paul was destitute; he shivered in the cold; he was homeless; he worked with his own hands. The whole passage is extremely felicitous, and may be cited as one of the finest passages of its kind in literature. It combines severity, delicacy of statement, and kindness in harmonious proportions. It would have been a defect in the apostle's employment of irony if it had lacked the tender, Christian feeling. The closing passage shows how his heart was stirred with love and sympathy for them while he is writing these caustic words. The tenderness of the fourteenth and fifteenth verses appropriately follows: "I write not these things to shame you, but to admonish you as my beloved children, for though ye should have ten thousand tutors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers; for in Christ Jesus I begat you through the gospel."

This whole passage may serve as a lesson in the employment of irony in Christian writing or speaking. The following principles may be gathered from its study as to the use of irony: First, it should have adequate occasion. In this case it arose out of serious and destructive divisions in the church at Corinth which he was anxious to heal. Second, it should be appropriate, in harmony with the subject and not extraneous to it. Third, it should be delicate, not rude. Rudeness, either of form or expression, mars the influence of the figure. Fourth, it should be tender and sweet. The spirit of love should be apparent even in its sharpest thrusts. One must show that he would have avoided an appeal to this method of address if he could have done it without injury to his cause. Fifth, it is a dangerous weapon, liable to be abused in unskillful or unwise hands, and should be employed in the pulpit or elsewhere with great reserve, and only when the exigencies of the case seem to demand it.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

"WELLHAUSENISM ON THE WANE"

"THE METHODIST REVIEW for November-December, 1908, p. 974, contains a note bearing the title which I have placed above in quotation marks. The title does not surprise me, for I have long been accustomed to hear from various quarters that Wellhausenism was dead or was dying. It must have had many lives to be able to die so often. However the case may be as to its vitality or its decadence, the paper to which I refer ought, it seems to me, to be courteously corrected in at least one important point, because it is misleading, and does an injustice to a personal friend of mine. The paragraph to which I desire to take exception is as follows: 'One of the latest British writers to attract attention for his apparent relapse from Wellhausenism is the Rev. C. F. Burney, M.A. . . . This erstwhile advanced higher critic has written a paper, entitled "A Theory of the Development of Israelite Religion in Early Times," in the Journal of Theological Studies. It is quite lengthy; for that reason it will be impracticable for us to give anything more than a very incomplete synopsis. The main contention of the article is to prove that Moses is, after all, the author of the Decalogue, and that the Hebrews were not as ignorant of the great principles of religion at the time of the Exodus—he believes in the Exodus and the Wilderness journey—as Wellhausen and his disciples would have us believe.' Now, in this curious paragraph Dr. Burney is called 'an erstwhile advanced higher critic,' and an attempt is made to show that he has suffered 'an apparent relapse from Wellhausenism.' Neither of these two things is true in any way whatever."

The above sentences, almost verbatim, are from the pen of Professor R. W. Rogers, Drew Theological Seminary. I have read his "courteous" strictures with a feeling of curiosity and amazement, and must confess that I am in the dark as to their animus or purpose. This matter of personal friendship, though, according to Professor Rogers's own frequent statements, his friends among the great scholars of Europe are exceedingly numerous, cannot be the ruling motive, so we pass that as irrelevant and proceed at once to the statement—branded by the learned professor as not *true*—in which we call Dr. Burney an "erstwhile advanced higher critic." Surely, Dr. Rogers cannot be ignorant of the accepted meaning of the term, "higher critic." If so, we commend to him a lucid definition by Dr. Burney himself, who says in *Contentio Veritatis:* "Higher criticism concerns itself with questions as to the composition, authorship, date, and historical value of an ancient document as these may be judged from internal evidence." Dr. Rogers distinctly states in his article that Dr. Burney avows his adherence to both higher criticism and Wellhausenism. How, then, can our statement be untrue? The charge of untruthfulness must apply simply to the modifier erstwhile or advanced, or to both. We used these words in the

belief that Dr. Burney had changed his views regarding the early history of Israel's religion. If we erred, nothing is lost, for it simply proves that he never was as advanced as Wellhausen. The reader will also notice that we expressly stated that Dr. Burney still clings to the "documentary hypothesis of the Pentateuch." But we submit that the dating of three or more codes in the Hexateuch is not "the very core and center of Wellhausenism," as our learned friend from Drew seems to think. Why do Wellhausen and his followers deny the Mosaic authorship of any part of the Pentateuch, of even the Decalogue? Why do they consign the tabernacle and its services in the wilderness to the realm of legend, and make it a copy, and not the prototype of the temple at Jerusalem? In our opinion the core and center of Wellhausenism is its antisupernaturalism and extreme rationalism.

Have we done Dr. Burney any injustice? Let him speak for himself. He says in the very first sentence of the article in question that his theory involves "a reconstruction of the commonly accepted critical view as to the development of Israelite religion during the period . . . extending from Moses down to the writing prophets of the eighth century B. C." He says further: "The eighth century prophets, Amos and Hosea, Isaiah and Micah, when they attack the religious and social abuses of their time, appear in fact to attack them *as abuses*, i. e., they seem to regard themselves not as the founders of a new type of Yahwe religion, but as interpreting and insisting upon religious essentials which ought to have been patent to Israel at large." To use Professor Rogers's "courteous" words, we would say that "any man who knows anything of biblical criticism" will not suppose for a moment that Julius Wellhausen could have written the above.

One more quotation from Dr. Burney's article: He says, "I believe that the religion of Moses was, in substance, the religion which forms the background of the moral Decalogue of Exod. 20. And I am prepared to go still further, and to suggest evidence that the Decalogue itself was, in its original short form, promulgated by Moses as the biblical narrative states. Evidence derived from the narratives of Judges and the succeeding books, which might seem at first sight to make for a contrary opinion, I believe that I can explain; and I am ready to maintain that the title 'preprophetic,' with its implications, as applied to the earlier religion of the nation of Israel, is largely a misnomer, and that no sharp line of demarcation can be drawn between the religion of Amos and that of the founder of the national life [Moses]." If Professor Rogers will read Wellhausen's words regarding the origin of the Decalogue, he may probably see a slight difference between them and the above excerpt from his friend Dr. Burney. To keep ourselves out of the discussion as far as possible, for there may be a vague suspicion that we are not of the Wellhausen school, let us introduce one who is very much more so than we are. In an editorial of the Expository Times, July, 1908, we read: "Dr. Burney believes that he has made a discovery. But he did not make it in a day. 'It has grown up in my mind bit by bit during a long period.' He is aware that he stakes his reputation upon publishing it." Then again referring to his article in the Journal of Theological Studies we read: "But the editors have given it the first place

in their Journal, and more than thirty valuable pages. For they know that if the Decalogue can be shown to come from Moses, or from the age of Moses, the present critical position on the early religion of Israel will have to be abandoned." Again: "Mr. Burney believes that the character of the religion of Israel before the prophets began to write (that is to say, throughout all the period of Joshua, the Judges, and the early Kings) has been misunderstood. . . . He believes that this ethical religion dates from the time of the Exodus." Though we have clearly shown that Dr. Burney and Wellhausen stand on different platforms, yet the exact creed of the Oxford lecturer is not of prime importance; so we now pass to the main issue, namely, that Wellhausenism is on the wane, or, to make ourselves more clear, that it is not as commonly accepted by the learned as it was ten or fifteen years ago. Professor Rogers profoundly remarks that "it will do us no good to make vain assertions," or to say, "that it [Wellhausenism] is waning," and, "jealous of the reputation of Methodist journals," the Drew professor cannot allow our statements to pass unchallenged. We gladly accept his challenge and rejoice to submit our evidence.

Having discussed the defections from Wellhausenism in Germany in our July-August number, 1908, we shall not recall Baentsch, Winckler, and other German critics—all former disciples of Wellhausen—to the stand. Dr. Burney understands the trend of thought, and says: "The last few years have witnessed the growth of a school of thought which, if I am not mistaken, is destined shortly to revolutionize our view of Israel's early religion." The Independent, not an ultra conservative paper, says editorially this week (April 15): "The signs, however, are increasing that more conservative tendencies are beginning to prevail in university circles in Germany." To begin with our evidence, we first place on the stand one perfectly familiar with German thought and biblical criticism, Bishop Nuelsen. In his Some Recent Phases of German Theology, speaking of Wellhausenism, he says: "This theory is held by quite a number of scholars. . . . But quite recently it has been attacked from different quarters, and it seems as if the whole edifice was badly shattered." Then, referring to Baentsch's defection, he continues: "It caused quite a stir among the adherents of the Wellhausen school, and well it might, for Baentsch was one of their own number. . . . If he is able to defend them [his views] against the attack which is sure to come from Wellhausen and his pupils, the very foundation stone of the whole theory of the naturalistic development of the religion of Israel has been knocked out" (p. 31). Let us next hear from one perfectly at home in the literature of Old Testament criticism, Professor James Orr, Glasgow. Reviewing a recent book of Professor Addis, Dr. Orr, among other things, says: "But I rest my dissent on two facts, as to the importance of which there is no doubt whatever in my own mind. The first is that in Old Testament scholarship itself, under the influence of the new so-called historical critical movement, there is taking place a profound change of opinion, which threatens very soon to make the Wellhausen school, alike in its historical construction and in many of its critical results, as obsolete as the school of Baun already is in New Testament criticism. And, second, there is going on in critical circles a process of disin-

tegration of older critical views—a development of the older theories into new forms—which practically means a transformation of them into something altogether different: a putting of them into the melting-pot, with results fatal to their continuance." We shall now call a more advanced critic, a disciple of Wellhausen, or, if that is too strong, one who in Old Testament criticism is generally ranked as in harmony with most of the Göttingen professor's theories. In an article in the January number of the Quarterly Review, London, 1907, entitled "Recent Developments of Old Testament Criticism," supposedly from the pen of Professor George Adam Smith, we read the following: "Some eighteen or twenty years ago the opinion began to be cherished that the scholarship which for more than a century had been engaged upon the Old Testament, with enormous industry both of research and debate was at last within sight of its linguistic and historical conclusions. So fond a belief was not without reason. . . . This confidence has hardly been fulfilled. During the last fifteen years not only has the debate upon the cardinal questions of the Old Testament continued as keen as ever, producing both a large number of constructive works and a still more rapid increase than before of critical literature, but there has been even an emergence of new material so great in bulk and fundamental in character as to raise fresh problems and standards of criticism, and greatly to disturb the lines traced twenty years ago with such apparent permanence." One more witness from Scotland, the land, next to Germany, most tainted with Wellhausenism, Sir W. M. Ramsay, professor at the University of Aberdeen, a former pupil of W. Robertson Smith, the Wellhausen of Scotland. Professor Ramsay, in his book, Luke the Physician, just published, says: "The nineteenth century critical method was false and is already antiquated. . . . The first century could find nothing real and true that was not accompanied by the marvelous and supernatural. The nineteenth century could find nothing real and true that was... We who were brought up in the nineteenth century can hardly shake off our prejudice or go out into the light" (pp. 8 and 9). Then again: "The history of literary criticism of ancient documents during the last fifty years has demonstrated that by such verbal criticism one can prove anything and nothing. Almost all the real progress that has been made comes from the discovery of new evidence and not from verbal criticism of old books" (p. 59). And again: "Nothing gives me such interest and so illustrates human nature as to observe how principles of literary criticism of the Old Testament which were accepted as self-evident when I was studying the subject under Robertson Smith's guidance about 1878 [the year when Wellhausen emerged into view] are now scorned and set aside as quite absurd and outworn by the modern literary critics. But it was not literary criticism that made the advance; it was hard, external facts that turned the literary critics from their old path, and they have utterly forgotten how the change came about" (p. 262). The reader will please remember that Professor Ramsay is now the leading light in the university where Professor Robertson Smith, the Wellhausen of Scotland, thirty years ago, shone as a star of the first magnitude. Another most important witness is Professor Eerdmann, a disciple of Wellhausen and

Kuenen, and the successor of the latter in the chair of Semitic languages at the University of Leiden. In the first sentence of the introduction to his recent book, *Die Komposition der Genesis*, we find the following significant words, the more so, because they are from Kuenen's pupil and successor. Professor Eerdmann says: "In this treatise, on the composition of Genesis I repudiate [*sage mich los*] the Graf-Kuenen-Wellhausen school, and attack the so-called modern documentary hypothesis."

The evidence of Hommel, Sayce, Sellin, Jeremias, and many others could be produced, but lack of space forbids. Jeremias and his followers assail the very foundation of the Wellhausen historical religions theory and discard the posteriority of the law to the prophets. Professor Sayce—a friend, we understand, of Professor Rogers—speaking of the documentary theory, has this to say: "We are told that it stands upon the same footing as the facts of science, and that to reject it is proof of an unscientific and unscholarly mind. But the facts of science rest upon inductive evidence, and when we ask what is the inductive evidence of the documentary theory of the Pentateuch, we find that it is not such as would be received in a court of law or court of science. . . . The two assumptions on which the Wellhausen theory of the origin of the Pentateuch rested have been ruled out of court." In another place, Professor Sayce, reviewing Professor Hommel's *Grundriss der Geographie und Geschichte des alten Orients*, says: "Professor Hommel has now definitely thrown over the critical analysis of the Pentateuch with its P's and Q's, its Elohist and Yahvist. He proposes a new theory to explain the varying use of Elohim and Yahweh in the books of Moses." We submit our evidence without argument, thoroughly convinced that Wellhausenism is not only on the wane, but waning very rapidly. Whether the theories proposed in its place are better or worse is another question. Our only contention is that Wellhausenism has passed its meridian, for which the Church of God has every reason to be thankful, since this theory has proved a real stumbling-block to many and has unsettled the faith of multitudes.

In conclusion it might be stated that though a very large number of biblical scholars have accepted the teachings of Wellhausen, yet there is another very large number who have never adopted his theories with their inseparable train of antisupernatural speculations. Indeed, the theory has never been held in favor with the vast majority of intelligent laymen in our churches, either in Europe or America. Unless we are greatly misinformed, the majority of the faculty at Drew are not in harmony with the radical conclusions of Julius Wellhausen.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE DECLINE IN THE NUMBER OF STUDENTS OF PROTESTANT THEOLOGY IN EUROPE

THERE is not a country in central and northern Europe which has not experienced in recent years a decline in the number of students of Protestant theology. In some countries the decline has been comparatively small, but in Germany, Switzerland, and France it has been alarmingly great. In France the paucity of candidates for the ministry is keenly felt; for in the numerically small Protestant Church of France there has not been (as in Germany and Switzerland) a considerable oversupply of candidates in the recent past, with the long "ministerial waiting list." Passing over into Switzerland, we find that the theological faculties of the French universities (Geneva, Lausanne, Neufchatel) have a pitifully small attendance. In the Swiss universities of German tongue the situation is but little better, except at Basel. In the early eighties the seventeen Protestant theological faculties of Germany numbered about 2,700 students. This number has been regarded as fairly proportioned to the demand. In 1882, however, the attendance began to increase at an abnormal rate. The highest point was reached in the summer of 1888, when the total number was about 4,800. Of course this excess must be followed by a decline. The reaction, however, did not stop at the point of normal proportion; like the swinging of a pendulum the movement ran to the opposite extreme. But here our example fails us. The expected contrary movement has not set in. About four years ago it seemed that with a total of 2,136 students the lowest point had been reached. After that, indeed, it did seem for a while that the tide had turned, and an increase of some 200 students within two years was regarded as a token of better things. But there has been another decline—to 2,194 in the winter semester 1908-09. Excluding from the reckoning the very considerable number of foreigners among them, the ratio of students of Protestant theology to the Protestant population is at present only a little more than 5 to 100,000. In the time of superabundance (1888) the ratio was 14.5 to 100,000. In 1882 (the time of supposed normal relation) it was 10.4 to 100,000. The situation begins to be really serious. Notwithstanding the "overproduction" of former years and the consequent long "waiting list," real difficulty is experienced in some quarters in finding suitable men for pastors and for instructors in religion in the higher schools. In the last semester the number of students of theology in the several universities ranged from 335 in Berlin, 316 in Leipzig, 286 in Halle, 258 in Tübingen to 44 in Rostock, 42 in Jena and 37 in Kiel. In a summer semester the relative standing is materially altered, since large cities like Berlin and Leipzig are less attractive in the summer. Many have sought for an explanation of this continued lack of students of theology. Many conserva-

tives think it is largely due to the spread of liberalism, which (they claim) saps the religious life of the people and tends to take away all joy in the prospect of service in the Church. The liberals, on the other hand, are inclined to charge much of the evil situation upon the intolerance of liberalism on the part of the conservative majority, and they point to the frequency of disciplinary procedure against liberal pastors. This argument, however, could not apply to Baden and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, in which states liberalism is decidedly dominant; and yet Heidelberg and Jena have suffered no less than the universities in other parts of Germany. Yet it cannot be maintained that in the individual faculties liberalism has been repellent to the average student. It is true that liberal Jena suffered a great decline, but the decline of conservative Greifswald has been at least as great. Indeed, the faculty that seems to have experienced the smallest proportional loss is the liberal faculty of Marburg.

In striking contrast to the decline of the number of students of Protestant theology stands the development of the study of Catholic theology in the same period. In 1872-73 there were 789 students of Catholic theology in German universities (exclusive of foreigners). In 1892-93 the number had risen to 1,315, while in the summer of 1908 it stood at 1,778 (including foreigners). In the winter semester 1908-09 the total was 1,670. When one considers the relatively large number of candidates for the Catholic priesthood that study in seminaries and cloisters apart from universities—the number of such is about 550—it is clear that the Catholic Church in Germany is in a far better condition in regard to the supply for the ministry than the Protestant Church.

WOMEN AT GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

It is not very many years since women were in no wise admitted to any university of Germany. In opening their doors to women the Swiss universities led the way, and Germany followed tardily and rather reluctantly. At first women were admitted to German universities only as "guests" or "hearers," and even so only at the discretion of the professor whose lectures one might desire to attend. Baden was the first of the German states to allow the regular matriculation of women in its universities at Heidelberg and Freiburg, though for a time the conditions were difficult. Jena, the university of the Grand Duchy Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, was the next to fall in line. Then followed the rest of the German states, except Mecklenburg, whose university at Rostock still declines to matriculate women, admitting them only as "hearers." Münster also, although a Prussian university, seems to have made no provision for the matriculation of women.

The conditions of matriculation of women are not uniform. Some of the universities, such as Bonn and Breslau, admit women on precisely the same condition as men. Some require a certificate of the completion of the course in a German gymnasium or Oberrealschule. Some (such as Strassburg, Tübingen, and Jena), besides holding this requirement, accept as matriculants only women that belong to the German empire. Munich

accepts foreigners, yet requires the certificate of a German school of the rank of a gymnasium. In Berlin women must give evidence of a scholastic preparation equivalent to that afforded by a German gymnasium, and must have in addition the written consent of the instructors whose lectures they design to hear. In Kiel and Königsberg and probably in other universities, a fully matriculated woman may yet be denied any particular course of lectures at the discretion of the professor. In the winter semester 1908-09 every German university except Münster had women "hearers," and all but three (Münster, Rostock, and Strassburg) had matriculated women students. In the summer of 1908 every university in the empire had women "hearers," the number in the several universities ranging from 1 in Erlangen to 508 in Berlin. In the winter semester 1908-09 the matriculated women numbered altogether in 18 universities 1,077; the "hearers" in 20 universities, 1,767. In the last semester Strassburg, which matriculated no women, admitted 249 as "hearers." Munich had 134 women matriculants; Heidelberg, 109; Göttingen, 71; Bonn, 69; Freiburg, 67; Breslau, 50; Leipsic, 44; and so on down to 2 at Kiel and none at the three previously mentioned. The distribution of these 1,077 regular students among the several faculties was as follows: 3 studied theology (2 in Berlin and 1 in Halle), 31 studied law (or—13 of the 31—political science), 334 studied medicine, while 709 were inscribed in the philosophical faculty. Just one half of the 18 universities that matriculated women had them studying law; 17 had them in medicine, and a like number had them in philosophy, etc. In the summer of 1907 in five of the seven Swiss universities—Freiburg and Geneva not reporting on this point—there were 1,349 matriculated women students besides 577 "hearers," in a grand total (for the *seven* universities) of 8,224, "hearers" included. Berne had 515 regular women students, 353 of these in medicine; Lausanne had 417, of whom 303 studied medicine; Zurich had 360, nearly two thirds of them in medicine.

ALFRED LOISY

THERE is widespread satisfaction among Protestants and Catholic Modernists in the recent appointment of Loisy to the chair of the science of religions in the Collège de France. This professorship was established for Albert Réville, who occupied it twenty-six years. After his death his son, Jean Réville, at that time professor in the Protestant theological faculty in Paris, was appointed his successor. Entering upon his new office in April, 1907, Jean Réville died in May, 1908, in consequence of an operation. To fill the vacancy the professors of the Collège de France were privileged to present two nominations, likewise the Académie des Sciences Morales might present two. Not until February 1, 1909, did the former body determine upon its nominations. Upon the fifth ballot Loisy received a majority of the votes, and his name accordingly was presented *primo loco*. After some temporizing the government gave him the appointment. It was in 1903 that the Abbé Loisy became really famous through the condemnation of his writings—particularly his *L'Evangile et*

l'Eglise, which was a Catholic reply to Harnack's What is Christianity?—by the Congregation of the Index. Among scholars he had enjoyed a growing reputation since 1890, when, as professor in the Insitut Catholique in Paris, he had published the first part of a history of the biblical canon. In 1893, on account of a bit of modern Pentateuchal criticism, the bishops charged with the oversight of the Institut Catholique removed Loisy from his professorship, disposing of him by assigning him to a very poor benefice. He, however, continued to write much, especially for literary and ecclesiastical reviews. In 1896 he was one of the founders of the *Revue d'histoire et de littérature religieuses*, and he became the most important contributor to its pages. In 1907 the *Revue* was discontinued in obedience to an ecclesiastical command, which forbade not only the publication but even the reading of the same. Upon the condemnation of his writings in 1903 Loisy defended himself in brilliant style in his *Autour d'un petit livre* ("Concerning a little book," that is, *L'Evangile et l'Eglise*). After this for almost five years he published nothing more than contributions to periodicals. In 1908, however, he published almost simultaneously a great commentary on the synoptic Gospels in two volumes and *Simples Reflexions* on the papal Syllabus "Lamentabili sane exitu" and the Encyclical "Pascendi dominici gregis," which had been directed against the Modernists. The commentary is everywhere regarded as a masterly work, while the *Simples Reflexions* have called forth the greatest admiration for their rare combination of exceptional literary excellencies. On the seventh of March, 1908, a degree of the Inquisition was published, threatening Loisy with excommunication. As he did not submit, the decree was executed. Yet the excommunicated Abbé is still at heart a Catholic and no Protestant. Cast off by mother Church, he still counts himself a loyal son. The publications for which he was excommunicated relate solely to matters of historical and literary criticism. "My commentary on the first three Gospels," he declares, "is a purely scientific work. My *Reflexions* are not an act of rebellion but of truthfulness." A more recent contribution to this controversy over Modernism is his little book, *Quelques lettres sur des questions actuelles et sur des événements récents* (Letters on Some Live Questions and on Some Recent Events). Paul Sabatier in his book *Les Modernistes* (Paris, 1909, English translation, Edinburgh and New York) is almost rapturous in his admiration of the art of the little book. He declares that in the Latin Quarter Loisy's books find a more rapid sale than the novels of the day. It is gratifying that the most characteristic of his works—The Gospel and the Church—has at last appeared in English dress. No doubt others will follow.

That such a man, after being deprived of office and finally of membership in his church, and suffering untold injuries from his ultramontane adversaries, should have accorded to him the honor and the opportunity of this professorship, is clearly a significant event. Yet the appointment is really only a triumph of righteousness. It is not too much to say that Loisy is already a man of far greater personal fame and historical importance than either of his distinguished predecessors.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

Of high credit and much value is The London Quarterly to British Wesleyans. The April number was full of good things. From its abundance we quote, as a sample of its substantial contents, J. G. Tasker's admirable notice of Von Gerhard Hilbert's little volume entitled Christianity and Science, containing lectures on Christian Apologetics delivered three times in Leipsic and frequently elsewhere. Dr. Tasker's review is as follows: Hilbert proves himself competent to deal throroughly and lucidly with the Christian idea of God as affected respectively by (1) modern Cosmology, (2) modern Biology, (3) modern Psychology. Having shown in the first three lectures that Christian Theism is consistent with the facts of modern science, Pfarrer Hilbert proceeds, in the next three lectures, to examine critically the historic faith concerning (4) the Person, (5) the Work, and (6) the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. The most recent literature on these subjects is referred to; but, for reasons assigned, the claim of the "religious-historical" school to the exclusive use of the term "scientific" is disallowed. A fair specimen of Hilbert's style and method is furnished in the last lecture, which has for its theme "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ." At the outset "the modern man" is reminded that it is unscientific to say, before investigating the evidence, that there is no resurrection from the dead. Even the agnostic, if he is consistent, will be anxious to ascertain what are the historic facts, what philosophy has to say, and what weight ought to be given to ethical and religious consideration. From these three points of view the fundamental question of Christianity, "Is Christ risen?" is approached. 1. The historian asks: "Have we the reports of eye-witnesses?" and the answer is, "No." There was no human witness of our Lord's rising from the tomb. But it is sufficient that the risen Saviour appeared to disciples who have told us what they saw and what he said. The variations and apparent discrepancies in the narratives are frankly acknowledged. But it is maintained that only a childish naïveté would, for this reason, reject them as entirely untrustworthy. The jurist and the historian are better qualified to pronounce judgment on this question than "the theologian who, in his study, lives remote from the world." Professor von Liszt made an experiment with students of criminal law. He arranged that there should be a dispute, ending with a revolver shot. "Out of these unquestionably competent and entirely disinterested witnesses not one correctly reported what happened. The smallest number of mistakes was four! Some errors were incredible. One ascribed the strongest expression in the dispute to a gentleman who took no part in it." It was also asserted, without any truth, that he who fired the revolver retreated to the wall before seizing the weapon, etc. A scientific judgment must, therefore, remember what a jurist never forgets, namely, that when witnesses agree in all details, their agreement suggests either that they are in collusion, or that they have

compared notes. In like manner, Droysen the historian emphasizes, in his text-book, the fact that "historical material is never complete." It is well known how many mistakes there are in Bismarck's account of the battle of Sedan. Hilbert concludes that seeming discrepancies do not shake the credibility of the "decisive fact" that many witnesses saw the risen Saviour. Good use is, however, made of Saint Paul's list of Christ's appearances (1 Cor. 15. 3-8) to show that the oldest tradition records appearances both in Jerusalem and in Galilee. To impale readers of the Gospels on the horns of the dilemma: Did the risen Saviour manifest himself in Galilee or in Jerusalem? is to raise a false issue. The difficulties involved in all hypotheses which strive to account for the apostles' belief in Christ's resurrection, while denying the fact, are clearly brought out. This section closes with a forceful plea for the necessity of linking this unique event with the history—prior and subsequent—of this unique Person. "He made his disciples not independent, but ever more dependent on himself. . . . Was this short-sighted policy? No; for he knew that he would be with them all the days, even unto the end of the world. He is the Saviour of the world, and yet he limits his ministry to Israel. . . . Gradually he confines himself to yet more narrow circles, but he never relaxes his world-embracing claims. What is the explanation? There is but *one;* he knew that he would rise to a world-wide activity." Then follows an excellent summary of the argument that the history of Christianity is an absolute riddle, unless it be true that Jesus lives. 2. Attempts, in the interests of materialistic views of the world, to discredit the historic evidence are next considered. Many assume that it is enough to say: "Never has a dead man risen; it is contrary to all experience, and to the laws of nature." Falling back on the proof given in a previous chapter that "the human spirit is not derived from the material world," Hilbert argues that there is no scientfic reason compelling us to deny the possibility of the spirit's survival of the decay of the body. "As it came from another world, it may pass to another world." It is further maintained that neither historically nor philosophically is anything gained by adopting the theory that it was the spirit of Jesus that was seen by his disciples, but that his body did not rise. The historian is confronted by the witness of those who are trustworthy, and by the empty grave; the philosopher knows that the survival of pure spirit is, to the modern mind, more unthinkable than resurrection in a spiritual body. As regards the final difficulty—the glorifying or spiritualizing of the body of Jesus—Hilbert says that we must get rid of what Von Hartmann calls "the superstition of the substantiality of matter," and trust the teachings of modern science, which asserts that matter is "localized energy." Energy is not material, but spiritual. If, therefore, the matter of our body must ultimately be classed as spiritual, "why may it not be still further spiritualized, dematerialized, glorified?" That the spirit can exert influence upon matter, psychology has been driven to admit. Hence, on these and other grounds, "the unbiassed modern agnostic must admit that the resurrection of Jesus Christ is scientifically credible." 3. Credibility is one thing, but reality is another thing. The resurrection of Jesus is a miracle, and to convince us that it really hap-

pened, it must be seen to fit into the divine purpose in the world. Briefly stated, Hilbert's position is that "without it there is no guarantee that life has an abiding purpose, and that the moral personality will persist." Of what avail is increasing control of nature's laws, when science leaves man helpless in the presence of temptation? Buddhism and Pessimism, by their negations, prove that only as a personal spirit does man retain his abiding worth as a moral personality. But if on Calvary a moral personality, "stainlessly pure, and infinitely strong in unselfish love," falls a victim to unrighteous hate and is annihilated by death, what hope is there that any human spirit will survive, howsoever great its moral worth? It would seem to be a postulate of our moral and religious consciousness that, if in Jesus Christ the moral ideal was realized, he must triumph over sin and death. "If Jesus rose from the dead, his spirit freed itself from the grip of material laws, and compelled them to be its servants. The personality of Jesus triumphed over the impersonal world—that is pre-eminently the significance of his bodily resurrection. . . . Thus his resurrection is the sure guarantee alike of the salvation of our moral personality and of the final victory of the moral world-order by the power of God." Summing up his able and well-sustained argument, Hilbert says that for the truth of the Easter message, "Christ is risen," there is credible historical evidence, that on scientific grounds the resurrection of Jesus from the dead cannot be pronounced impossible, and that the facts of the personal, moral, and religious life are strongly confirmatory of its reality. Nevertheless, for abiding personal certainty one thing will always be essential, and that is personal experience. It is for moral reasons that the risen Lord cannot manifest himself to all with irresistible demonstration that he is alive for evermore. The setting up of the kingdom of God upon earth means the salvation of the moral personality; therefore, the decision for Christ must not be an enforced, but a moral decision. Those who affect to regard faith as unworthy of the scientific mind are told, in the words of Wundt, that "the newest philosophy does not aim at transmuting faith into knowledge, but at establishing the necessity of faith." In the last resort it is unscientific to ignore or to underestimate the significance of the fact that, throughout the ages, personal experience has been to countless multitudes the infallible proof that Jesus lives. Such is Dr. Tasker's lucid and able review.———One of the best of the family magazines is Lippincott's Monthly. In the June number Sarah D. Upham writes wisely under the title, "Wanted—More Books for Young Girls." "Why is it that upon entering her teens the average schoolgirl of to-day is plunged pellmell into young womanhood, with no intervening transitional period? That dreamy period of idealism, budding enthusiasms, and delightful reserves known as girlhood is no more. It has vanished, frightened perhaps by the bald materialism of the twentieth century. The average American girl of sixteen or thereabouts has assumed all the prerogatives and responsibilities of young womanhood and believes herself to be fully armed and equipped for the fray. This condition of affairs did not exist thirty years ago, and the reason for it to-day, aside from differences of environment, is largely because of the omnivorous reading by young

girls of books which are 'strong meat' for adults. They have been driven to them, in a way, for they have little fiction of their own, adapted to their minds and needs. What kind of a life do these young women plunge into in their reading of present-day fiction? The strong psychological or social novel, the broad cynicism of Bernard Shaw, the melancholy symbolism of Ibsen, the bold realism of Hardy, or the mirthless sophistication of Mrs. Wharton. Is it to be wondered at that they are worldly-wise to an alarming degree, and that they exhibit a painful lack of genuine girlishness, delicacy, and even reverence, in their views of life? These modern young women—for we cannot call them girls—are keenly alive to the hard realism of life as portrayed in the society and problem novels of the hour, but their point of view gained in this promiscuous reading is generally distorted and untrue, for their untrained minds have not learned to discriminate the good in the evil, or to see the relation of the part to the whole. They cannot see far enough nor wide enough to judge whether it is real life of which they are reading, or only its froth and abnormalities. What could result save an overdosed, unbalanced, shrewd young creature, with an exaggerated, pessimistic view of life? Veritable Becky Sharps, many of them are, worldly and calculating, without her excuse for being so. Others are developed emotionally at the expense of their intellect. Nearly all lack the spontaneity and girlish enthusiasm which are their rightful heritage. These blasé creatures' mothers and elder sisters, who were brought up on Louisa Alcott and Jane Austen, with an excursion into Jane Eyre as their wildest dissipation, are shocked at the lack of delicacy and maidenly reserve of the independent young women. The 'bloom on the peach' is usually removed on their entrance into the teens, when fairy books are left behind. Why do not more of the talented writers of to-day turn their abilities to remedy this crying need? It would be worth while both to themselves and to the world at large. There might be less need for turning their searchlights upon the evils of domestic scandal, divorce, and feminine immorality if our girls were given food fit for their digestions. What is the secret of the Rebecca books' popularity? Their simple spontaneity and refreshing naturalism. While our factory children and ragamuffins of the slums are receiving a great deal of attention, our daughters are daily absorbing an unwholesome, unidealized view of life. Let the mothers and some few good writers join hands to provide for and guard over our young girls' mental diet as carefully as they do their material." This reminds us of Carlyle's saying: "Blessed will be he who shall repersuade the world how divine is the blush of modesty on young human cheeks."———The following criticism of long introductions seems not unsuitable to quote from the same magazine: "A certain publisher in Chicago, whose chief recreation is baseball, employs now and then in private conversation a quaint variety of figurative expression calculated to display his familiarity with the national game. A paper had been submitted by a friend. Its style was supposed to be very lofty and impressive. In reality, however, it was exceedingly rhetorical and diffuse, especially the introduction, which was spun out to a ridiculous length. Moreover, the conclusions reached by the author were as weak and impotent as the

introduction. 'Frank,' asked the publisher, not unkindly, when the writer came for his manuscript, 'don't you think you took *a rather long run for so short a slide?*'———In a certain town are two brothers who are engaged in the retail coal business. A noted evangelist visited the town, and the elder brother was converted. For weeks after his conversion he endeavored to persuade his brother to join the church. One day he said to him: 'Why can't you too join the church, Richard?' 'It's all right for you to be a member of the church,' replied Richard, 'but if I join, who's going to weigh the coal?'"———From another source we quote two poems concerning Jesus the King; in heaven the King of all Angels, and on earth the King of Grief. First, the Child who reigns a King beneath the Star:

When King Jesus, Lord of angels, all the angels in the skies,
Son of Mary, came to earth, to Bethl'em town, in baby wise,
O, the little stars sang down to him.
And the moon, she gave a crown to him.
And the snow a silver carpet for his throne:
And the oxen by the manger
Did homage to the Stranger
As to King who claimeth fealty from his own;
And there whispered then the wind to him,
As one who would be kind to him,
Making music, angel music from on high;
For the "Gloria in Excelsis"
Song sweeter than all else is,
Came echoing down the spaces from the glory of the sky.
Hail Jesus!
Hark! the chorus of the voices of the sky.

And his mother, O sweet Mary, maiden graced with mother-joy,
Queen of heaven, of the heaven in the blue eyes of her Boy;
O, so softly did she sing to him
Her low, sweet lullaby to him,
As he crooned upon the cradle of her knee;
And she told of how the hill-men
Did leave their silly sheep, when
They heard the angels singing "Gloria Domine!"
And how three kings came riding
To Herod's court for tiding
Of the Prince whose birth was greeted by a star;
For they knew the sign of kings,
Being wise in mystic things,
And did come to do him worship from the Orient land afar.
Hail Jesus!
Hail the Child who reigns a King beneath the star.

And last the King of Grief throned on the Cross:

From the throne of his cross, the King of grief
Cries out to the world of unbelief;
O! men and women, afar and nigh,
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

I laid my eternal power aside,
I came from the home of the Glorified,
A babe, in a lowly cave to lie;
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

I wept for the sorrows and pains of men,
I healed them, and helped them, and loved them—but then
They shouted against me—Crucify!
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

Behold me and see; pierced thro' and thro'
With countless sorrows—and all is for you;
For you I suffer, for you I die,
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

Oh! men and women, your deeds of shame,
Your sins without reason and number and name;
I bear them here on the cross on high;
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

Is it nothing to you that I bow my head?
And nothing to you that my blood is shed?
O perishing souls to you I cry,
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

O come unto me! By the woes I have borne,
By the dreadful scourge, and the crown of thorn,
By these, I implore you to hear my cry,
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

O come unto me! This awful price—
Redemption's tremendous sacrifice—
Is paid for you—O why will ye die?
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

In those two beauteous and appealing poems there is much gospel, sweetly and touchingly as well as musically phrased.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Old Events and Modern Meanings. By CHARLES F. AKED, D.D., Minister of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York city. 12mo, pp. 251. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

THE educated young men of America will do well to ask themselves why so many of the important places in the religious work of this country are filled by men not born on our side of the Atlantic. That question ought to occasion a serious searching of the heart among us. Our schools and colleges need to ask that question with a willingness to learn. Are the young men from England, Scotland, and Ireland better trained than we, more fitly educated for such work? Do they surpass us in native force and ability? Or are they better and stronger Christians, more spiritual, more consecrated, more impassioned and intense? This old question, often thrust upon us, comes up naturally on seeing that the stirring volume before us by the pastor of a strong American church is from an English preacher recently brought over from the mother country. However opinions may vary about his mental attitude on one point or another, he is manifestly a minister of much force, fervor, intensity of conviction, and moving power—things very desirable in a minister, and likely to command a following. Fourteen sermons are in this book, all earnest, incisive, vivid. The first text is Judg. 8. 4: "Faint yet pursuing." The last point of the sermon under it is that we must persevere against all discouragements for the sake of the now rising generation and for others to follow. We must keep them in mind and "bequeath them no tumbled house." We must try to clean up this dirty old world and put it in better order for them. This point the immigrant preacher illustrates naturally enough by an English picture: "For the last few years of my life in England I had a little house by the sea a few miles outside Liverpool, situated on what is called the Wirral Peninsula, a tongue of land between the estuary of the Mersey and the River Dee. Much of those low-lying meadows had been reclaimed from the sea. To protect them from the reëncroaching, urgent waves of the Irish Sea, huge sand hills, like the dunes of Holland, had been raised, on which we cultivated the star-grass to bind the sand together and hold it down when Atlantic gales were blowing. And beyond that had been built a gigantic breakwater of granite. So we kept the land we had won from the ocean. And these things are a parable of human life. For as with sweat of the brow and toil of the brain and great heart agony we win each painful inch of goodness from the sea of devouring passions, we must build our philanthropy into the massive masonry of Christian legislation, and hold this large estate of virtue for our children's children and for ages yet

unborn. From the vantage ground which we bequeath them after generations shall reach out to health and wealth beyond our dreams. Our children shall rise up to call us blessed because though faint we were still pursuing, and in our pursuit wrested from the enemy of souls the land on which a redeemed humanity will erect its new Acropolis, on its pinnacle the sublime image of far-shining and wingless Victory." From the first sermon in Dr. Aked's book we turn to the last, and that our readers may have one more taste of his quality we quote the closing utterance of the book:

"You will admit that in the experience of men and women who have loved God, lived in his fear, and died in the faith of Jesus, and in the history of nations in the midst of which his name has been held dear, there is at least that which serves to create a presumption in favor of the truth and reality of religion. Men have borne this witness: They say that there have been times when the veil which separates the visible from the invisible has worn thin in places, and they have seen God. They say that they have been conscious of power granted to them in their weakness, power not of earth, but of heaven. They say that they have called to God and he has heard, given rest amid toil, peace in conflict, comfort in sorrow, strength in temptation, and life from the dead. They declare that they have been as sure of the existence of God as of their own, and have had as good reason for believing in his love as for believing in that of father or mother, husband or wife. This testimony has been consistent with itself. It has not faltered with the shock of persecution. The witnesses have sealed it with their blood. And in the course of history, the most colossal, outstanding, omnipresent fact is that of religion. The church is the most conspicuous object, look where you will at any time for the last fifteen hundred years. The greatest church in the greatest city in the world is named after the greatest apostle of the crucified Nazarene; upon its topmost spire gleams the cross; and the world's most daring poet of revolt, Shelley, 'Atheist Shelley,' as people called him, has sung God's own truth to intellect and heart in his famous line:

> Blazoned, as on heaven's immortal noon,
> The cross leads generations on.

Such testimonies and such facts of history are entitled to respectful consideration at your hands. I speak as unto wise men. Judge ye what I say. You cannot ignore the Atlantic. There is nothing to laugh at in Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn. The Himalayas and the Andes are not ridiculous. Alike, the rise and fall of nations, and the sins, repentance, tears, and victories of the saints of God, are facts which the man of truly scientific temper will know he has to take into account. This is not to say that you must surrender your judgment and blind the eyes of your mind because other men and other ages have believed in God. Christian thought is more sweetly reasonable than to suggest such a thing. But it is to claim that men and ages speak as having a certain authority which, in any other walk of life, you would be ready enough to admit. At the

very least, they speak with sufficient authority to impose a modest self-restraint upon us when we exercise our indefeasible right of criticism or denial. Mr. Gladstone, in a famous sentence, once expressed his belief that the faith of Christ would look down upon the floating wreck of many a boastful modern theory which has thought to usurp its place. The storms which have raged round it while it has stood secure, as founded upon a rock, justify his confidence. And when we remember that we are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us, we feel that Cromwell's exhortation to the Scotch divines in the seventeenth century, 'I beseech you, by the mercies of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken,' might be well addressed to ambitious thinkers of the twentieth. There are still those who can speak as having authority. You know to what this leads up. You know to whom. It leads to that One who spoke as never man spoke, as one having authority, not as the scribes. Robert Browning was thinker brave and virile and independent enough. His conclusion lacks nothing of robustness:

> I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
> Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
> All questions in the earth and out of it,
> And has so far advanced thee to be wise.

If you doubt the tremendous conclusion, put it to the test. The proof of Christianity is in itself. If a man wants to know whether Christianity is true, let him try it. What is it in Christ which appeals to us, as we study his life? What is this authority which we find he has?

"Negatively, I note in him the entire absence of any sense of sin. I am not asserting that we know all his life and know that he was without fault. I leave you the loophole of our ignorance of his life from twelve years of age to thirty. I am only calling your attention to the patent fact that in no act of his, in no single word or sigh, do we find the remotest suggestion of any trace upon his own soul of the stain of guilt or pang of remorse.

"Equally, there is a complete absence of anything like aspiration, regret, or unsatisfied desire. He does not desire to be other than he is. Paul's passionate prayer, 'Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' is not further removed from his spirit than Tennyson's

> O, for a man to arise in me
> That the man I am may cease to be!

He is ever at home with himself, his soul, and his Father, God.

"And so he knows no fear. With immovable calm he pursues his course. There is no strain, no visible effort, no conflict. He is a child of the Galilean sunshine. And even when he seems to feel the burden of the world's sin upon his own soul, and his great heart is torn with anguish, though for one black, bitter moment he has lost grip on God, and cried, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' it is but for a moment; with exquisite resignation he sighs, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit,' and his end is ineffable peace.

"Consider his teaching. His positiveness is amazing. He has no doubts. He never stands in pause or in uncertainty. His words throb with vital assurances. To this hour they nerve the world with incessant affirmations. Is there a life other than this with protoplasm for its basis which a grain of sand or drop of poison may destroy? Yes: *Fear not him that can kill the body; fear only him who can kill the soul.* Will this hidden life live on when the visible life shall be no more? Yes: *Because I live, ye shall live also.* Will it be a real life—not an existence of anæmic ghosts in a world of shadows, but a vivid and palpitating deathlessness? Yes: *In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.* Who shall open to us the gates of this distant heaven? *I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that liveth and believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whoso believeth in me shall never die.* Then how shall we learn to cultivate the soul within us and escape from the touch of mortality? *I am the way and the truth and the life.* But shall we be left to our own resources, orphans in a world which has wandered from God? *I will not leave you comfortless. My Father will love you, and we will come unto you, and make our abode with you.* Then, who art thou, thou thorn-crowned, regal One, who dost promise such wondrous things to mankind? Art thou man, myth, or mystery? *I and my Father are one!* It is marvelous—marvelous. He speaks as one having authority, but, in the words of Sabatier, it is 'the authority of the divine work which he carries on in the hearts of men. It is the authority of his person, if you will, so far as his person is the incarnation of his gospel, and as both are clothed with the ascendency of holiness and the conquering charm of love. He proposes to men the divine verities which were revealed to him in his consciousness, and by proposing he imposes them, or rather, they impose themselves by their own virtue. By an all-powerful moral contagion he communicates to others the divine life which is in himself. . . . His authority over the conscience is of the same nature as that of God—inward, moral—and, by that very fact, sovereign. It is the authority not of the letter which oppresses and kills, but of the spirit which makes alive.'

"To the acceptance of this authority I invite you. It makes no demand of reason which reason cannot reasonably concede. It issues no commands which do not approve themselves in the normal, unsophisticated conscience. It formulates no philosophy which is not broad-based in human experience; and it holds out no promises which, on earth at least, are not a million times fulfilled. For Christ will be no man's debtor. Good measure, pressed down and running over, he pours into the bosoms of those that love him. He is better than his word, more gracious than all his promises. His love looks mighty, and is mightier than it seems. And the best of all is that a knowledge of it has not to be certified to us by outward authority. The ground of religion is the ground of modern science. It is verifiable by experiment here and now, and as often as we try it we find it true. O, taste and see how gracious the Lord is!"

Frugality in the Spiritual Life. By W. L. Watkinson. Crown 8vo, pp. 208. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

"For originality, brevity, and felicity of illustration Dr. Watkinson stands without a rival." So wrote Dr. Marcus Dods. The twenty-four meditations on sacred and practical themes in this volume are not the author's very best, but they are much better than most men's best. We advertise its quality by this one named "Crises of Life," on Psa. 61. 2: "From the end of the earth [from the edge of the precipice] will I call unto thee." "A philosophical friend of ours holds a particular theory about the true way of appraising this ever-fluctuating life. In the first place, we must carefully note how in the disposition of events one thing is set over against another, for no life is made up of unmitigated misfortune or of uniform prosperity: some things are for us, others against us. These incidents of fortune or misfortune being duly noted, we must next strike the average; and he thinks if this is done accurately we shall find little cause for complaint. Having satisfied himself that he has secured a fair average of advantage and happiness, the sensible man will ask no more. If a member of our family is afflicted, the others are sound; if one does badly at school or business, another is brilliant and successful; if bitterly disappointed by the conduct of son or daughter, the character of the brothers and sisters is eminently satisfactory. In other ways, too, life is balanced. Special commercial prosperity makes amends for family trouble; rare domestic felicity compensates for business misfortunes; and popularity in public life atones for private griefs. Both sides must be brought into the reckoning, and having impartially estimated the counterbalancing experiences of success and failure, joy and sorrow, promotion and humiliation, we may satisfy ourselves that ours is an average lot; and if we are rational, we shall be content. Who are we that we ought to expect more or better than our fellows! The wise man is satisfied if, taking all things together, the common mean has been struck. In all departments nature loves the average, does not long go beyond it or sink beneath it, and in human life that average is usually maintained as in the physical sphere; this is what we should reckon for, and with this the philosophic mind is content. This theory of regarding life and finding peace is more or less specious, but entirely false and impracticable. To begin with, it would be well-nigh impossible, if not altogether so, justly to appraise conflicting circumstances, to find the delicate equation of contradictory events, to fix the mean between profoundly complex and mysterious experiences; but, even if this could be done, the result would secure no permanent peace. The experiences of life, the moods of the soul, the emotions of ecstasy and agony excited by the severe alternations of our fortune—these cannot be dealt with mathematically. It is not the average that we have to think about nearly so much as the extreme; it is the crisis that we must contemplate and provide against. The Marathi proverb warns thus quaintly: 'The average depth of the river is up to the knee'—the explanation of this cryptic saying being this: A traveler wishing to ford a river inquired of a rigid mathematician as to its depth, and was answered in the

terms of the proverb; but when, after wading awhile through shallow water, the traveler reached the midst of the stream, he found it suddenly dipped to a considerable depth, in which he perished. The notion of the average depth proved fatally misleading. It is much the same with life: the average may be disregarded, the heights and depths of circumstance and feeling are what we have chiefly to think about and to provide against. All clever philosophical theories are at an end when the crisis comes, and those who are unfortified against the extremes of experience pay the bitter penalty. 'From the verge of the precipice will I cry unto thee, O Lord.' It is for that brink we must be ready. To say that our path is alternately one of roses and thorns, now smooth, now rough, level to-day and steep to-morrow, and that therefore ours is an average pathway demanding average sense and grace and no more, is a delusion; one of these days there will be no pathway at all, our feet will be slipping over the brink, and we shall find ourselves face to face with abject failure, paralyzing disappointment, overwhelming sorrow, ghastly maladies, death. The ordinary highway is not the test of faith and principle; the exceeding high mountain, Gethsemane, Calvary, Golgotha —terrible temptation, forsakenness, deep suffering, the hour of dissolution, these are the ordeals we must endure, and for which we ought to stand prepared. 'Deep calleth unto deep.' No matter how long the shallows may continue, one day we shall dip into the depths, wrestle with the billows, fight for our breath; and that day will sadly disturb the tranquil average. For years life may be tolerable enough; but sorrowful events and dark hours quickly bring up the arrears of a lifetime, and shake us to the center. Are we ready for this? A chain, a girder, a pillar are not calculated for ordinary but for exceptional strain. A great faith in God, a steadfast trust in Him who died for us and whose death is the price of our peace, a love that many waters cannot quench nor the floods drown, a hope that is practically infinite—in these great qualities, convictions, and expectations lies the solution of the problem of life's desperate situations. 'Every moment of ordinary existence goes to determine what an individual will do in a crisis.' The importance of the hackneyed, commonplace days here comes to light. In uneventful times we prepare for the crisis, or allow it to go by default. The wisdom, economy, and diligence of a merchant in ordinary times guarantee him against a crisis; or the absence of such qualities seriously compromises him whenever the blow falls. The conduct of a nation in the years of peace weighs in one scale or the other the ultimate decision of its fate in war; and, indeed, its general conduct in ages of prosperity regulates the strength with which it must endure the shock of adversity. As Ruskin writes: 'No nation ever had, or will have, the power of suddenly developing, under the pressure of necessity, faculties it had neglected when it was at ease; nor of teaching itself in poverty the skill to produce what it never in opulence had the sense to admire.' All this bears directly upon our spiritual history. In the season of ordinary life when we are free from stress and strain, when successive days bring only uniform duty and trite experiences, we

determine the issue of the day of trial. If in the spaces comparatively exempt from temptation and trouble we maintain discipline, keep watch, live in the spirit of faithfulness, improve all spiritual privilege, and daily renew the soul, it shall be well with us in the hour when the rain descends, the floods come, and the wind blows; but to let down our strength, relax our muscle, and neglect our lamp in quiet times is to court ruin on doomsday. In fact, there are no ordinary days, for what appear such determine the red-letter days and the black-letter. He who walks wisely in the sunshine shall not fall a victim to the storm; he who is faithful on smooth pathways will be delivered when he comes to the brow of the hill, as his Master was. Every moment of ordinary existence determines our fate at the crisis." These meditations are crystal streams flowing from the apparently inexhaustible pen of a consecrated genius which has now given us ten or a dozen volumes.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

In Relief of Doubt. By Rev. R. E. Welsh, M. A. 12mo, pp. 330. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, $1.

The present Bishop of London, Dr. Ingram, writes an appreciative introduction because he has found this book of real service in many cases of doubt. "On one occasion," he says, "I sent it anonymously to a leading physician; and on meeting him a few weeks later, and asking him how he had liked it, I found he had given away nine copies to his friends. It completely cleared away the doubts of another young doctor, who had come to me in great distress; and out of three or four books which I lent a young business man in London, this was the one that helped him most." The author in his preface says: "The doubts current among busy men today are usually of the practical sort. They arise from life's experiences, from observation of the world—the sinister things in churches, the men of moral life who are skeptics, the moral tangle of human existence, the strange things in the Bible, from books that suggest a purely natural Jesus, and from travel in 'heathen' lands." The author's answers to such doubts are direct and nonscholastic. He aims at relieving honest mental perplexity. Holding that doubt and questioning is a sign of interest and anxiety to know the truth, and that it is far better than sluggish acquiescence and serene deadness, he says that man is developed by his struggle after truth and reality; that if all things were made clear and sure beyond question, our minds would stagnate. And he refers to Browning's Asolando, in which the great poet presents a study of a peculiar world named Rephan—a world which is free from strain and doubt, but is in consequence eternally stagnant, in contrast with the globe called Earth, which is a scene of conflict and misgiving, and, consequently, the sphere of development and progress and hope. He says that moral certainty can be attained and held concerning all the Christian essentials. The mere existence of doubt should dismay no one; there are far greater reasons for faith. Even if one's doubt is troublesome, if his faith is greater, then he has faith enough. The author quotes Tennyson's "Ancient Sage":

> Nothing worthy proving can be proven,
> Nor yet disproven. Wherefore be thou wise;
> Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
> And cling to faith beyond the forms of faith.

Robertson, of Brighton, himself a mental sufferer, once wrote a perplexed and troubled friend: "Begin from belief and love, and do not coerce belief. Your mind is at sea. Be patient, you cannot drift on the wide, wide sea forever. Be sure you are in His hand, not hated but loved. Do not think bitterly of Him. You must not make haste." A fair sample of the directness and intelligence of this book is its simple setting forth of the force and value of Paul's epistles, the letters of a contemporary of Jesus. Here is part of the book's reasoning: "It is well known that skeptical critics suppose—and here the tug of war comes—that the story of the humanitarian Rabbi Jesus grew as it went; that, like other half-legendary histories, as eyewitnesses died and new generations, greedy of the marvelous, heard the tale retold, the Nazarene Teacher became gradually transfigured, encircled with a halo of the supernatural. Hence critics who have this conviction deep in their minds strive to bring the date of the Gospels far down into the second century. They do this in order to allow time for legendary additions to grow and gather round the early story. But these old letters, by all admitted to be genuine, and written within twenty-four years of the events—do they carry the reflection of a half-developed legend of Jesus? How much of the gospel history and creed do they contain? They incidentally mention—and they are not a biography of him, but mere fragments of a correspondence—that Jesus was, 'according to the flesh' (on the human side) 'born of a woman,' yet had 'emptied himself and become poor,' and, indeed, was 'God blessed forever.' They incidentally state that he had 'brothers,' one of whom was named James, and that three of his twelve apostles were Peter, James, and John. They picture One who 'knew no sin,' was meek and gentle, pleased not himself—and much more of the sort. They mention that, anticipating his crucifixion, he established a memorial supper in bread and wine; that he was betrayed, put to death on a cross, and buried; that he was raised from the dead on the third day; that he was afterward personally seen by the eleven, and by hundreds still living at the date of the letters; that he now sits at the right hand of God to make intercession for us, having sent the Holy Spirit and his miraculous gifts; that he will come again to judge the world; and that meanwhile we are redeemed and sanctified in him. The great facts of his life, the great central truths common to the creeds, are here. The Christ of these letters is as complete, the story as fully developed, as what we find in the four Gospels themselves. Could such a ripe and rounded legend, so well knit and firmly built, grow up in the course of twenty-four years? Every literary student knows that legends require fifty to a hundred years to take form; but here, twenty-four years after the events, the story is complete, and embodied in an intercontinental correspondence. Nor is the story being broached for the first time. It is not just emerging. Not only has it been proclaimed at Jerusalem, but missionaries have already gone forth to the foreign mission field with it,

as far relatively as China is from us to-day; and these are letters from one of the pioneers to his little mission communities. Christianity has already been preached to multitudes and welcomed by numbers in the great cities all round the Mediterranean, and here are letters to the converts over the sea hundreds of miles away. They take us much farther back even than that. The writer himself had been a Christian about twenty out of these twenty-four years; had been in Jerusalem shortly after the crucifixion; as a persecutor, had known what could be said against the new cult and its Founder; and had associated with the apostles and personal companions of Jesus, both at Jerusalem and at Damascus. He knew what had been the current story of Christ, both among foes and friends, within four years of the events. There was no dreamy interval, during which poetic longings could expand and crystallize into legends, and finally wrap their hero in a nimbus of wonder-working and divinity. He was on the spot about the time; met the actors in the tragedy on both sides; was first an enemy, then convinced of his error; had since, as appears in these letters, been thrice beaten, thrice shipwrecked, once stoned, five times had received forty stripes save one—all, and much more, for the sake of the subject of the story. And here are his very letters, free, frank, and fresh, as if hot from his hand yesterday, the ardent outpourings of his heart, never meant to be scanned by alien eyes: and they contain all the Christianity we hold dear. Where, then, are you going to get in your slow-growing legends? It will not do to dismiss this testimony because the writer is Paul, and his letters are in the canon. We are entitled to take them as ordinary human witnesses, so far as they are genuine. I am not, for the nonce, assuming that what they teach is *true*. I am not here building an argument on their worth as theology, but on the merely historical evidence they contain as to the state of development which contemporary Christianity had reached. I am using them simply because they are universally allowed to have been written by this man, and because they serve to show one thing, the single purpose of this paper—that fully developed Christianity was, at any rate, currently believed and preached during the first twenty years of its career. The author of Robert Elsmere called this man 'the fallible man of genius, so weak logically [!!], so strong in poetry, in rhetoric, in moral passion.' Ah! was it all poetry and rhetoric? The knout with which he was scourged and his shipwrecks and stonings would, you would think, have taken the poetry out of him. His back is all scarred with the marks of sufferings willingly endured for very love to his message and his Master; and yet elegant writers and dainty theorists come forward to tell us that it was all poetry and rhetoric! Whose is the poetry, I wonder—Paul's or their own? Renan thinks Paul may have preached the resurrection, knowing it to have been a fraud. Strange man Paul! Strange people in these ancient days, glad to trudge far, and suffer the lash and the loss of all things, and ready to be killed, all for the love of a fraud! Do not befool us. Let us get these old letters back again, yellow with eighteen hundred and forty years, blotted with the writer's tears, yet lit up with One Name and one deathless faith and hope. And as I read them once more, my heart, struck dumb by the challenge of the

critic, rushes out to join the writer as he exclaims: 'Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'" Referring to the present epidemic of skepticism, the author says: "In estimating the significance of present-day unbelief, we have to recall the fact that the same infection visited Britain during the latter part of the seventeenth, and again of the eighteenth century. May it not be a recurrent epidemic? A century ago Voltaire, Rousseau, and the French encyclopædists killed the Christian religion. Voltaire pronounced it dead. But the room where he penned its obituary afterward became a Bible Depot. How many lives this faith of Jesus has shown that it possesses! Its power of resurrection, its power to outlive perversions and criticism, is surely a sign that in it lies the Truth eternal. Just when our modern prophets are declaring that the old faith is losing its hold, it is commanding more of the general intelligence of the world, and displaying more activity all round our globe, than it has done in any century of the past. 'The lesson of life,' says Emerson, 'is to *believe what the years and the centuries say against the hours.*'"

Poems with Power to Strengthen the Soul. Compiled and Edited by JAMES MUDGE, author of The Best of Browning, etc. Crown 8vo, pp. 295. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.50.

WE notice this book on its merits; in our judgment its merits are noticeable; the reading public thinks so, too, for it is calling for another edition, which is unusual for a book of poetry. The rapid sale for Dr. Mudge's book can be accounted for only on its attractiveness and intrinsic value, because of his wide familiarity with poetic literature and his discriminating good sense in selecting. The selections are arranged in twenty-five divisions, each under a special topic, and all practical. They have been chosen as the somewhat cumbersome, but accurately descriptive title indicates, because of their inspiring quality, their power to strengthen the soul, to promote high personal character, to stimulate nobler living, to hearten men, toughen the moral fiber for endurance and achievement. A wise and noble scholar has said: "To appeal to the higher side of human nature and to strengthen it; to come to its rescue when it is overborne by worldliness and material interests; to support it by great truths set forth in their most attractive and impressive form—this is the only worthy aim, the adequate end of all poetic endeavor." We quote those words from Professor Shairp for the purpose of saying that the poetry in Dr. Mudge's book is of that description and serves such uses. If there is any nook or corner of inspired and inspiring poetic literature which this omnivorous reader has not explored for his selections, the omission cannot be detected in this book. And his customary prodigious industry has bestowed vast labor in bringing in and arranging aptly the rich sheaves for this garner of golden grain. We do not attempt to represent upon our pages by samples the value of this book, but we crave the compiler's indulgence for quoting here one poem entitled "Religion and Doctrine" which carries added dignity and weight by reason of the fact that it is from the brain of the wisest and greatest of modern diplomatists, John Hay:

He stood before the Sanhedrim:
The scowling rabbis gazed at him.
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame.
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise.
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way,
For he was blind.

"*And I am he;*
For I was blind, but now I see."

He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his full heart's only lore;
A prophet on the Sabbath day
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.
Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride.
Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

"*I know not what this man may be,*
Sinner or saint; but as for me
One thing I know: that I am he
Who once was blind, and now I see."

They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise
Beneath their wide phylacteries;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silvery hairs.
The man they jeered, and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath day;
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

For a minister's use and for the home table we can remember no better volume of poetical selections.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

My Life. By JOSIAH FLYNT, Author of Tramping With Tramps, etc. Introduction by ARTHUR SYMONS. Crown 8vo, pp. 365. New York: The Outing Company. Price, cloth, $2, net.

A DEPLORABLE book about a disgraceful scamp, a vagabond and criminal, a very "black sheep" from a very white home. *Cui bono?* What good is there in printing the story of a wantonly wild and wicked dime-novel sort of career, utterly unprincipled, hideously selfish, self-debased, mean and nasty, vicious and verminous? The very writing of it seems a final piece of impudence, an egotistic dare-devil's last insult to the world of decency and honesty. The publication of it after his death can be explained only by a desire on the part of survivors to make money out of a sensational story. That the reputable family, which had to bear the humiliation of his belonging to it, should favor or consent to publication of the history of so base and profligate a life is unthinkable: and they were entitled to be spared this mortification. In his book the contemptible rascal boldly lays the blame of his evil ways on the spotless home that bore him, and that would have sacrificed to the bone to make a man of him. And he and his collaborators in this Life picture him as a sort of mismanaged hero, and throw a romantic glamour over his career. He writes with some bravado. He is cynical toward the good. A vengeful egotism is visible in his book. Deluded by the devil to the end, he boastfully asserts that he got more out of life by waywardness and wickedness than if he had followed the worthy family habits and example. In the kingdom of religion, intelligence, refinement, and culture, he was born to the purple, but he despised his birthright. He *preferred* husks and swine to his father's house in which dwelt honor and purity and comfort. Born into a good home in a college community, he *preferred* the society of the ignorant, the abandoned, the outcast, and the outlaw. He *preferred* criminals to Christians. He found the profane, the drunken, and the lewd more to his liking than decent folk, and he ate of their stolen wayside food and made his dirty bed with them. He decided to grovel on all fours in the mire rather than walk erect like a man, as heredity and environment and education had ordained for him. All this is literal truth given brazenly by himself in his own book. He himself tells us that in years when his mother, left a widow with small means, had to be bread-winner for her fatherless five children, he tormented her with what he calls his "unceasing cussedness" and "devilishness." He tells us that very early and through many years he was a practiced liar and habitual thief. He preferred to subsist by begging and stealing than by honest labor. If he had gone to the frontier to practice his arts, he would have been shot like a skunk before he was twenty, and the verdict would have been, "Committed suicide by stealing horses unwisely in the wrong place." In his youth he made a business of stealing horses in New York State, running them over into Pennsylvania and selling them. Naturally, officers of the law soon got him into jail. This was his first real imprisonment, but not his last. Having apprenticed himself to the devil very early, he did his taskmaster's bidding lifelong, and the wages of sin

were paid him in full quite promptly when drink, debauchery, and disease made an end of his insurgent and ignominious career at the age of thirty-seven. His intimates tell us in his Life that during his last three years he was hardly ever sober, and at last he shut himself up alone in his lodgings, Symons says, "as a sick animal goes off into a lonely corner of the woods to die." "Dead drunk," or the same words reversed, might have been his epitaph. In the village of his boyhood many a mother, seeing him pass, said, with a shudder for her own children, "There goes that awful Flynt boy." Inveterate tobacco-smoking, begun surreptitiously in early childhood, stunted growth so that he was always a dwarfish little runt, about five feet three. In trampdom he was known by his cronies as "Cigarette," because seldom seen without one in his mouth or fingers. What he calls "Hoboland—Gay-Cat Country—the Road" was his chosen territory for years. Along its many routes East and West, in America, Europe and Asia, he was a professional beggar, liar, thief, and other contemptible things. Few men alive knew so much of that lawless and licentious realm. He became a seasoned and hardened hobo, and says that in any gathering of tramps he "could have secured the respect due to a blowed-in-the-glass wanderer." In his early thirties he discovered that his experimental knowledge of the underworld had a market value. The experiences of a tramp vividly told and sensationally touched up would sell. So, for some articles in magazines and for two volumes entitled Tramping With Tramps and The World of Graft, he furnished the "stuff" which more practiced writers helped to put in shape for print. He was even resorted to by some sociologists and economists as one possessed of actual data, himself a denizen of the underworld, fresh from wallowing in its lowest depths, able to tell its story and to describe and classify its motley personnel, knowing all the tricks of its predatory trade, and having by heredity the mentality to report it. Thus he broke into the world of literature with his specialty as a tramp, and into the world of science as a "criminologist." In Russia he went to see Tolstoy, and in London he became intimate with Arthur Symons, who also had vagabondish, bibulous inclinations. Returning to America, he did what he could to disprove the saying that there is honor among thieves by going back on his old pals, the tramps, in hiring himself to several railroads to help hunt down and drive off the gangs of hobos who were plundering the roads and the regions along the various lines. The railroads employed him on the principle, "Set a thief to catch a thief." One of his detective jobs was on the Lake Shore Road. A large organized gang of tramps called the "Lake Shore Push" worried and robbed that railroad for twenty years. They operated as ride-stealers, box-car robbers, and hold-up men or footpads. When they wanted a barbecue they would board a cattle train and throw off a cow or a steer. They plundered nearly every freight train that went over the road. They stole the company's coal to cook with and warm themselves by. They made themselves a criminal nuisance generally, and engineers, firemen, conductors, and brakemen were afraid of them. They were suspected of putting obstructions on the track to wreck passenger trains, that they might rob the

dead and wounded. According to Josiah Flynt, this thieving and murderous Lake Shore gang "consisted of the following types: the desperate laboring (?) man who is ready to grapple your throat and choke you to get a dollar or two out of your pockets; the hold-up man you hear so much about in the Middle West; the discouraged criminal who has failed elsewhere, but thinks he may, with the help of the gang, practice successful crime on the railroad; the hard-up man who is led into it by experienced conspirators; the boy of eighteen who has made some miserable mistake at home, done something disgraceful, and had to get away from that home, and who has fallen into the company of evil men; and the woman of the street who has her own reasons for going with a gang of tramps." Flynt was employed by the railroads to help them get rid of this dangerous riffraff. He knew how to get full information, but whether he was of much real use in ridding the roads of the costly nuisance seems doubtful. Concerning what was known as the Pullman strike in Chicago this tramp and tramp-hunter, who was neither laboring man nor employer, says: "It was started, perhaps, with certain rightful labor interests in view; but it was as cruel a strike as this country has known. On the part of both employers and employees it was mean. The wonder is there was not more bloodshed. Men who undertake what the strikers against the Pullman Company attempted are certainly inviting trouble in its worst form. They asked the sympathy of the public, and were turned over to the mercies of the United States government's troops. President Cleveland had ordered General Miles and his regulars to Chicago. Miles had no choice but to obey. He arrived quickly, but there was no shooting. It is a fair question whether there ought not to have been some shooting. At times in this country labor is so arrogant that it must be shot at. If it thinks trades-unionism will save it from this, it is much deceived. When that strike ended, millions of dollars had been lost and nobody was any better off." Here and there in Josiah Flynt's Life he expresses the hope that others will be wiser than to take the evil course he took. On one page he acknowledges that "Retrospect can bring with it some of the most mournful hours the mind has to wallow in." "Wallow" is a suitable word for him to use concerning his retrospect, for wallowing was the main business of his years. But from first to last he does not seem to blame himself for his wild career. At times he poses as a mishandled boy, driven to deviltry by moral and religious restraints. An old claim of misdoers, utterly false, senseless, and hypocritical. In the last twenty-five pages of this book two men and one woman named Alfred Hodder, Banister Merwin, and Emily Burbank offer "An Appreciation," "An Impression," and "A Final Word," giving a few particulars about their friend the tramp, mainly, it would seem, with intent to palliate his sordid, grimy, and vicious history. In this direction the woman goes so far as to declare, with a maudlin feminine sentimentality often manifested toward the vicious and the criminal, that "the man's spirit remained childlike and pure in spite of the fact that he dragged his poor body through the mire of life"! Deliberately, persistently, incorrigibly vicious in life, dissolute and drunken to the end, yet pure and childlike in spirit! O,

horrors! What driveling moral imbecility! The most mysterious and bewildering thing to us in this book is the presence of the family pictures, his father, his dignified old grandmother at her spinning wheel, the sweet and altogether lovely face of his ill-used mother, and the picture of his famous maternal aunt—the one woman whose figure stands immortalized in marble under the dome of the Capitol in Washington. What did they ever do to deserve being exhibited in such company, or to serve as decorations for the story of an unworthy and shameful life?

William Morris. By Alfred Noyes. 12mo, pp. 156. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

Frankly, we sought this book for reading and for notice as much because of Alfred Noyes as because of William Morris, expecting to find one of the most gifted of to-day's young authors at his best in writing *con amore*, as we knew he would, of a dead-and-gone brother poet, not uncongenial to, howbeit very different from, himself. The lure of such a book was like an invitation to wander through a garden rich with flowers, delicate and gorgeous, hand in hand with one whose nature is like a rose in bloom, and whose voice at times is as the song of birds. With such a subject and such a writer a book might easily be a richlier woven web than Morris's own tapestries. As powerful as it was peculiar is the personality of William Morris, whose manner and appearance are pictured for us: an impetuous, idealistic, fiery being, who walked as if the whole world belonged to him, and carried the head of a Viking on his burly, blue-clad, seamanly, middle-sized figure; a broad brow under its clustering mass of upstanding and outstanding hair, a Chaucerian face with its demure smile, and a suggestion of the healthy redness of apples in the cheeks; and in the eyes at times an irrational restlessness, contrasting with Tennyson's calm, steady, sound, and rational look. When thoroughly interested Morris would lean forward intently with eyes gleaming, a vivid blue, out of his ruddy face. Usually his eyes seemed passive and unobservant, though really seeing everything. Of this peculiarity Burne-Jones wrote: "When Morris was young he was very handsome, yet with eyes most inexpressive. They said nothing to you and seemed not to look at you, but had swiftly taken in everything while you were wondering when they would open and begin to look. Meeting you, he would know everything you had on and all your expressions, without being seen to look." In a blue serge suit and a slouch hat, his usual dress, he looked a bit sailorlike, and a story goes that once on a London street he was accosted by a sailor who said, "Beg pardon, sir, but were you ever captain of the Sea-Swallow?" Along with other childlike traits he had a child's capacity for getting dirty, and when he was at work appearances went to the winds. He also had the paroxysmal temper of some children, a nervous excitability due to a neurotic ancestral strain. He was once seen striding up and down the platform of a railway station, all alone, in a towering rage about something, face screwed up and working ferociously, hands clinching and unclinching, growling to himself, like a savage dog. His supersensitive organization and nerve-

excitability gave great intensity to his life, and wore him out prematurely. His home in the country on the upper Thames was dear to him for twenty-five years. Of it he wrote: "It has come to be to me the type of all the pleasant places of the earth, and of the homes of harmless, simple people not overburdened with the intricacies of life; and *as others love the race of man through their lovers or their children, so I love the earth through that small space of it.*" Of that home, named Kelmscott Manor, here is his own picture: "We saw before us a bank of elm trees, which told us of a house amidst them, though I looked in vain for the gray walls that I expected to see there. As we went the folk on the bank talked indeed, mingling their kind voices with the cuckoo's song, the sweet, strong whistle of the blackbirds, and the ceaseless note of the corncrake as he crept through the long grass of the mowing field, whence came waves of fragrance from the flowering clover amidst the ripe grass. In a few minutes we had . . . beached our craft, . . . and, mounting on the cart-road that ran along the river some feet above the water, I looked round about me. The river came down through a wide meadow on my left, which was gray now with the ripened seeding grasses; the gleaming water was lost presently by a turn of the bank. . . . Almost without my will my feet moved on along the road they knew, . . . and again, almost without my will, my hand raised the latch of the door in the wall, and we stood. . . . The garden between the wall and the house was redolent of the June flowers, and the roses were rolling over one another with that delicious superabundance of small well-tended gardens which at first sight takes away all thought from the beholder save that of beauty. The blackbirds were singing their loudest, the doves were cooing on the roof-ridge, the rooks in the high elm trees beyond were garrulous among the young leaves, and the swifts wheeled whining about the gables. And the house itself was a fit guardian for all the beauty of this heart of summer." Alfred Noyes's enthusiasm carries him into excessive eulogy at times. For example, when speaking of the richness of Morris's writings, he refers to the richness of Shakespeare and of Keats, and quotes from a recent critic the following comparison: "In the quality of richness Shakespeare stood quite alone till the publication of Keats's Endymion. When we think of Shakespeare it is his richness more than even his higher qualities that we think of first. In reading him, we feel at every turn that we have come upon a mind as rich as Marlowe's Moor, who

> Without control can pick his riches up,
> And in his house heap pearls, like pebble-stones.

. . . His riches burden him. And no wonder: it is stiff flying with the ruby hills of Badakhstan on your back. Nevertheless, so strong are the wings of his imagination, so lordly is his intellect, that he can carry them all; he could carry, it would seem, every gem in Golconda, every gem in every planet from here to Neptune, and yet win his goal. Now, in the matter of richness this is the great difference between him and Keats, the wings of whose imagination, aerial at starting, and only iridescent

like the sails of a dragon fly, seem to change as he goes—become overcharged with beauty, in fact—'a-bloom with splendid dyes, as are the tiger-moth's deep damasked wings.' Or, rather, it may be said that he seems to start sometimes with Shakespeare's own eagle pinions, which, as he mounts, catch and retain color after color from the earth below, till, heavy with beauty as the drooping wings of a golden pheasant, they fly low and level at last over the earth they cannot leave for its loveliness, not even for the holiness of the skies." And then Noyes says that Morris "carries all his riches with as great ease as Shakespeare, and flies low and level, not because he is weighted down with beauty, but for sheer love of the clinging loveliness of the earth"; and that he surpasses Keats because "he infallibly wins his goal." Speaking of Morris's tale of "Cupid and Psyche," he says that the riches that are heaped up in it "seem almost too great for any wings to carry. There is no poem in any language so full of material, earthly loveliness. Riches are heaped on riches in a way that would inevitably cloy if they were given us by any other method than that of Morris." This seems very extravagant praise. William Morris believed that his poem, Sigurd the Volsung, was his highest poetical achievement. We quote from Alfred Noyes's estimate of it, ending with Morris's description of King Volsung's last battle with the Goths, resulting in his death at their hands: "It certainly is the most baffling poem of the last century. There are moments of enthusiasm when, with a sort of wild personal hope for our own age, we are inclined to say this poem is a far greater epic than Paradise Lost, that it ranks with the Odyssey, and that it is even more gloriously sustained in its level sublimity of flight. There are no passages of bathos as in Milton, no droppings into the ludicrous like that description of the cannonading angels begrimed with gunpowder. We have simply one of the greatest epic stories of the world told in a magnificent chant which sweeps over and through the whole universe. It is not an archaic story as Morris tells it, for it deals with elemental things and the 'mightier movement' sounding and passing, winds and stars and rivers, life and death. And then we begin to wonder how far its glory is derivative, how much Morris could have done without the old saga; and yet again, whether such debts as he does owe really matter in the long run; whether Milton's debt to the Old Testament were not as great; whether even Homer's debts were not as great; and whether Morris is perhaps the great blind man who has touched this epic into life for all time. Certainly we may say, even of his debts, he owed little to anything in his own language; and what was given to him he has made fruitful and increased, pouring his own life into the northern thoughts about man and God. They gave him an outlet in poetry, a release for all that was burning within him with regard to the social evils of his time. Yet he was far too great an artist to intrude any foreign element into the stories themselves. He was no longer the 'idle singer of an empty day'; but the message of his work to his own time lay in his passionate joy in the clean clear splendor of the high heroic atmosphere, where he was now standing like a giant on a mountain, waving the torch of a great pine tree, as if beaconing modern men to see

how all men might live free lives when their only oppressors were Fate and Death. Fate and Death still beleaguered his mind, but with a grander and sublimer gloom of battle, wherein he could rejoice like a warrior facing odds so mighty that defeat itself became magnificent. It was well indeed for the modern commercial world to have a poet who could show it on an epic scale the courage of our northern ancestors against fate, the silent endurance of their heroes in sorrow and death and passion, their belief in a supernatural world, their fateful love, their deep humanity, the justice and honor of it all. What glorious suggestions of all this there are in that wonderful battle-picture of the death of King Volsung and his little host, when, trusting to the word of a traitor, and disdaining to take any precautions or to heed any warning that would sully their own faith, they had been led into a trap and surrounded by thousands! And when they came to the top of a certain grassy bent they saw the land all around them as thick with shield and spear as a fruitful land with the ears of corn ready for harvest. And King Volsung laughed and said, 'The Goth king does well to meet his guests by the way.'

And there stood the high King Volsung in the very front of war;
And lovelier was his visage than ever heretofore,
As he rent apart the peace-strings that his brand of battle bound
And the bright blade gleamed to the heavens, and he cast the sheath to the ground.

Then up the steep came the Goth-folk, and the spear-wood drew anigh,
And earth's face shook beneath them, yet cried they never a cry;
And the Volsungs stood all silent, although forsooth at whiles
O'er the faces grown earth-weary would play the flickering smiles,
And swords would clink and rattle: not long had they to bide,
For soon that flood of murder flowed round the hillock-side;
Then at last the edges mingled, and if men forbore the shout,
Yet the din of steel and iron in the gray clouds rang about;
But how to tell of King Volsung, and the valor of his folk!
Three times the wood of battle before their edges broke;
And the shield-wall, sorely dwindled and reft of the ruddy gold,
Against the drift of the war-blast for the fourth time yet did hold.
But men's shields were waxen heavy with the weight of shafts they bore,
And the fifth time many a champion cast earthward Odin's door
And gripped the sword two-handed; and in sheaves the spears came on.
And at last the host of the Goth-folk within the shield-wall won,
And wild was the work within it, and oft and o'er again
Forth brake the sons of Volsung, and drave the foe in vain;
For the driven throng still thickened, till it might not give aback.
But fast abode King Volsung amid the shifting wrack
In the place where once was the forefront: for he said: 'My feet are old,
And if I wend on further there is naught more to behold
Than this that I see about me.'—Whiles drew his foes away
And stared across the corpses that before his sword-edge lay.
But naught he followed after: then needs must they in front
Thrust on by the thickening spear-throng come up to bear the brunt,
Till all his limbs were weary and his body rent and torn:

Then he cried: 'Lo now, Allfather, is not the swathe well shorn?
Wouldst thou have me toil forever, nor win the wages due?'

And thus died Sigurd, king of the Volsungs." Alfred Noyes says that both Morris's Socialism and his art were inspired by sincere feeling, and a passionate desire to set forth the highest ideals for men and to have those ideals put in practice in human life. In this respect his work was entirely different from that of the perverse and paradoxical æsthetes who followed and imitated him. It is this noble wistfulness that lifts his poetry to its high level. His work is filled with the light of Eternity. His Socialism and his art are united in one prayer as are the cries—"Thy will be done on earth," and "Give us this day our daily bread." Poetry, to Morris, had no other purpose than to suffuse common things with the light that never was on land or sea. In matters of the unseen world he was content to be as a little child. His art was religious, and its spirit is figured by his exquisite tapestry of the three kings kneeling before the Christ-child with their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. In one poem—"Love Is Enough"—he attempts to bring from behind the veil a gospel of what his soul had seen and heard. In it Love comes before the curtain first as a maker of images, then as a maker of pictured cloths, then with a cup of bitter drink and his hands bloody, then as a pilgrim, and lastly with a crown and palm-branch. "Have faith and suffer," cries Love. "and all ye the many mansions of my house shall see." "Fear not," is Morris's last word; for the day will come "that swalloweth up the sea," and the ransomed of Love shall return to dwell in that house of many mansions. From above, Love is calling down to the sufferers on earth:

> And if, the while ye toiled and sorrowed most,
> The sound of your lamenting seemed all lost,
> And from my land no answer came again,
> It was because of that your care and pain
> A house was building, and your bitter sighs
> Came hither as toil-helping melodies,
> And in the mortar of our gem-built wall
> Your tears were mingled mid the rise and fall
> Of golden trowels tinkling in the hands
> Of the builders.

And William Morris in this poem, "Love Is Enough," sounds the same cry as prophets and apostles:

> Love is enough: ho ye who seek saving,
> Go no further; come hither; there have been who have found it
> And these know the House of Fulfillment of Craving;
> These know the Cup with the roses around it;
> These know the World's Wound and the balm that hath bound it:
> And these cried out, "Love, lead us home!"

And then the poet bids the weary and earth-worn listen to Love's call of compassion:

Come cling round about me, ye faithful who sicken
Of the weary unrest and the world's passing fashion!
As the rain in midmorning your troubles shall thicken,
But surely within you some Godhead doth quicken,
As ye cry to me heeding, and leading you home.

In closing his notice of the poem, "Love Is Enough," Alfred Noyes says: "What is all this but the gold and frankincense and myrrh of his three kings? In every line that Morris wrote he was helping on earth to build that distant continuing city whose first foundation was jasper, the second sapphire, the third a chalcedony, the fourth an emerald. His abiding city was not and never could be here. His work is suffused with the eternal light of that vision of an ultimately reconciled and ransomed world to which Shelley attained and Keats was climbing when he murmured, 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty!'—the vision shadowed forth in sign and symbol by all the prophets of all the ages; the unconquerable and inviolable hope of mankind, that the desert and solitary place shall at last break into singing, and the wilderness blossom as the rose, and sorrow and sighing flee away."

METHODIST REVIEW

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ART. I.—THE CULTURE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS[1]

THE subject upon which I am to speak is either one of the dullest or one of the most interesting in all the world. That depends upon the point of view of the listener and upon the speaker's own interest in what he has to say, for, as everybody knows, the talk about morals which may be designated as moralizing is prosaic and platitudinous to the last degree. This fact of common knowledge sometimes obscures our appreciation of another fact, namely, that there is no set of questions about which men to-day speak with greater warmth than questions of right and wrong. In the social circle, at the club, in our public journals, to say nothing of courts of justice and schools and churches, the thoughts and emotions of men are most deeply stirred when discussion reaches some vital question of wrong and righteousness. There is strong meat in questions such as these. They are daily food for men and women of force and character and influence. An ancient writer told of the blessedness of the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and added that "in his law doth he meditate day and night." A fine picture is this of the man who draws his strength from familiar converse with high and moral themes. "My son," another wise man said, "if thou . . . incline thine ear unto wisdom . . . then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, . . . then shalt thou understand

[1] An address delivered at Vanderbilt University, June 15, 1909, by Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, United States Commissioner of Education.

righteousness, and judgment, and equity." So, even at the risk of missing my aim and being platitudinous and moralizing, after all, I purpose speaking directly to the subject of morals to-night, to this most inviting subject of private and public righteousness. The theme is peculiarly inviting when one is face to face with a class of university students, for the finest personal gains from a university course are found in the heightening of one's ability to deal with the highest questions of all, which in large measure must always be questions of the ethical realm; and a university graduate, always a public beneficiary and, therefore, a debtor to his community and state and nation, is expected to render public service in the furtherance of public morality. The very bigness of the theme, however, renders it obviously impossible to discuss it in this hour in any systematic or comprehensive way. I am sure you would be appalled and wearied from the beginning if the speaker were to attempt such a task. He is the more free, accordingly, to exercise a certain caprice. He may select a few topics here and there, merely because he would like to say something about them, and when he is through with these he may make an end. With all deference, then, to those heroic listeners who would prefer a discussion some hours in length, with logical heads and subheads and a rhetorical beginning and end, I beg you to let me follow this simpler and less exacting way.

In the first place, then, let us think of the moral life as a process of growing better. In this view we may, in fact, be not far away from the essential character of all true morality. A tree that does not grow does not live, and a stationary goodness is hardly a possibility. We may go a step further, and say that no man can be good except by being better than he is by nature. But this putting of the case amounts to pretty much the same thing as the other, for any sort of excellence once achieved soon becomes habit and second nature, and the only way one can then continue to be good is to go on outgrowing the virtue which he has already accomplished. Among the most hopeless characters in human society is a good man who does not change, whose virtues are wrought out to a finish, like the features of a marble statue; a man who nevermore will strive and sweat and resist

temptation even unto blood. We may say the same of communities. A highly moral and irreproachable society may be, after all, immoral in its stationary complacency. There is better hope for genuine righteousness in a changing order which is striving after improvement. It may run great risk of moral loss for the sake of the greater moral gain. There is hope for such a community in that its virtues are not to be kept under glass, but, rather, to be worked out, and lived through, and then discarded for something better. Then there are two sides of morality which we should consider: the side of wisdom and the side of companionship. One half of genuine morality is ideas. This fact is not to be forgotten, particularly when we are under the stress of intense convictions or of emotional appeals from without. One good half of all morality is wisdom, and therefore it is the duty of every man to be wise. I have just been reading over again the Imperial Rescript on education which is the basis of moral instruction in the schools of Japan, and I am struck by the fact that among the standards of virtue which it sets up, along with the exhortation to "be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters," and "bear yourselves in modesty and moderation," is this further exhortation: to "pursue learning and cultivate arts, and thereby develop intellectual faculties and perfect moral powers." In many ways our American standards are different, and must be different, from those of the Japanese, but we need no less than they to inculcate as a moral duty the obligation to follow after knowledge. Our righteousness will be a low and unstable value, it will fail us in our time of need, unless it be grounded in our most coherent thought as well as in our impulses and our sentiments. There are two ways in which the strain comes at its worst in our moral life. One is the sudden and unexpected test, the perplexity or temptation which arises without warning and must be met on the instant. The other is the long-continued stress of untoward circumstance which wearies out the patience and brings an emotional tension to its highest pitch. In both of these cases the steadying power of thought is most sorely needed. In both of them our thinking in the time of need must be largely determined by the thinking we may have done before

the need arose. We cannot school ourselves to right thinking in the very hour of emergency; the schooling must have gone before. The emergency is the test, the final examination, that tries its quality. From this point of view the deliberate training of our schools and colleges comes to a higher dignity. It is all the time preparing for some far-off emergency; and for the exercise of judgment in some crisis when passion claims absolute control.

I have had other occasion to make note of the close connection between the judicial spirit and the scientific spirit. To cultivate the scientific spirit in the schools is to prepare for the exercise of the judicial spirit in the affairs of life. In both we have an example of the value of impersonality. There is an aspect of human life in which we must shake ourselves free from personal considerations and look upon things objectively and impartially. We shall never get the highest good out of personality until we have given fair play to this impersonality. The judge on the bench and the scientist in the laboratory are not to be swerved by immediate personal preferences. They are seeking the truth which shall stand the test of all time and circumstance, and which shall, therefore, serve the personal needs of the world and not the personal whims of the passing hour. So our education, which shakes us free for the time from a thousand little desires, partialities, and preferences, from prejudice and partisanship, is building up within us that judicial spirit for which we shall find sore need when we meet the instant issues of life. But if such wisdom makes one half of our moral life, it is personality that makes the other half, the warmer and more exhilarating half. It is a part of man's duty to be wise; it is also a part of his duty to be companionable. One of the brightest of our bright men has said, "Be good and you will be lonesome." It would not be so bright, but rather more true, to say, "If you don't get over being lonesome, you can't be more than half good." Our ideal of public and private virtue is not the ideal of the isolated moralist who would simply instruct his fellows and make of the community his personally directed kindergarten. It is, rather, the ideal of the man who joins warm hands with his fellow men to go forward with them in a common cause. It is not easy at this

point to say exactly the right thing and neither more nor less. How shall a man keep step with his fellows and yet lead them to better things? How shall he lead them unless he be a part of their life, a partisan with them, a sectarian with them, a partner of their loves and hates, whose aspirations are their own? It seems an insoluble problem, and yet it is the problem that the moral leaders of our race have solved. Macaulay said of Peter the Great that he civilized his people and was himself a barbarian. A moral leader of to-day will lead his people without leaving his place in their ranks. There are some who will tell you that you cannot lead others in the way of improvement if you are too much better than they, that you must have some of their vices if you would lead them into virtue. And this doctrine easily runs to the extreme in which the would-be leader cannot be distinguished by any loftiness of his ideals from those whom he would lead, and it is but a step beyond where the leader falls below the level of his followers and becomes, indeed, a hindrance to their progress. It is hard enough to decide in any particular case, and it is the particular cases that count. I do not think that any man ever finds it necessary to be less moral in order that he may help his fellow men to be more moral; but the truth that there is in this compromising view is the truth that his companionship makes up a large part of a man's moral life. Under ordinary social conditions an austere separatist not only forfeits the greater part of his influence through his separatism; he forfeits thereby a great part of his own moral life, not only in the lower moralities but in the higher moralities as well. The company that a man keeps is and must always be a great part of himself.

What I have said thus far comes to this, that the moral life is found at its best only where there is found a well-balanced growth in righteousness. Now, there is another way of looking at the rounding out and balancing of the moral character concerning which something may be said. Taking account once more of both the individual and the community, what shall we say of the cultivation of special virtues? what of the prosecution of special reforms? A man makes it his particular business to rise early in the morning, to be benevolent, to wage war on gambling or

profanity. A woman undertakes to tell the literal truth in all her social intercourse. A community organizes a campaign against drunkenness or municipal corruption. It is obvious enough that the special undertaking distorts the perspective of our moral world. The campaigner in the one cause not only makes himself a thorn and a weariness to those who are not enlisted in the same campaign, he inevitably exaggerates that aspect of righteousness to which his attention is devoted, and so far forth he renders it more difficult for the world to understand the main significance and worth of righteousness. He glorifies reform and thereby discounts something better than reform—the practice of building right, from the ground up, on the lines of a well-wrought plan. Frequently he lays his emphasis upon some negation, and so gives greater currency to that word of universal paralysis, *Don't*. What shall we say to things like these?

The first thing to be said, in order that there may be no mistake, is that, in the world we live in, the special reform is inevitable and indispensable. With all of its drawbacks it is still a main reliance of humanity for any moral awakening. Human nature is not big enough to do all things at once. It must ever and again become absorbed in the partial task or else spread itself out over a world of possibilities in thin, reflective, even-balanced inefficiency. Better than this, a thousand times better, are those nodes of concentrated activity where practical men see the urgent need of their time and fight their fight with the enemy as they find him. But when so much has been said we may return to the undoubted evils that attend any reform campaign, whether it be a campaign in the spirit of a man or in society at large, and may see if anything can be done about them. Those evils, in a word, are the evils that go with favorite virtues. No man can devote his best energies to a selected and preferred virtue without danger to his moral life. The favorite virtue brings with it a favorite vice or a whole company of favorite vices. One of these is likely to be the vice of intolerance. Another is that peculiar form of vice in which the exaggerated virtue is made a substitute for other virtues starved and neglected, the one great good covering a multitude of sins in a way which Scripture pre-

cedent would not warrant. The members of a band of thieves pride themselves upon their loyalty to the gang. The highwayman who robs the rich gives generously to the poor. A body of young men who uphold the highest standard of truth and honesty show an easy conscience as regards drink and gambling and the social evil. Even women of the purest virtue, as the word "virtue" is commonly used, are sometimes sadly lacking in the sense of fair play, as men of honor understand fair play, and fail to realize that uncharitable words are another form of vice. Favorite vices go with favorite virtues. This fact should not deter us from cultivating chosen virtues when occasion may demand. But it should put us doubly on our guard. Let us have, if need be, the campaign against a conspicuous wrong, but let it be recognized as an emergency measure. Our main business is right living all round and all through. The great reform has its necessary work to do, but as soon as possible that work is to be finished. It is to be laid aside in order that the regenerated individual or community may enter upon the normal course of general growth. That normal course is the course in which wisdom joins with tolerant fellowship, holding men up to the ideal of everlasting improvement. It is here that we are chiefly concerned with the culture of righteousness—in maintaining and confirming the general conception of life which looks to incessant moral betterment. Here is a subject for the daily meditation of wise men and women, for the training of children in the schools, for consideration in every profession, institution and society. Let us think often upon these things and let us seek after the better ways.

But many of you, I am sure, have felt a lack in this discussion hitherto. It has had reference to virtues and vices, as if these, in aggregation, made up our moral being. You have felt that righteousness cannot be achieved by adding one pagan excellence to another, that we must have regard to faith and hope, to some vitalizing spirit which shall bring to every man a strength beyond the strength of any man. You look, in other words, for some recognition of the religious side of morals, with the conviction that the thing omitted is the really essential thing. This view appeals to me so strongly, and accords so nearly with my own thought, that

I should be altogether unwilling to let the occasion pass without some mention of this aspect of my subject, though the difficulties of this part of the discussion are obvious and plentiful.

Any attempt at the cultivation of righteousness merely by the cultivation of enumerated virtues can give us only an incoherent and machine-made morality. The moral life, to reach its highest efficiency, must hold with the largest wisdom and the highest fellowship to which the moral agent can attain—that is, with his religion, or what serves him as a religion. Only so can it come to its proper coherence and vitality. How much of vitality and coherence religion may supply will appear from a mere passing glance at some of the conceptions of Christianity. We speak of righteousness. In the words, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," all human excellence is thrown into such comparison that it looks black, as a candle flame against the brightness of the sun. "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me." "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." They for whom such sayings as these have reality have found in their religion new measures and new motives of the moral life. While the worth of their individual deeds suffers the deepest disparagement, the value of their human souls is raised to such a height that it can only be calculated in terms of the death of the Son of God. Hope reaches no less a pitch of confidence than that this mortal life shall share in the life of God himself, and all perspectives of this earthly existence are readjusted to the view from the gates of heaven. The uplift of such conceptions, when they are fairly apprehended and appropriated, is simply inconceivable. Their dynamic possibilities are past all computation. In a world in which such ideas are at work as positive convictions in the hearts of men we cannot doubt that the greatest moral elevation will be attained in the lives which acknowledge the supremacy of those ideas. Yet the very loftiness of these con-

ceptions forbids that any one human mind should actually take in their full significance. To assimilate them in their entirety is the work of the human race in the ages upon ages. One age, one society, one individual may interpret them in part. Even that is a great glory; but the partiality of the interpretations cannot be overlooked when we are dealing with the moral interests of present-day society. The man, the church, the people, who approach the moral life by the starry way—which is also the cloudy way—of the religious life cannot escape the same need that all others are under—the need of cultivation of the moral sentiments, the need of daily betterment as regards moral insight and the practice of righteousness. A man's religion may indeed become for him a preferred virtue with its attendant vices. I was told, once on a time, of an influential man of business who gave largely to the support of the church and became deeply interested in its activities. A friend suggested that he should join its membership in his home community. He asked to see the list of those belonging. This list he ran through quickly and threw it down in disgust. "Do you think I will go in with such an expurgated set"—he did not say *expurgated;* the word merely represents what I have done with his speech—"Do you think I will go in with such a set of deadbeats? They don't pay their debts." Now, assuming that this remark, apart from its profanity, was justified in the situation to which it was applied, what was its significance? I think it showed that the man of affairs made a favorite virtue of paying one's debts and let it excuse his measure of irreligion, while the church members to whom he referred made their religion a favorite virtue and let it excuse their measure of laxness as regards their business obligations.

Perhaps a more common case may be found in the devoted adherent of some form of religion whose special indulgence is in the vice of self-complacency, of self-righteousness. It was this that called forth the sharp rebukes of our Master in his meetings with the scribes and Pharisees. It would be hard to estimate the injury which this failing has done to morals and to religion in all the ages. Clear thought, again and again, has lost its rightful influence among men because joined with this uncompanion-

able vice—this enemy of all goodly fellowship—intolerance toward those who follow other ways. And there are other ways which may be Christian, profoundly so, while not bearing conspicuously the name of Christ. The two poles of Christianity may be found in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Each of these implies and involves the other. A theological age laid conscious emphasis on the doctrine of the Fatherhood. A humanitarian age now lays its emphasis on Brotherhood, and is often hesitant and reticent as regards the language of *Our Father*. It may be that this reserve is not irreligion at all, but only the way in which this age can most surely approach the real experience of religion. One who looks upon great social movements of our time, pregnant with human sympathy, with self-sacrifice, with the spirit of coöperation, may wonder that they so seldom employ the familiar language of religion; but such an one cannot fail to see that they make a direct and successful appeal to large bodies of our people, particularly of our immigrant people, to whom any theological teaching would seem but a speaking with tongues where there is none to interpret. Yet it may be that these very movements are but taking another path to a truly religious, even a Christian, faith. The more familiar path, through a scriptural vocabulary and historic modes of thought, may be but one of many ways that lead unto the same desired end. And may it not be that this humanitarian spirit is abroad to-day, even among those who know not Christ and acknowledge no need of him, simply because Christianity is actually beginning to accomplish its proper work of transforming human society; that these moral attitudes, which at an earlier time could only be held in conscious acknowledgment of their origin, are coming at length to be as the native disposition and character of our better modern societies? If the agencies of social betterment are found to cast out devils though they follow not with the disciples, forbid them not; "he that is not against us is for us."

But, on the other hand, it is not to be forgotten that the great work of the Church is that of offering to the age its direct and unequivocal declaration of the mind of Christ. And this work remains to the Church with all of its original dignity and

obligation. May I then go on from that which I have already said and set forth what the distinctive character of that work would seem to be from the point of view of this evening's discussion? Assuming that the most uplifting moral conceptions in all the world are those wrapped up in the Christian faith, and assuming, further, that these conceptions must come home to any people through some interpretation, as the music of the master must come home to the people through the voice of the singer or the performance of the player, it is, then, the work of the Church to interpret the living gospel to this age in such manner that the full strength of its moral power may be apprehended. In so far as this age can take in that power to make men better the Church is to find ways of revealing it in order that nothing may be lost. It must be put into language that the age can understand in order that no part of its influence may be lost. That is indeed a mighty task—perhaps as great as any the Church has yet undertaken; perhaps greater than that of any preceding age. And it is a task that belongs to the Church alone. The necessary separation of religious instruction from our secular schools lays this great burden, with all of its weight and all of its honor, upon the Church alone. And, for my part, I do not believe the Church will fail to carry it safely and well, and even to larger issues than can at this time be foreseen. But in this very separation of functions another moral responsibility, great and high, is laid upon our secular education. I have spoken of the value of impersonality as it appears in one necessary stage of the making of human character—the impersonality of courts and of sciences, which are no respecters of persons. These things ultimately are not impersonal, for they help us to a purer and truer understanding of human relations. But they do this by first casting out human prejudice, passion and preference, casting out all hopes and fears, and leading men into the impartial recognition of objective reality. Now I think I shall not be misunderstood if I say that the teaching of morals apart from religious sanctions has a place in our scheme of life analogous to that of these impersonal disciplines. It is not impersonal as regards human relations, but only as regards that unseen world with which religion is con-

cerned. And here, I think, it is not ultimately irreligious, but only, for the time, non-religious. As such it has a part to perform, a part of great dignity and importance, in setting forth those purely ethical conceptions, unmixed with any thought of supra-natural rewards and punishments, which even the ancient pagan world found to be strong meat for its noblest intellects, and which appear to non-Christian thinkers of this modern age to be the highest themes with which the mind of man can deal. I would not offer such teaching as sufficient for all human need; men need a gospel and a Father in heaven as much in this age as in any former age; but the study of ethical knowledge and the training in simple morality of life is not only of value to the individual actor and student, it is of value even to religion itself, as bringing its teachings before the impartial judgment of that simple sense of difference between right and wrong which the Creator has put into the spirit of man and has trained and developed through the long course of his evolutionary history. The strongest appeal which religion can ever make is the appeal to this human sense of moral difference; and the cultivation of that sense is the noblest service which our general education has to render. It is a service to religion and law and common intercourse and to every other interest of our modern life.

This is your Commencement, members of this graduating class. You commence to be bachelors of arts and various other things. You are coming out from this University into more direct participation in the world of affairs—affairs which reach their highest difficulty and highest significance in questions of right and wrong. The boys in a swimming pool, particularly on a chilly day, are wont to call to their fellows on the shore, "Come in; the water is fine!" And so we who left school life for active life a good many years ago now call to you, young men, "Come in; this Twentieth Century is fine!" Science and invention are making readjustments a daily necessity. Prosperity is making it harder every day to hold up to the old moral standards. There is great danger that with a better living we shall get a poorer life. People are crowding now where a generation ago they were few, yet we feel the need of sharing more fairly all good things of life

with all of our fellow men. Faiths are changing. Even while we hold them most tightly we find that they are gone, leaving only their clothes or their shadow behind, and we do not see clearly what is going to take their place. Come in! It is a world of genuine difficulties, in which it is worth while to live and take one's part as it comes. Faith, hope, and love—they are with us yet; justice, truth, and the law of righteousness—they loom as large as ever. Though their forms are less sharply defined, yet none the less surely they dominate the scene. Liberty and law are wrestling with each other still. They clinch like deadly enemies and the sweat of their conflict now and again is red with human blood, yet they are lovers more true to each other than were even David and Jonathan, and their struggle is all for the good of mankind. Come, young men, and take your part. Be as wise as you can with the heads that have been given to you. Be as companionable as you can without becoming less wise. And do not doubt that the God of your fathers will help you as he helped your fathers before you, and that all that Heaven gave into their lives Heaven will give into your lives as well. And you, young women, though you be few in this institution, you will find many alumnæ of American colleges awaiting you. And these American alumnæ have already acquitted themselves so well that larger work, larger responsibilities, larger joy of service are sure to be yours. Come, young graduates; enter upon a new course of study—the life-long study of righteousness; which, as it is a study laid out for us by God when he laid the courses of all human affairs, shall through its various leadings lead us back to God.

Elmer Ellsworth Brown

Art. II.—PROFESSOR DENNEY'S IRENIC ATTEMPT

If God has really done something in Christ on which the salvation of the world depends, and if he has made it known, then it is a Christian duty to be intolerant of everything which ignores, denies, or explains it away. (James Denney, in The Death of Christ.)

I BEGIN this article with hesitation, and with a personal feeling which amounts to actual distress. The hesitation is due largely to a conviction that it is usually unwise to find fault with a Christian scholar who is sincerely doing his best in a nervous and perilous situation. Always I remember Abraham Lincoln's reply to his small and busy critics: ". . . Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it on the back of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope, would you shake the cable?" But in this instance my reluctance to criticise is overcome by a sense of responsibility which I am entirely unable to dismiss.

In April, 1895, as I was about to sail from New York for Rotterdam, there was given to me a book. It was a rather small octavo, bound in red buckram, printed by Constable at the Edinburgh University Press, and had this title: Studies in Theology. Lectures Delivered in Chicago Theological Seminary by the Rev. James Denney, D.D. In my theological experience I had come to a very lonely place, and I was turning my little telescope toward all the larger spaces in perpetual search for a modern theologian with a ray of light. I opened the book curiously, reading here, there, anywhere. Then I began with the first lecture and read connectively, quickly caught by the fascinating sweep of the thinker's vital movement. Off the Grand Bank I finished the lecture on eschatology, with this conclusion filling my mind: "I have found the kind of a theologian I was looking for—Christian and modern. This man understands the New Testament, and he also understands our age. He can speak to the modern man effectively, and yet he will never, either by intention or by accident, rationalize away the substance of the Christian religion. He is both alive and reliable." From that happy hour

of discovery I was increasingly a propagandist. In letter and lecture and conversation I said, in different ways and with various sorts of emphasis: "Our main hope is in James Denney. He has the right combination of scholarship and Christian experience and personal courage and sympathy with the peculiarity of the modern mind. He will yield where things are of no importance, but hold everything fast which is really essential. I urge you to read Denney." It is a moderate estimate to say that, directly and indirectly, I have, in the last fourteen years, influenced six hundred preachers to read Professor Denney's articles and books. Imagine, then, my surprise and distress when this profoundly loyal Christian scholar, the one biblical theologian upon whom I had seriously counted, found it necessary to make an irenic attempt (I so regard it) which concludes with a creedal statement of such astounding inadequacy that it would, I believe, be satisfactory to any Ritschlian, even to one in the left wing, and would be as satisfactory to many out-and-out Unitarians. Indeed, some of the extreme humanitarians would hardly need to object.

In the last two months I have examined, as far as I have the material at command, Professor Denney's writings, my task amounting to six books and the several articles in the Bible dictionaries, including the exceedingly significant article on "Jesus Christ" published, January, 1909, in A Standard Bible Dictionary. In this comprehensive examination I found two phases in the expression of theological opinion. The first phase ends with the widely known work on The Death of Christ, the most thoroughly Christian fragment of biblical theology ever produced; the second phase begins with The Atonement and the Modern Mind, a book published in November, 1903, and consisting of the Aberdeen Lectures, which already had appeared in The Expositor. In the first phase the theologian is thinking of the content, the real, everlasting content, of the Christian faith, trying to grasp it, and to express it positively and utterly. In the second phase he is thinking of this content *and* "the modern mind." He wants a useful adjustment. He aims so to relate the message of the gospel to men as they are now as to secure for our Lord a glorious triumph. Never was he more sincere as a thinker, never was he

more courageous as a Christian believer, never was he less of an "imitative scholar," easily conjoined with a trend; and yet there is a pathetic change, a change of personal bearing. The simple prophet, with his clarity of vision and obliviousness toward makeshift, has turned into an irenic diplomatist with an immediate problem in Christian economics. The outcome, as we might expect, is a *via media,* the precise curse which always emasculates Christianity whenever the prophets perish and there come into power the consummate masters of spiritual negotiation. But right here I should say, and say it strongly, that Professor Denney has not, if I correctly measure his motive, become irenic by yielding to any outside pressure. He is not a servant of the *Zeitgeist.* His relation to biblical criticism, and to natural science, and to every intellectual tendency about him, is that of a normal and fearless Christian thinker. No; his irenic attempt has originated in his ambition to have our Lord gain *quickly* a complete victory over the modern world. It is Denney's very loyalty to Christ, it is his very trust in Christ, it is his very Pauline passion for Christ, which has led him astray. In this article it is not feasible to show the entire evidence of Professor Denney's change of bearing, for the evidence is intricately woven into many discussions. But, to appreciate the significance of the poverty of his irenic creed, we must clearly note one thing, namely, how he has ceased to value any effort to reach abiding metaphysical finality in grasping and defining and protecting Christian doctrine. In his first phase he was anti-Ritschlian; in his second phase he grants the main Ritschlian contention. This fundamental change shall be revealed by ample quotation.

FIRST PHASE

The Christian religion, it has been said truly enough, is not a revealed metaphysic; still less is it a revealed natural science; nevertheless, the Christian mind which would understand the truth which it possesses—which would not keep its religious convictions in one compartment of the intelligence, and all its other operations in others—must not be afraid of as much metaphysics as is implied in this general

SECOND PHASE

It may not be amiss, however, to remark that, while we accept this justification, we admit that it is idle to ask whether the Sonship of Jesus here spoken of is Messianic, or ethical, or metaphysical. We gain nothing by separating in thought what cannot be separated in reality. That Jesus was conscious of a unique vocation in connection with God's kingdom is true: in that sense he was the Messianic

view of the subject. . . . *All* that man knows—of God and of the world—must be capable of being constructed into one coherent intellectual whole. All that any one of us knows, as a Christian, or as a student of science, physical, historical, anthropological, archæological, must be capable of such a construction; and our doctrine of God, instead of being defiantly indifferent here, must involve the principles on which this construction shall proceed. We deceive ourselves, and try to evade the difficulties of the task which is laid on us, when we deny the essential relation in which theology must stand to all the contents and problems of our mind and life.

The world is all of a piece; man's mind is all of a piece; and those easy and tempting solutions of our hardest problems, which either arrange the world or the activities of the mind in compartments having no communication with each other, are simply to be rejected. . . . There is nothing to which theologians of the school of Ritschl have given greater attention [than to the Godhead of Christ]; nothing on which they express themselves with greater amplitude and fervor. But they make their very devotion a plea for refusing to be more than devout in the matter. Christ has, they say, for the Christian consciousness the religious value of God. Our highest thought of God is that which is revealed in him; our truest fellowship with God is that which is mediated through him; he not only speaks about God, but in him God himself comes to us. All this, of course, the Christian will say; but it is not possible for him to stop here. He cannot suppress the instinctive motion of the mind to seek an explanation of this extraordinary Person. He cannot say, in the long run: "No man knoweth the Son save the Father," and it is idle for me to seek any other explanation than the purely religious one—He came from God. We have no choice in the matter but to seek an explanation. We must, as rational beings, try to clear up to our own minds what Son of God, and the passage illustrates his Messianic consciousness. But the relation to God which this involved was not "official"; even in his Messianic vocation his consciousness was filial; the God whose kingdom he was to inaugurate was his Father in a vital and ethical sense—One with whom he lived in perfect mutual understanding, who was loved and trusted by him without reserve, and to whom he could say in the most disconcerting situations, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." The least serviceable, however, of all these distinctions is metaphysical. It means something when we say that Jesus was Messianic Son of God; we can put into the adjective all we know of his vocation in God's kingdom. It means something when we say he was Son of God in the ethical sense; we can fill up the idea of Sonship with the love, trust, and obedience which belong to the filial life. But it does not mean anything which we can correspondingly define if we say he was Son in the metaphysical sense. It is only another way of saying with emphasis that he *was* Son, and of suggesting that there was something in his Sonship which goes beyond us. . . . The differences which we associate with the names "Arian" and "Athanasian" are differences which emerge in another region than that in which we confess our faith in Christ—in an ulterior region; and *all* such differences, where the Christian attitude to Christ is maintained in the sense which we have already made clear, must be dealt with by other means than excommunication. Arianism and Athanasianism both give answers to a question which multitudes of genuine Christians never ask. Once it is asked, the mind must be allowed to find the answer to it freely. One may be convinced, as the writer is, that the Arian answer is quite unreal, and as convinced that the Athanasian answer explains nothing. It is not on the answer at all that a man's Christianity depends, but on something antecedent even to the question; and it is this antecedent something—the believ-

is necessarily involved in the existence among men of a Person who has the religious value of God. Theologians who refuse to go beyond this are invariably found to cover, under the guise of a religious indifference to metaphysics, a positive disbelief of everything which gives Christ's Godhead an objective character. They do not admit the supernatural birth, they do not admit the preëxistence taught by Saint Paul; they do not admit the doctrine of the incarnation of the Logos, at least as taught by Saint John; in short, though Jesus has for the Christian consciousness the religious value of God, he has for the scientific consciousness only the common real value of man (Studies in Theology, pages 2, 4, 13, and 14).

ing Christian attitude to Christ, and the sense of Christ's unique place as determining all our relations to God—it is this, and not the metaphysics of Christ's Person, which alone is entitled to a place in the creed. If we wait for unity in the church till all Christians accept the same Christology, we may as well give up the thought of unity at once[1] (Jesus and the Gospel, pages 246, 247, 354, 355).

There is a temptation so to analyze and relate this inceptive Ritschlianism as to lay bare the fact that it furnishes an insecure stopping place, fully as insecure as the frank agnosticism of Albrecht Ritschl himself; but it is more important to consider the book in which the irenic creed appears, a book which, within a year, has fairly won a place among the very greatest theological works of our generation. The full title of this book is: Jesus and the Gospel: Christianity Justified in the Mind of Christ. The work is divided into four parts: Introduction; Book I, "Christianity as it is exhibited in the New Testament"; Book II, "The Historical Basis of the Christian Faith"; Conclusion. In the Introduction the author sets forth his task and expresses his own conception of the spirit in which the task is undertaken.

There is no policy in what he has written, either in its manner or its substance. Nothing, so far as he is conscious, is set down for any other reason than that he believes it to be the truth, and nothing is to be discounted or allowed for as though he were mediating or negotiating between the progressive and the stationary elements in a Christian society, and would have said more or less if he had been free to speak without reserve. To the best of his knowledge he speaks without reserve, and has neither more nor less to say. This does not exclude the intention and the hope to say what may be of service to Christian faith and to the

[1] This antimetaphysical attitude is not held with absolute consistency. It is a new *tendency*, largely maintained, but with now and then a reversion (perhaps not fully intentional) to the old phase. Especially note pages 35 and 347.

Christian Church; all it excludes is the idea that Christian faith or the Christian Church can be served by anything else than simple truth.

In Book I. there is raised, and convincingly answered in the affirmative, this question: "Is there such a thing as New Testament Christianity, a spiritual phenomenon with a unity of its own, and is this unity constituted by the common attitude of all Christian souls to Christ?" In the extraordinary biblical work of answering this crucial question there are a few extremely weak places. Perhaps the weakest, on the whole, is the place, found in the discussion of "the Christianity of Paul," where Professor Denney considers the preëxistence of our Lord. The passage is so significant in itself, and is also such a perfect sample of his second theological phase, that I have decided to quote it entirely:

> In several passages of Paul's writings there is a conception of Christ which to most readers will seem akin to that which we have been discussing, but which is in truth much more difficult to apprehend—the conception of him as preëxistent. The one difficulty which haunts theological thinking everywhere, the difficulty or, rather, the impossibility of defining the relation of time to eternity, is peculiarly felt here. Is an eternal Person rightly or adequately thought of as a Person existing before all things, or is the idea of preëxistence an imperfect means of representing eternity in the form of time—an idea, therefore, which is bound to lead to inconsistencies and contradictions? When Paul speaks of the preëxistence of Christ is he carrying out in this inadequate form his own conviction, based on experience, that Christ is a Person in whom the eternal truth of God has come into the world, and who, therefore, belongs to God's eternal being? Or is he simply applying to him the common Jewish belief that the Messiah existed with God before he appeared among men? It is not easy to say: even if we admit the inadequacy of an idea like preëxistence to represent the eternal significance of Christ, and see no reason to doubt that current Jewish beliefs made this inadequate representation easier to the apostle, we must admit that in the most characteristic passages in which he uses it (2 Cor. 8. 9; Phil. 2. 5ff) it has been thoroughly Christianized. Judged by the Christian knowledge of God's revelation in Christ, the act by which the eternal Person, conceived as preëxistent, enters into the world of time is a characteristically divine act. It is one in which the eternal truth of the divine nature—that God's name is Redeemer from of old, and that he humbles himself to bear us, and our burdens (Isa. 63. 16; Psa. 68. 19)—is conspicuously revealed. In itself the idea of preëxistence is harder to understand and to appreciate than that of eternal reality and worth; but even those who find it, abstractly considered, least congenial must admit that in its Pauline applications it is in thorough harmony with the mind of Christ (Jesus and the Gospel, pages 36, 37).

According to Professor Denney, then (if I catch the meaning of his expression "the common Jewish belief thoroughly Christianized"), it is "not easy to say" whether Saint Paul meant that our Lord had a personal existence before Jesus was born in Bethlehem, or merely meant that Jesus Christ was the incarnation of the truth that God is by nature eternally redemptive, and so ever ready to humble himself in order that he may bear us and our burdens. Surely, between the two views there is an infinite distance! In the one case there would be a preëxistent divine Person who, by self-intention and in awful self-sacrifice, actually gave up his glorious estate to become man and save us; in the other case there would be a preëxistent divine Idea which, without self-intention and without any cost, was expressed in a man, or in a unique being created to be our redeemer. In short, the difference between the two views is the whole difference between a Saviour who is uncreated, a Saviour who is personally, and absolutely, and eternally God, and a Saviour who is only *a creature having an impersonal deposit from God*—and which of these two views Saint Paul had in mind it is, forsooth, "not easy to say"! In this connection we naturally recall the fact that in his third Chicago lecture Professor Denney sharply criticised that attempt to discredit the Pauline conception of our Lord's preexistence which is based upon the assertion that it was a Jewish commonplace to believe that anything peculiarly valuable to God had preëxistence in a heavenly archetype. In the criticism, as published, we find this: "It overlooks the fact that, whereas preexistence with the Jews is merely a doubling of the thing which exists—a heavenly counterpart, which may be the model of, but is not otherwise related to, the earthly reality—with Paul, it is quite different; the preëxistent One has a life and functions in that preexistent state; he comes to exist among men, and he returns to his original glory."[1]

[1] This opinion that "preëxistence with the Jews is merely a doubling of the thing which exists" is to be found in Harnack's *Dogmengeschichte*—see *Appendix I*); but Dalman, referring to Harnack's statement, says: "But this idea must be pronounced thoroughly un-Jewish, at all events un-Palestinian, although the mediæval Kabbala certainly harbors notions of this sort." (See *The Words of Jesus*, p. 299. The English version is not a mere translation, but is practically a second edition of the work.)

This question of our Lord's preëxistence is of such extreme moment and is so much in

In Book I it has been shown that there is a New Testament Christianity with a peculiar unity constituted by the common attitude of all Christians toward Jesus Christ, but this is not enough to show; there instantly arises the question, "Does Jesus, as he is revealed to us in history, *justify* this New Testament Christianity?" This question is answered in Book II. The long discussion begins with our Saviour's resurrection; and rightly so, because it was his resurrection which gave to our Lord his place in the life and faith of the disciples; it was his resurrection which made their common attitude possible. The discussion is more than worthy; in the entire range of Christian defense there is nothing more fair, searching, and comprehensive. Here is a passage which indicated the positive note which is struck again and again:

> The mention of the burial is important in this connection as defining what is meant by the rising. We see from it that it would have conveyed no meaning to Paul or to any members of the original Christian circle to say that it was the spirit of Christ which rose into new

debate at the present time, that it may be useful to outline a course of reading. The suggestions are made with the busy preacher in mind:

(1) Lightfoot's Commentary on Philippians. Read not only the comments on the second chapter, but also the supplementary discussions of the synonyms *μορφή* and *σχῆμα*. Lightfoot I regard as the greatest commentator on Paul's epistles. (2) Denney's Commentary on Second Corinthians. Read Section xx, on "The Grace of Liberality," and Section xxiv, on "Godly Jealousy." This commentary is a preacher's practical work, and belongs to Denney's *first* theological phase. (3) Gifford's The Incarnation. Made of several important articles which were published in The Expositor and Critical Review, 1896. 1897. (4) Gore's The Incarnation of the Son of God, the Bampton Lectures for 1891, but still the best book on the subject. Especially consider Lecture V, on "God Revealed in Christ," and Lecture VI, on "Man Revealed in Christ." (5) Nolloth's The Person of Our Lord and Recent Thought, by an Oxford scholar; published in September, 1908; a book which should be read after reading Denney's Jesus and the Gospel. (6) Ottley's article on "The Incarnation" in Hastings's Dictionary of the Bible, Vol. II, page 458. His understanding of Saint Paul's teaching: "The passage [in Philippians] exhibits specially the original divine dignity, the unity, and the continuous action of the person who passed voluntarily from a state of heavenly bliss to a condition of creaturely servitude and suffering. This process Saint Paul speaks of as one of self-emptying (*ἑαυτὸν ἐκένωσεν*, 5. 7); it was an action by which a being, possessing the attributes of Deity itself, took upon Himself conditions non-natural to Deity, while continuing in a real sense to be what he was before." (7) Whitham's article on "Preëxistence" in A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels, Vol. II, page 407. Core of his conclusion: "The remarkable passage, Phil. 2. 5–11, predicates deliberate will and choice of Christ Jesus, before his incarnation." Compare with article on "Incarnation," Vol. I, page 796. (8) Drummond's The Relation of the Apostolic Teaching to the Teaching of Christ. Read Chapter VI, "Son of Man and Son of God." Speaking of Saint Paul's teaching, the author says: "He has stated his thought about the nature of Jesus and his relation to the Father repeatedly and in various ways. Paul maintained the existence of Christ prior to his advent into the world. Attempts to explain this away in terms of supposed Philonic or Jewish idealism will fail in view of the activities of will and deed which he ascribes to the preincarnate Christ." If the related question of the virgin birth be taken up, read Orr's recent work on the subject and Cooke's The Incarnation and Recent Criticism.

life, or that he rose again in the faith of his devoted followers, who could not bear the thought that for him death should end all. The rising is relative to the grave and the burial, and if we cannot speak of a bodily resurrection, we should not speak of resurrection at all (page 102).

We reach now the nerve of the book, "the self-revelation of Jesus." The question is this: "What place—in his own apprehension—did Jesus fill in the relations of men to God?" To answer this question one hundred and eighty-five pages are used, which is something more than one half of the entire work. In securing his sources Professor Denney is, I would say, to be ranked as belonging to the middle ground.

We shall confine ourselves to the Gospel of Mark, and to that second source, common to Matthew and Luke, which, in accordance with custom, will be cited as Q. The limits of Q, as soon as we go beyond the matter which is guaranteed as belonging to it by its occurrence both in Matthew and Luke, are quite uncertain, and therefore we shall confine our investigation to the passages which have this guarantee (page 176).

The fourth Gospel is referred to in this manner:

It cannot be questioned that the fourth Gospel is written in the language of the evangelist [as inspired by the Spirit of the risen Lord; see page 78] rather than in that of Jesus [while on earth]; but is there anything in its boldest assertions of the absolute significance of Jesus which transcends this thoroughly attested word in Matt. 10. 32? ["Every one therefore who shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven."] The writer is unable to see it (page 203).

The thing which should be said concerning this discussion of the self-revelation of Jesus is that it is, beyond doubt, an exceedingly sincere and powerful appeal to the modern mind. Much is yielded (too much, I believe), but the main question is effectively answered.

In the fourth part, or the "Conclusion," of the book, we have Professor Denney's conception of the present Christian situation, and his practical application of his biblical investigation to that confused situation. In this application the important thing is his irenic creed, or, as he terms it, "uniting confession of faith." But before taking up this creed I must enter a word of protest against the way in which he uses the name of John Wesley to help toward a friendly reception of creedal indifference to doc-

trine. After quoting from Wesley the widely bruited "think and let think" passage, Denney says:

> No one will suspect Wesley of indifference to the place Christ must have in Christian faith, but he was as clear as Zinzendorf that this place was one thing, and that the theological explanations of it or deductions from it were another (page 340).

This quotation and statement do not entirely express John Wesley. To him there is another side which some of his admirers, and some of his biographers, too, do not seem to be able to discover. A few years ago it became necessary for me carefully to examine the fourteen volumes of Wesley's works, and, to my surprise somewhat, I found that he had not only intense doctrinal concern but also actual pride in the orthodoxy of his societies. In one place he exclaims: "Where are those who have approved and do approve themselves more orthodox, more sound in their opinions? Is there a Socinian or Arian among them all?" (See A Farther Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion. Works, London Edition of 1830, Vol. VIII, p. 205.) The truth is that John Wesley as an eager and practical evangelist, aiming to secure the reality and enlargement of Christian experience, was very tolerant; but John Wesley as a defender of the heritage of Christian doctrine was as unpliable as Dover Castle. To anyone who has noted what Wesley actually did in furnishing a creed for the Methodist Church in America it is inconceivable that he would have accepted, or even tolerated, such a confession as Professor Denney has formulated: *"I believe in God through Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord and Saviour."* This is the creedal statement to which several times I have made reference; but perhaps we would better have the statement before us in its exact setting:

> Looking back to the investigations which we have just completed, and recalling the significance which Jesus had in his own mind, and has always had in the minds of Christians, it is, perhaps, not too bold to suggest that the symbol of the church's unity might be expressed thus: I believe in God through Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord and Saviour (page 350).

One of my objections to this symbol of unity has been mollified by Professor Denney's able explanation and defense; but

there are two objections which remain unyielding: 1. The creed protects—*now*—merely the *uniqueness* of Christ, it does not protect his *Deity*. In every direction the expression "only Son" is now used to mean simply that Jesus was a man, or an "unclassified creature," or a "mysterious being," who had a unique relation to God. One of the most influential religious writers of our day would never mean by the expression more than that Jesus Christ peculiarly and perfectly reveals God's character and purpose. "In Christ we touch the final reality of what God is." Even less adequately protective is the word "Lord." As now often used, it means merely a "supreme religious leader," or a "spiritual ultimate," an authority and dynamic helper in our struggle of soul, a Thomas à Kempis raised to an incommensurable power. Certainly it is right and fitting to keep these historic Christian expressions in our hymns, prayers, sermons, and in all the inherited rituals, but it is quite another thing to use them in a *new* creed as securing in these days a sufficient protection for our belief. 2. This creed protects—*now*—merely the *religious* Saviourhood of Christ; it does not protect His *Christian* Saviourhood. In our Saviour's work of redemption there is a Christian peculiarity, namely, this: by his death he made such a sacrifice for sin as rendered possible our forgiveness and complete salvation. The term "Saviour" is now repeatedly used without meaning any such thing—indeed, without meaning more than that Christ teaches us how to overcome the world and satisfy our moral ideal. Here also I would discriminate between a popular usage and a protective creedal usage. "Saviour" is just the word for what may be termed Christian colloquialism; but it is not a word which, taken alone, can be relied upon now to express the essential peculiarity of our Lord's redemptive work. For reasons not difficult to discover and evince, our time is not adapted to adequate creed-making; but if a new creed is to be made, there are certain points to be seriously considered:

First, creedal motive. Protection should be the motive. Nearly every Christian doctrine is deeply obnoxious to the mind of the natural man. The Christian faith is not inherently irresistible; surely it is tremendously reasonable to either a repentant or

a forgiven sinner, but it makes no alluring appeal to the self-sufficiency of naturalism and rationalism. Therefore fragmental Christians—whether preachers or teachers, whether theologians or philosophers—are ever trying "to relieve the tension and save Christianity" by mitigating its truth and relating it attractively to the unconverted man. For precisely this manipulating situation the creed should be made. Profounder than the biblical phrase, it is protectively to declare the unpliable severity of Christian doctrine. Thus a worthy creed, by the very motive of it, is not *inclusive* but is *exclusive*. Many sincere men there are with an attitude toward God and the world which has been determined by the spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ, and withal they have come to revere and, perhaps, even to love Christ, and yet they ought not to be in the Christian communion. Why not? Because their fundamental religious beliefs are not Christian, and, consequently, their presence and service tend to vitiate the moral and spiritual integrity of the church and to render it less and less possible to obtain anywhere the conviction of sin and the normal peculiarity of the Christian experience. To-day, within the formal circle of the Christian society, there are theosophists and spiritualists and Christian Scientists and agnostics and several kinds of Unitarians; and by their subtle and long-continued influence local churches have been enervated almost beyond the possibility of recovery. The Christian creed should be so formed and interpreted as fairly to accomplish the exclusion of all these nonbelievers, however noble in character and conduct they may chance to be. Surely the Christian Church has the right to protect her own vitality and efficiency. We can hardly expect her deliberately to cultivate anæmia! The most searching creedal application, however, cannot be justly and sanely made at the present time; but we are approaching a crisis, slowly and tortuously approaching it, and when this crisis is once over, Christianity will have triumphed over every form of naturalism, and then mere well-meaning religiosity will not be allowed to remain in the Christian communion, or even to enter it.

Second, creedal source. The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the source of the Christian creed. But this statement can be taken

in such a hard, mechanical manner as to be utterly false and utterly dangerous. The Bible is not a number of authoritative fragments, any one equal to any other one. The "here and there textual method" of getting doctrine is worthless. The Bible is a redemptive whole, an organism of revelation with redemption as the organizing verity, and the Holy Ghost as the organizing Person, and everything coming to test in the fact and inspired interpretation of the incarnation and death and resurrection and ascension of our Lord. Even this is not enough to say. The redemptive content of the Bible, as to point, relation, and emphasis, can be fully apprehended only by the social Christian consciousness; that is, men, every one with a living Christian experience, must live together in fellowship, worship, and service, brother as social check and supplement to brother, to discover and express the full biblical message of redemption. We need Christians, just Christians, an actual brotherhood of Christians. As one has strikingly said, "To get at any Christian thing you need a Christian head, a Christian heart, and another Christian man." A true Christian creed, therefore, is the redemptive revelation of God's Word poured through the personal and social certainty of those who live together in Christ Jesus.

Third, creedal reality. Such reality is to be obtained by actually relating the redemptive biblical content to the mental and verbal reality of the time in which the creed is to be used. The forms of human thought and speech change, and it is exceedingly difficult "to cross over into another age." Therefore it is seldom enough to cling to a biblical phrase, or even to a biblical writer's mental mannerism; we need to cut through phrase and mannerism down to the conceptual root; and then bring this living root across the wide centuries and make it break into expressive bloom in terms of to-day's reality. Right here philosophical thinking ("tabooed metaphysics") may be required, not necessarily for the final formulation of the new creed, but in order that we may be able to detect and seize and steadily hold the fundamental reality which is to be transferred and restated. By citing an instance I may, perhaps, bring out more sharply what I mean. Many modern biblical theologians agree with Professor Denney

in saying that in the books of the New Testament there is no common Christology.[1] This statement is, as Nolloth has shown, superficially true and profoundly false. Under all the individual ways of regarding Christ there is what Professor Denney himself calls "the same attitude of the soul." Certainly; but we cannot stop there. This common attitude of the soul is a rational bearing in personal faith which is absolutely inexplicable without a common conceptual root, either explicit or implicit. And it is precisely this conceptual root, this common finality of Christological belief, which should be laid bare and then made real in a creed.

Fourth, creedal progress. This progress must be comprehensively Christian. We are never to move toward irenic vagueness; neither are we to move toward generic simplicity. Professor Denney is wrong, not only in his method but even in his aim. Progress is to be made by developing in the church a keener and richer and more comprehensive Christian consciousness, and with this consciousness appropriating more and more of the meaning of redemption, and then expressing all this larger meaning in a more utterly Christian creed. Thus the great historic catholic creeds are never to be flung away, but are to be treated as suggestive manifestations of early Christian consciousness, and are to be made vital and commanding in a firmer and more comprehensive creedal grasp of the realities of redemption.

Keeping these four creedal points in mind, I have constructed a creed which I offer as a tentative expression of the most essential features of Christian belief:

I believe in God the Father through Jesus Christ, his only uncreated Son; who voluntarily became man without ceasing to be God, and died upon the cross to make possible our salvation; and rose again bodily from the grave, and ascended into heaven to begin, through the Holy Ghost, his everlasting kingdom as Lord and Saviour.

[1] See Denney's Jesus of the Gospels, pages 348, 349, and compare with Nolloth's Person of Our Lord, pages 323 to 328.

Olin A. Curtis.

Art. III.—MORALS AND LIFE

Theoretical science tends to abstraction, and thus often loses connection with reality. It tends to deal with general principles without duly regarding the concrete facts of the case. One of the good signs of the times is a reaction against this tendency. We are now testing these abstractions more carefully, and inquiring into their practical value and concrete significance. Pragmatism is becoming the order of the day. Ethical science also is sharing in this tendency, to its great enrichment. We are beginning to make ethics concrete, and to consider our moral problems not merely in the abstract forms of theoretical ethics but also, and more especially, in the concrete forms of human life. Abstract ethics is good as far as it goes. It lays down some general forms for moral thinking, but it really does not give very much practical guidance. Because of this insight we are insisting that ethics shall concern itself more with practice. We pay less attention to the ethics of angels and distant worlds and more to the ethics of living men now and here. Life must be moralized by being brought under the control of moral principles, and morals must be vitalized by being brought into connection with our everyday human life in the world that now is.

In a concrete study of the subject the first thing to be noted is that our human life does not begin ready-made but grows, and it not merely grows but it grows out of submoral and subrational conditions. That was not first that was spiritual but that which was animal, and afterward that which was spiritual. This is clearly the case with the developing individual to-day. Appetites, passions, impulses, instincts, unreasoning and unreasoned, are first. Only thus can the child find its way into life. And it was much the same with primitive society. Primitive man, however human he was in his potentialities, nevertheless began at zero. He had to learn everything, and only slowly did he find his way. He began with the vaguest knowledge of himself, of his neighbors, and of the world about him. He had no language, no

tools, no social organization. Everything had to be invented or learned. Even human nature itself had to undergo long discipline before it became fit for social order by learning the lesson of obedience to authority and social coöperation. Petty tribes which grew out of family groups had to be broken and shattered that they might be welded into larger and more effective social wholes. In this early stage thought did not count for much, for there was not thought enough to go round. Something more simple and direct had to go before and prepare the way. Primitive life was held together more by the herding instinct than by any rational insight. Imitation, social contagion, habit, instinct, were the great binding forces of that primitive time; and various psychological impulses, with emulations and rivalries of a subrational sort, were the leading directive forces of that period. We have, then, as the first factor of human development a body of instincts, appetites, and passions which lie back of all reflective volition and conscious self-direction as expressions of our human institution and which give our life a certain form and direction on their own account. They are neither reasoned principles nor human inventions, but expressions of human nature in interaction with its physical and social environment. As such they may be called natural or constitutional. They form a kind of psychological and social mechanism which takes charge of the beginnings of life, initiates us into living, and furnishes a basis for the higher moral and rational activity that comes later. This is the first factor in our unfolding, the mechanical aspect of life and mind and conduct. There has been in the past a fear to recognize this mechanical factor, lest our freedom should seem denied, but this inference has long been seen to be baseless. There is an order of law in nature which we do not make, but which we can use, and upon which our control of nature absolutely depends. The existence of this order, so far from denying our freedom, is, rather, a condition of any effective use of that freedom. Similarly, the order of law in human life which we have called mechanism in mind and morals is entirely compatible with our freedom, and it is equally the condition of any proper self-control and social unfolding. The mechanism is there, and the free spirit by means

of it realizes its purposes and builds it into a higher development. With the cattle this mechanical phase of life is, perhaps, all, but with man it is only the introduction. The mechanical movement is necessary, but it makes nothing perfect. It brings us a certain way, but in order to perfection man must assume control of himself and pass from the instinctive phase of life into the reflective and rational. The automatic natural movement, therefore, must be supplemented by the rational and moral activity of the free spirit. This is the second leading factor in our unfolding. On the basis of nature, and by its aid, man is to build himself into perfection. He must assume control of himself and set himself to perfect and complete that development which begins automatically but is carried on only by freedom. In proportion as this is done man becomes a moral being; in proportion as it is not done man remains a submoral and subrational being—that is, a creature of the psychological and social mechanism—and is below the truly rational and moral plane.

A basis of nature, then, furnishes the raw material and also the initiation into life, and on this basis we are to build or out of this nature we are to unfold the higher moral and spiritual life. But this moral life is not something separate and apart from the natural life. It is simply that life itself lifted to the plane of rational freedom and goodwill and made the expression of personal choice and self-realization. The moral activity is regulative. It furnishes ideals for the natural life, and its aim is to live the human life in a high and worthy way. According to Schleiermacher, our moral task is to impose reason on nature; that is, we are to make our human life reasonable and inform it with good will. Thus we see the true relation of the moral to the natural. It is not something which can be pursued apart from the natural in abstract separation, but it is, rather, the natural life itself raised to the plane of freedom and reason and helped toward its ideal perfection. Let us put this in another way. It takes a prodigious amount of work to keep the world a-going. Consider the myriad activities of the home, the farm, trade, commerce, transportation, invention, scientific investigation, government in all its branches, international relations, etc. These things support and

make up the contents of civilization, and without them civilization would perish. Now, what is the relation of morals to this great complex activity of life? Both religion and morals have rather tended to differentiate this life from the truly moral and religious life, as something apart. But this is one of the world-old blunders. The true answer is obvious. This life furnishes the field and material of our higher activity, and the moral spirit has the duty of moving out into this field and possessing it, thus realizing our moral task and transforming the natural into the moral and spiritual until life shall become sane, rational, joyous, and blessed. Whatever an abstract morality or an abstract religion may desire, morals and religion in the concrete must preëminently busy themselves with this great throbbing life of men.

Our natural life, then, is no accident but the raw material which we are to build into the ideal form. Still less is it in any way the result of sin, as some have thought, for all of these activities would have to go on just the same if we all became saints. If the millennium should come to-morrow, the chief difference in human life would not be in its form and contents but solely in the spirit of the living. The great forms of life and all its leading normal activities would go on unchanged, as they are not founded in our volition, but, rather, in our constitution and physical relations, and they furnish the conditions of living at all. In that millennial state, then, unless the human world and the physical world were completely transformed, we should still need the home, the farm, the school, trade and commerce, transportation, etc., as much as ever. The only difference would be that all these things would be carried on in a better spirit and with a purer devotion, and would thus themselves be lifted to still higher development; but to be without them would be fatal. Without the farm the race would starve. Without the home the family would be impossible. Without the school the young would be ignoramuses. Without trade and transportation society would be hopelessly crippled. Without manufactures it would be reduced to its very lowest terms. If we should conceive these things entirely absent from human life, we should have simple savagery, or, rather, the race would perish forthwith. What we need for the

progress of life is not less of any of these things but more of them, to be used, however, under the direction of the wise moral spirit. We do not need less production but more, and also more conscience in all concerned. We do not need less trade or less transportation but more conscience again. We do not need less wealth in the community but vastly more, and also more wisdom in its use. We need more wealth rather than less, for the race is now too poor to furnish all its members the conditions of a large human life, and there can be no such large human life throughout the world until it has become vastly richer than it is. No division of property makes property, and the total production of the race, if evenly divided, is insufficient to give all human beings an adequate chance.

And here we must have a word with the traditional moralist. He emphasizes character as the essential thing in morals, and regards these other things as lying outside the field of ethics, in the realm of economics and the secular life in general. This is the great shortcoming of the abstract moralist, a shortcoming which has led to the reaction of secularism, and which at times has made conscience and religion indifferent to human progress, and even opposed to it. There is, however, a half truth in the view, as follows: The center of the moral life is the will to do right, as the center of the immoral life is the will to do wrong. This will to do right is possible to everyone, and with it everyone can make a beginning. It is the one thing common to all the good, the one thing in which all moral agents may meet on the plane of a common faithfulness. It constitutes also the fundamental and central virtue in character. Loyalty to righteousness—there is nothing higher! Lacking this the fairest life can be only a whited sepulcher; and to this loyalty everyone may attain. It is not reserved for the great, the wealthy, the learned, the men of genius, but it is open to the feeble-minded, to the poor widow over against the treasury, and to Lazarus at the rich man's gate. This is all true, and it cannot be over-emphasized, but other things equally important may be overlooked. Exclusive attention to the character side of ethics has tended to reduce ethics to a barren doctrine of good intentions, and to divorce life and

morals altogether. Morals have been restricted to a narrow corner of life and all the rest has been allowed to run wild. The notion that morals should have anything to do with the use one makes of one's time or wealth or talents of any kind is still novel to absurdity in many quarters. Further, this divorce of life and morals and this emphasis of character as consisting essentially in good intentions have led to an ascetic disparagement of life as having no goods of its own, as being unrelated to character, and as being something from which we should so far as possible withdraw. This notion especially haunts the religious world, it being tacitly assumed, when it is not openly proclaimed, that the higher and finer virtues of character thrive only in holy retirement from life and its clamorous interests. Wealth, intellect, learning, culture are sometimes disparaged as hostile to spiritual growth, and thus the moral life withdraws itself into a vacuum into which human interests are not allowed to enter, and those interests, on the other hand, go their way without the moral supervision and illumination they should receive. Now, let us repeat that the will to do right is the central thing in any character, but we must also insist that this is but half the matter. This confines us to the intentions of the person, but it does not tell us what the concrete duties of the person are, or where they are to be found. And here in opposition to the ethics of good intentions we may say that the nature and aim of life are by no means exhausted in meaning well. The good will must will something and the field of the good will is life itself. All these great normal interests of humanity belong to it, and the aim of the good will must be to develop and secure these interests in the largest measure possible. Moreover, life itself has a value on its own account, and it is only as life has this value that even morals become respectable. No amount of good intentions will make imbecility other than imbecile. It takes a certain strength of head to make even conscience respectable. Conscience apart from intellect is mere whim or pathology—a religious whim it may be, but whim just the same. No amount of devotion can sanctify ignorance and superstition. An Indian living in the filth and squalor of his wigwam needs civilization as well as conversion. Let anyone

consider the ignorance, passion, and credulity of multitudes, and he will see that the teacher is as much needed as the preacher. What poverty of ideas, what absence of large thought and generous sympathy, what mental and moral squalor, what æsthetic barrenness and ugliness! Such men may be good in the sense of meaning well, but they need an intellectual new birth as well as a spiritual one. Of course the realization of large and rich human life involves the exorcism of the evil will, but it equally involves the exorcism of ignorance or superstition, of disease, of grinding poverty, of bondage to physical needs, and of the thousand things which hinder full and perfect life. And it also involves the development of the great social forms, the educational facilities, the gathered knowledge, the industrial activities, the wise coöperation and organization, and the stored-up wealth without which humanity cannot progress. Not formal moral correctness, but vital fullness is the deepest aim in life. We need not an abstract morality, but the morality of good homes, of good schools, of good farms, of good roads, of good cooking, of good management, of good literature, of good newspapers, of good libraries, of good health, of good politics, of good government, of good citizenship, and of good institutions generally. And we must also discern the immorality of bad homes, bad schools, bad roads, bad cooking, bad health, bad politics, bad citizenship, and of ignorance, indifference, and thoughtlessness in general. And we must have still another word with the traditional moralist who emphasizes character. As said, we agree with him in making character the central thing, but we insist that character cannot be cultivated in abstraction from life. A goodness which is indifferent to intelligence, which could not interest itself in truth and beauty, which found the pursuit of knowledge tiresome and had no high aspirations—such a goodness could hardly be viewed as desirable. And a goodness which would be indifferent to the well-being and good order of the community, to its progress and development, a goodness which could rest content in the face of prevailing ignorance, of social injustice, of depressing and crippling poverty, and which held itself responsible for none of these things, would also be a goodness for which neither God nor man has any use. Manifestly,

a goodness that is to deserve any respect must be one which is not devoted solely to meditation and prayer and thoughts of a life to come, but which is also alert to improve the life that now is, that is ready to resist oppression and ready to lend a hand for the improvement of human conditions, so that larger and larger human life may be made possible for the largest possible number. A ministerial friend tells of a member of his congregation who is exceedingly averse to hearing anything about social duties and social questions in religion. He thinks that such things interfere with the purity of the gospel, and is very desirous that all preaching should deal with doctrines of religion, and should keep entirely clear of these defilements of the questions of social betterment. Such travesties of religion are pretty sure to result when we separate character from everyday life and its duties. Life, then, is to be moralized. It must remain imperfect until it is made the expression of right reason and good will, but it is life which is to be moralized. Morality in abstraction from life is a mischievous fiction. Here is where asceticism and monasticism have made their fearful blunders. They rightly fixed their attention on the holy will as the center of character, but they mistakenly sought to cultivate it apart from the natural functions set for it in our constitution. The result was as unsaintly as it was unlovely and unhappy. But the wise moralist realizes that ethics involves not only good intentions but also the development of life in all its aspects and interests. He recognizes that nature, internal and external, is the field and contains the objects of our moral activity. He sees, too, that many things must work together for the realization of ideal life; wealth, leisure, learning, culture, music, taste, art, and a permanent subjugation of physical forces to human service are needed to build man to his best estate. Hence, instead of denouncing them with the ascetic he seeks to bring them under moral control. They are indeed sources of temptation, but to be without them in some measure is to be savages. In a community where these things exist the individual may share in the common good thus resulting without actual possession on his own part, but when they are lacking in both the individual and the community we have simple savagery. The conditions even

of a large earthly life exist as yet only to a very limited extent. The race is too poor for a large life. It must produce vastly more, and accumulate wealth and acquire leisure for development in the upper ranges of existence, and subjugate nature also to human service so that the drudgery of the race shall be done by cosmic forces. All this must come to pass before the kingdom of man can come upon the earth. And hence the enlightened moralist welcomes all these things. He looks upon each new invention, each conquest over nature, each subjugation of physical forces, each unloading of human drudgery upon muscles of steel, each extension of commerce, each advance of knowledge which contributes to human well-being, as a veritable Baptist messenger before the face of humanity, declaring that the kingdom of man is at hand. To war against these things is to war against civilization and to be an enemy of the human race. In and through these things the moral spirit manifests and realizes itself as it labors for the building up and perfection of humanity. Of course these things might be possessed without attaining to any high moral result, but, on the other hand, no large human life is possible without them. That would not be an ideal life, however well meaning or devout or consecrated the person might be, which involved want, disease, ignorance, narrowness, superstition, or the lack or atrophy of any of our normal powers. As suggested, a mind which could not interest itself in truth or beauty, which found the pursuit of knowledge tiresome and had no high aspirations, such a mind could never be considered as other than atrophied or a case of arrested development. A world of Lazaruses or of saintly imbeciles would be a distressing object of contemplation, however highly we might esteem their character, and we should be dismayed indeed if we thought their condition permanent. Pollok compares in a certain passage an imbecile saint with a very wise sinner, and greatly to the latter's discredit. The former is declared to be one "who never had a dozen thoughts in all his life, and never changed their course, but told them o'er, each in its accustomed place from morn till night, from youth till hoary age." Then, after describing sundry other lacks, he declares that this person "lived happy, died happy, and was saved," while,

of course, the other person came to very undesirable conditions from lack of goodness. Now, it is indeed a matter for congratulation that this dull person was saved, but, clearly, one would not like to think of heaven as peopled with such persons, or to think of this person as never getting beyond his "dozen thoughts." One devoutly hopes that in some celestial primary school the number of his thoughts was increased and that he developed into some fair measure of intelligence.

It is manifest, then, that character cannot stand alone or be pursued by itself. There are other than abstractly moral conditions of human life, and the man who is seeking to live the large human life for himself or to secure it for others will see that these conditions must be fulfilled, and that it is a part of our moral task to fulfill them. So, then, we need not merely the moralist but the worker everywhere. The moralist is good in his place, but unless there be other workers he will bring nothing to perfection. The school-teacher must be abroad to train intelligence. The man of science must be there to reveal the great facts of life and the world; and the philosopher must be there to meditate deeply upon the meaning of things and to report his findings. The social student must be there to study the conditions of the best life and to learn how to secure for each the largest possible opportunity; and the artisan must be there, and the toiler in every field, to give form and substance to ideas and to realize them in daily life. If we compare our social condition to-day with that of the Middle Ages, we shall find that the difference is not due only, or even mainly, to the moralist or the preacher, but also to the growth of intelligence, the birth of invention, the increase of man's control over nature. All of these things have reacted against the moral and religious ideas of those times and have brought about the development of civilization. The Coptic and Abyssinian churches in a fashion had Christian theology, but they had not the large thought and knowledge needed to interpret that theology, and the result was that they sank into superstition as crude as paganism itself could show. In the mediæval period also, if an epidemic broke out, there was no recourse but to some religious exercise or practice, and we know how abjectly fu-

tile it all was. Science has now helped man to a better knowledge of disease, and the means of escaping or curing it.

Thus in a multitude of ways we see the dependence of life upon other than purely moral conditions. Indeed, it is to be wished that someone would produce an essay adequate to the subject on the material and intellectual basis of morals and religion, as a kind of offset to the fancy one sometimes meets that these sciences can stand on their own foundation. It would then appear that the road-maker, the explorer, the engineer, the philosopher, the statesman, and every form of labor and invention have contributed, and do contribute, a great and essential part to the progress of humanity. We might even find preparations in the very structure of the earth for the training and development of man in intellect and civilization. "The dividing mountains and the estranging sea" have had no small part in the past history of humanity; and the overcoming of those divisions and estrangements by modern means of transportation is playing an ever-growing part in bringing about a world neighborhood and the possibility of mutual understanding and more intimate relations which will have the greatest significance for the future development of the race. The simple matter of quick and cheap transportation has been one of the most significant factors in our modern industrial development, and the trolley line has already begun to show its sociological significance. We are not used to thinking of railroads as moral institutions, and yet it is clear that even the kingdom of God finds advantage in using the express train. To be sure, that kingdom is within, but for the spread of the kingdom the fast train and the express steamer are useful. Geography, coast lines, mountain ranges, river courses, ocean currents, trade winds, the distribution and relative proportions of land and water, the composition of soils, etc., would likewise be found to have great significance for human development. Inquiry of this kind casts no doubt upon the moral life and our higher spiritual interests, as was once ignorantly proclaimed; it only serves to show how complex life is, and that these higher interests can be realized here in their ideal forms only as they are supported by these other factors. But this claim that life must be moralized and ration-

alized must not be understood to mean that life must lose all spontaneity and be reduced to a body of rules. This would be worse than the wildness of nature itself. Our claim is only that free rational beings should not live mechanically or at random, but should aim to direct and mold their lives so that right reason and good will should bear rule in them. This is all that is meant, and the need of so doing is manifest. A prodigious amount of work remains to be done in every department of life in the way of making it rational and subordinate to good will. Both the individual and society—social institutions, politics, international relations, art, literature, trade, production, amusement, the whole round of human activity, in short—need to be revised and directed by right reason and good will. The natural, the earthly, the submoral life by itself deserves all the condemnation which the moralist and the preacher have heaped upon it. How many wealthy men have we known who were able to use their wealth for their own mental and moral enlargement, who used it so wisely that they grew mentally and spiritually, and became centers of beneficent upbuilding in the community? On the other hand, we have known only too many cases where the man has gone down as the purse has gone up, where conceit and vanity have been nourished into monstrous proportions, and where intellect and high thought and generous aspiration have been fattened out. Cases of this kind emphasize the absolute need of moralizing life so that the goods of life shall not become destructive, but shall be used for the development of the larger and fuller life of the person and the community. There is sweeping over our land a demand for this moralization, a demand that business shall purify itself, that literature shall clean house, that newspapers shall guard their columns and adopt higher standards of righteousness, a demand that the politician who shouts so vociferously for the flag shall cease betraying the land with a kiss, a demand that the church take an interest in these things and be not satisfied with a righteousness that ends in psalm-singing and prayer meetings.

But ethics, on the other hand, must find its field in life. Both ethics and religion unless duly chastened by criticism tend to withdraw from life. Religion betakes itself to forms and cere-

monies and quietistic contemplations, and feels no responsibility for the life that now is. Ethics in like manner becomes academic, and of formal abstractions, and loses connection with reality. Both religion and ethics need to be recalled from their negative and quietistic dreams and set upon the positive task of making righteousness and good will stand fast and bear rule in the earth, of making real that dream of a universal brotherhood and a divine Fatherhood which has ever lain at the heart of humanity, but which has been so largely unrealized. Man is not to be redeemed in abstraction from his necessary sense and secular life, and that life in turn is to be redeemed through the redemption of man. If the natural realizes itself only in the spiritual to which it is the introduction, the spiritual in turn gets a concrete significance only through the natural in which it roots. The two must be combined for the perfection of both. The spiritual pursued in abstraction from life and its normal interests may become silly and contemptible, or fanatical and destructive, and the natural without the inspiration and uplift of the spiritual may become base, corrupt, and defiling. One great need of the present time in all practical fields is the serious and persistent use of reason in the criticism of life. The mechanical factor of life to which reference has been made is still very predominant. The thoughtful expression of what is wise and right plays only a small part in our lives. Thus old follies are perpetuated, obsolete traditions are retained, and needed reforms are vetoed in sheer blindness. The conventional conscience of tradition also is always being outgrown. The moral field must be extended until it includes whatever makes for human well-being. Commerce, trade, production, politics, the present social customs, etc., need to be disinfected and moralized. And the needed improvement will not come of itself or by passively resting in the conventional conscience. It can be reached only by turning the light of the impersonal reason on our lives and by letting it play upon and about them until we know what our aims and motives are, and what our desires and ideals are for ourselves and for our fellows. Such serious and thoughtful criticism of life would be a powerful stimulus to improvement. As low and loathsome things gather under boards and stones which exclude

the light, and as the same things scamper in dismay when the light is let in, so low and loathsome aims gather and grow in the gloom of thoughtlessness and ignorance, but slink away in shame at the shining of the light. There is really enough moral purpose in the community to make great and valuable reforms if it were rightly directed. We have reached the point where only rational discussion and investigation can reveal the way. Mechanism in mind and morals has done all it can for us. Now we need reason and freedom in mind and morals. Humanity is approaching its intellectual majority, and the age of criticism and discussion is at hand. We are appraising our inheritance from the past with the aim of seeing what is worth keeping and what is outgrown. We are just beginning systematically to apply good sense to the problem of life in its broadest meaning, and already good results are beginning to show themselves. As we have said before, there is sweeping over the land a great wave of moral interest, a desire for social justice, for business honor, for political purity, for an effective church, for a militant righteousness, for an enthusiasm for humanity, for unselfishness that looks upon the world as a place in which to serve and not as a place where each one shall get the most for his selfish self. We are beginning to see that there may be Judases and Benedict Arnolds in business and in social life as well as elsewhere. Justice can be betrayed, social stability imperiled, and treason against the land committed in more ways than one. And we need this idea of life not merely for the sake of objective betterment, but also, and especially, for the sake of its inspiration. For, after all, the great trouble with most men lies in their inability to idealize their lives, and to see those lives in relation to the great human order and the divine purpose which is being wrought out. As Matthew Arnold said:

> For most men in a brazen prison live,
> Where in the sun's hot eye,
> With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly
> Their lives to some unmeaning task-work give.

Taking our lives sordidly makes us sordid, and the resulting sordidness sinks us still further. A large part of social discontent

arises from this fact. We are unable to relate our lives in their dusty routine to any high ideal, and we weary of them and of ourselves and even of life itself. The great remedy for this must lie in the direction of idealism, of setting ourselves an aim which shall give life a value and an inspiration. So long as we live the selfish life, on whatever plane and under whatever circumstances, the soul is sure sooner or later to grow weary and lose itself in tedium or despair. We seek to save our lives and we lose them. It is only as we come out of the narrow, selfish life and relate our lives to the service of man and God that we really save them, and then we find that life, under whatever conditions, is worth living.

One loves to dream of a time when humanity shall come to its own, when physical nature shall be subdued to human service beyond all present conception, when sin and disease shall have disappeared, when the social order shall be an expression of perfect justice, when the race shall be rich enough to afford all its members the opportunity of a truly human existence, when the bondage of physical drudgery shall be taken off human shoulders, when the treasures of knowledge shall be a universal possession, and when, in antithesis to these things and conditions, there shall be in man a moral spirit wise enough to use them and strong enough to control them. Then the kingdom of man, which is also the kingdom of God, will have finally come, and the new heaven and the new earth which were seen in ancient vision will be here.

Borden Parker Bowne

Art. IV.—THE ARGUMENT FOR IMMORTALITY APART FROM REVELATION

If an intelligent being from some distant world should visit this planet of ours, he would probably conclude, on a survey of modern civilization, that belief in a future state of existence was either wholly denied, or, if held, was so far back in the hinterland of ordinary thinking that it exercised little or no influence on the moral attitude of men toward either this world or that which is to come. Nor would our philosophical visitor be wholly in error. The Sadducee is abroad in the land. To millions of people the richness and variety of modern life, its literature and art, scientific achievements and uncountable means for personal enjoyment would seem to be all-sufficient, for they are apparently all-absorbing. Utter abandonment to the material things of this life does not suggest eager interest in a life beyond. There are others for whom the revelations of science supersede the revelation of God. For them the natural makes impossible the supernatural. The baffling mystery of human life, its origin, its purpose, its tragedies and sorrows, the seeming uselessness of it all, cannot be reconciled in their minds with the existence of a God who is at once infinite in power and infinite in benevolence. The vastness of the universe, the boundless reach and changeless uniformity of law, the littleness of man, lost with his petty affairs in an infinitude of worlds upon worlds, the seeming waste and vanity of human effort, all tend to crush within these devotees of science any budding belief that such an insignificant creature as man, who is himself, soul and body, but a late product of nature forces, can be so distinct from the universe of which he is a part as to rise above it into immortal life. To such pessimists all progress in physiological science only demonstrates more clearly that soul is nothing more than a grouping of vital phenomena, dependent, as all other natural phenomena are, on a material basis. Thought is merely a function of the brain; and when that organ is destroyed, or its activities cease, thought also ceases and that which is called soul, or spirit, is no more.

But however strong and compelling appearances may be, or however insistent the dogmas of materialism and the spread of these among miscellaneous classes of people may be, the truth is there never was a period when a more intelligent interest was universally felt respecting immortal life than now. Matthew Arnold's Roman noble satiated to weariness is no stranger to our day. The life that is does not satisfy. Man is always greater than what he does. The mind that measures the orbits of planets and the flight of light through immeasurable space, that uncovers the secrets of nature and by marvelous inventions utilizes its forces, that wanders through eternity and thinks of the Infinite, must always be more than the material things about it. The inanities of artificial living, which vainly endeavors to make evanescent pleasures abiding, soon pall on the jaded spirit, and the illusions of life, many of them, perhaps, "sweet as remembered kisses after death," leave only an aching void which the awakened soul would gladly fill with satisfactions permanent and real. Longing for the eternal because it was made for the eternal, the soul, which is not a thing of time but is related to the Timeless, turns with a natural instinct toward the future. Hence to the modern man, as to men of every age, the question of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" is an ever-present problem. Every man lives in his own world, a world which is larger and more mysterious than the physical world about him, and in this world, communing with himself, he faces problems of life and of death, questions of the past and of the future, which are not wholly silenced by the raucous voices or clamorous tongues of the world outside. No one ever gets away from himself. No one ever escapes the interrogations of his own nature. Whether we will or no, questionings of solemn import arise within us and remain with us because we are what we are: spiritual beings, living in two worlds. Back, then, of all activities in trade and commerce—behind all seeming absorption of self in the world, in purely intellectual pursuits, in æsthetic enjoyments, or in struggles for place and power and comforts of life which our visitor from distant worlds may see on the surface of things in our modern civilization—there is a profound and ceaseless interest in the unseen universe which is personal to every

one of us. Like the blind boy, who could not see his kite in the air but felt the *pull* of it and knew it was there, *we feel the pull of the Unseen.* Philosophers speculate upon it, scientists include it among their investigations, mind-readers, telepathists, clairvoyants, and spiritists attempt to demonstrate it, all because of the insistent demands of the human spirit to know its own destiny and the pressure upon us of the great Unknown.

There are multitudes, doubtless, who through gradual atrophy of the religious faculty have become indifferent to immortality. They think it is not desirable. Denying all revelation, they openly repudiate belief in it until some wrenching grief or terrible trial strikes deep a chord long silent. Then, like the Sadducean Herod —who believed neither in angel nor spirit, but on being suddenly alarmed cried out, "It is John the Baptist risen from the dead!" —they awaken to the overpowering primitive instincts of the soul and yield to a conviction they cannot suppress. Others, probably, have surrendered belief in a future life because, like Harriet Martineau, they find no solid ground for their confidence. Others, adopting the creed of Positivism, hope only, like George Eliot, for an immortality in the race, in a continued influence for good upon individuals—a mere abstraction, which might be just as true of a very dead impersonal book, or painting, or bit of sculpture, as of a once living and thinking personality. But the millions of normal humanity still cherish the hope of a life beyond, where the wrongs of this life will be righted, where they will again meet the loved ones of the long ago, where the inequalities and limitations of this earth life will be no more, and the soul, then free, shall have limitless field and limitless time for the perfect realization of its powers.

The question, however, which confronts us is, What is the sure ground for this hope? Is the desire for immortality in its ultimate analysis really anything more than an extension of the primal instinct of self-preservation common to man and all animal life? What proof or satisfactory evidence is there that if a man dies he shall live again? If a blow on the head will render one unconscious for an hour, why will not a harder blow make him unconscious forever? How does the departed spirit live? Has it a

body? Does it exist in a purely subjective state, or in active relation to the universe? Do spirits know each other, and have they knowledge of events transpiring in this world? These are a few of the questions which force themselves upon us.

> Could we but know
> The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
> Where lie those happier hills and meadows low!—
> Ah, if beyond the spirit's utmost cavil
> Aught of that country could we surely know—
> Who would not go?
>
> Might we but hear
> The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
> Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
> One radiant vista of the realm before us—
> With one rapt moment given to see and hear—
> Ah, who would fear?
>
> Were we quite sure
> To find the peerless friend who left us lonely—
> Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
> To gaze on eyes that here were love-lit only—
> This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
> Who would endure?

But what evidence is there of any land of celestial streams where friends and loved ones meet, where "angel faces smile"?

It is one of the strangest phenomena in the history of thought that Christianity, which alone gives any solid foundation for faith in eternal life, should now be set aside by a certain class of people who seem to be most anxious to establish the fact of that life, and that other arguments are seized upon as affording sufficient grounds for the inspiring hope. So persistent is the effort to ignore Christian teaching, and indeed to deny the veracity of the historical records and teachings of the New Testament bearing on the subject, that it is difficult to decide which seems to be most desired—proof of the continuity of life after death or proof of that fact without the help of divine revelation. In some quarters it seems to have become quite fashionable to ignore this revelation altogether and to rely on or to put emphasis upon arguments which are solely the products of human reason; thereby bringing us back to the reasonings of pagan philosophers of two

thousand years ago—reasonings which satisfied neither them nor the age in which they lived. In addition to these plausible assumptions the wonders of occultism, telepathy, clairvoyance, the reported cases of appearances of dead persons which the Society for Psychical Research has carefully collated, are now added and triumphantly placed at the front as unanswerable evidences for the immortality of the human spirit.

It is not an agreeable task for a Christian to weaken evidence from any source which would strengthen faith in future existence. Nor could anything be farther from my purpose. But when the teachings of the Lord Jesus, the gospel narrative of his resurrection, the positive affirmations of the apostles, indeed, the whole *why* of Christianity at all, are set aside for arguments which are set forth as sufficient evidences of immortality *wholly independent of Christianity*, then it becomes necessary to show that Jesus Christ alone "has brought life and immortality to light through the gospel"; that independent of this divine revelation there is no sure foundation for belief in a future life which may not be shaken, or at least contested, by physical science and rigid application of rational criticism. If it should be said here, as it will be, that the teachings of Christianity based on the miracle of Jesus's resurrection have no weight, since the miraculous has no standing in courts of science, let judgment be deferred on that matter till we come to it.

The question now is, what are the arguments by which, excluding Christian teaching, it is sought to establish faith in immortality? Perhaps the following will cover the ground.

I. Philosophical. 1. *Anthropological.* That is, such evidences as may be derived from the nature of the soul as a moral essence, such as, (1) The Metaphysical argument, which affirms that, since the soul or spirit is an incorporeal, immaterial, spiritual, and indivisible essence, it can be neither dissolved nor destroyed. (2) The Teleological: Since the human faculties cannot be brought to their highest perfection in this temporal life, there must be another state of existence in which they may reach their consummation. (3) The Analogical: In nature there is no destruction, but out of apparent death there ever arises new life.

II. Theological. 1. *Proof from the Nature of God.* Such as (1) The Divine Goodness: The God of all Love would not have placed the desire for immortality in the heart of man if he did not intend to satisfy that desire. (2) The Divine Righteousness: Virtue demands the sacrifice of earthly joy and satisfaction, wherefore there must be a future life in which compensation shall be made for the sacrifice.

III. The Moral Proof. 1. *Moral Compensation.* In man there is a struggle for moral character as well as for well-being. Both endeavors, however, often meet in conflict one against the other. Morality demands the denial of sensuous well-being; there must be, therefore, some future reward for the deprivation and sorrows of a virtuous life.

IV. The Historical Proof. 1. *Universal Belief in a Future Life.* 2. *Spiritualistic Phenomena.*

It is by such arguments, derived from such premises, that, independent of Christian teaching, we are to be convinced of the reality of a life beyond. We would not minimize them. They are not without weight to a philosophic mind as suggesting the possibility of a future life, and if the absolute affirmatives and all the implications of Christian faith are considered, they will be overwhelming, for they will be seen in the light of revelation to be grounded in truth. But if the reality of the revelation of the gospel is denied, what convincing power can these arguments exercise on critical thought, what sanction can they give to human laws or conduct, and what glad hope or surcease from sorrow can they bring to the stricken heart? How can we know that they are grounded in reality? Clearly, they are not self-authenticating. There is not one of them that may not be challenged with such success that in the end we shall be on no surer ground than when we began. What the human heart craves is not mere possibility or probability of future existence, drawn from logically constructed and skillfully elaborated reasoning, depending for its plausibility on the skill of the reasoner to marshal his arguments with cumulative effect; rather does it seek that evidence which, if not true, the human mind will be compelled to believe that nothing else can be proved to be true, not even its own self; that

life and the whole cosmical framework is one vast delusion; that

> The pillared firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble.

Nothing less than this will satisfy the critical reason, and on nothing less secure will the human heart contentedly rest.

Now, it is not self-evident, to consider at this time only one of these arguments, the Metaphysical, that the soul is an immaterial essence which cannot be dissolved and therefore cannot be destroyed. For all we know to the contrary, the soul may be composed of various spiritual elements, or of different selves, as is suggested in cases of double personality, hypnotism, unconscious cerebration, automatic writing; and, therefore, it may be destroyed by the dissolution or falling away of any of these elements. Even if it is conceded that the soul is immaterial, simple, and indestructible, still it does not follow that the *person* is therefore immortal, since self-consciousness or personal identity may be utterly lost, as they sometimes are temporarily lost in this life by disease or accident. But without self-consciousness there is no immortality, for that cannot be said to be immortal which does not even know that it exists. We may not forget that it was Kant who, in the preface to the second edition of the Critique of Pure Reason, said: "I appeal to the most obstinate dogmatist, whether the proof of the continued existence of the soul after death, derived from the simplicity of its substance, . . . has ever been able to pass beyond the limits of the schools, to penetrate the public mind, or to exercise the slightest influence on its convictions." But, to go still farther to the roots of things, what evidence is there that there is a soul at all essentially distinct from and independent of the brain? According to the doctrine of Evolution, which is the gospel of those who reject the gospel, man has his origin in the brute. "By considering the embryological structure of man," says Darwin (Descent of Man, chap. xxi), "the homologies which he presents with the lower animals, the rudiments which he retains, and the reversions to which he is liable, we can partly recall in imagination the former condition of our early progenitors: and can approximately place them in their proper place in the

zoölogical series. We thus learn that man is descended from a hairy, tailed quadruped, probably arboreal in his habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World." There is nothing, then, in man which was not first in the brute, at least potentially; and nothing was in that brute which was not first in the germinal vesicle where it originated. Through operation of the laws of natural selection man has reached his present form, and to the advantages which he has derived from the possession of certain organs of association in the brain he owes his difference in degree, but not in kind, from the lower animals. "The high standard of our intellectual powers and moral disposition," says Darwin, "is the greatest difficulty which presents itself, after we have been driven to this conclusion on the origin of man. But everyone who admits the principle of evolution must see that the mental powers of the higher animals, which are the same in kind with those of man, though so different in degree, are capable of advancement." Where, then, does the soul come in as an immortal and independent substance distinct from the cerebrum? It has been assumed that the soul enters or becomes at some time between the fertilization of the ovum and birth. But for this there is no evidence. "Enters" from where? "Becomes"—what was it before? So far as physiology or ontogeny knows, there is nothing in the infant that was not in the embryo, and the history of that, back to its parental cells and the physical nature of these cells, is well known. May we not say, "Given the nervous organization of any animal, and the nature of its soul and its capacity for mental advancement can be scientifically determined"? Hence the affirmation of certain physiologists that thought is a function of the brain. And is it not a fact of common knowledge that injury by lesion, or otherwise, to the cerebrum destroys memory, speech, hearing, taste and smell; that chemical changes in brain substance affect consciousness; that arrested brain development means imbecility; that drugs and various poisons produce hallucinations, wholly different quality of ideas, and, as in the use of laughing-gas, change the entire mental characteristics of the person influenced? If the soul is an immaterial entity, distinct in nature from its material organism, how is it possible to conceive

of it as being so completely the victim of every change in its material organs? Certainly, if it were known to be as grossly material as the nerve filament which transmits sensations from the outer world, it could not be more completely responsive to organic disturbance or chemical change. For, observe, the change in the substance of an organ does not end with a report of it in consciousness—it changes the characteristics of consciousness itself; for consciousness, as is affirmed by certain physiologists and psychologists, is nothing more than an endless stream of thoughts or feelings. If, then, every change, impression, or thrill in our nerve centers has its concomitant change or thrill in consciousness, if every feeling in consciousness has its concomitant impression or change in nerve centers, and it is seen that these two always go together, neither existing without the other, does it not follow that when the nerves are destroyed consciousness is destroyed also?

Of course the answer to such materialistic reasoning is that the concomitance or coexistence of two facts does not prove that the two facts are one fact. That is, it does not prove that consciousness is the same thing as a nervous sensation, it does not prove that the soul cannot exist without a nervous organism. That the soul can exist without a body is contrary to our experience, but our experience does not go very far. All that we see is two realities —physical and psychical—running parallel with each other, but we do not see either become the other or both coalesce in one. We never see, nor can we ever know, how a thrill along a nerve becomes a state of consciousness. And we may further admit, contrary to the statements of some modern psychologists, that consciousness is not a ceaseless stream of feelings. It is not, as Professor William James (Principles of Psychology, Vol. I, p. 401) affirms it is, a stream of thought, each part of which as "'I' can remember those that went before and know the things they knew." For, as common sense teaches, thoughts do not think, and they do not know, but are what the thinker thinks and the knower knows. Thought is not a subject, but an attribute. If, as Professor James affirms, consciousness is nothing more than a series of feelings, a stream of thought, how did this series or this stream come to know itself as a series or a stream of thought? Has "feeling" consciousness?

If then "feeling" has no consciousness—since it seems absurd to think, for instance, that *pain* and *joy* are self-conscious entities —how can one conceive of any number of pains or feelings having a consciousness? And since when one is unconscious, as in sleep, the series of feelings is broken, the stream of thought has flowed by, how, on awakening, does the new series link on to the old series which have become non-existent? How does the stream which has flowed by return to connect itself with approaching waves of a new stream of thought, so that the late unconscious person can preserve his feeling of identity and remember the things of yesterday? Is he not in danger of waking up some other self than himself?

Thus, while we may admit that the arguments of materialistic and monistic psychologists are not sustained, still it must be conceded from the standpoint of evolution that their failure does not prove the success of their opponents. The mysteries of life and of mental processes are so dark that, after all the returns are in, there is yet left a very wide margin for reasonable doubt. There is quite a difference between proving that the soul is not the sum total of cerebral functions and establishing the probability of its immortality. It is quite easy for Sir Oliver Lodge to say, "The weak point in the argument [that the soul is destroyed with the death of the body] is its tacit assumption that what is nonmanifest is nonexistent"—an assumption which no one would make, I should think; but it is not so easy for him to prove that the nonmanifest really exists, which is the more important for us to know. Nor does it strengthen confidence in his reasoning when he makes a tacit assumption, as when, replying to the statement that if certain parts of the brain are destroyed connection between the psychic and material regions is severed, he says, "True: but cutting off a damaging communication is not the same as destroying the communicator, nor is smashing an organ the same as killing the organist," which is indeed a very obvious conclusion, but which, nevertheless, assumes the very thing in dispute—that the organ and the organist are two distinct and essentially independent things, a fact which the materialist and monist insistently deny. Suppose instead of an organ and an organist we take a music box

or a phonograph—which are so constructed that when they are set in motion music is the result; and when motion (life) ceases, the melody dies—will the eminent scientist's reasoning hold good?

Now, having eliminated all revelation of God and of his Son Jesus Christ concerning man's nature and his destiny, is there enough left after this contention among scientists upon which to base immovable conviction of human immortality? Grant that the soul is immaterial, does that prove personal consciousness forever? Between these contestants, how do we *know* which one is right? And if we are ignorant of the truth in these matters, and there is no guidance for us except in philosophic reasonings, upon what impregnable ground can we confidently believe that death is a door and not a wall? The lonely heart that cries out for

> the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still

cannot rest satisfied with conclusions of psychologists who may prove to their own satisfaction that the soul is not merely the sum total of cerebral activities, while some physiologists affirm that, so far as their science shows, all the facts are against the separate existence of mental life and nervous activity. What the heart longs for is "some sure word of prophecy" which is not of its own making; some word from one *who knows;* and then all rational arguments for immortality will receive an illumination and a confirmation which no argument of materialism can ever destroy. Otherwise, we are tied up to syllogisms, possibilities, and poetry. We are in the dark, and after ages of ever-widening knowledge there is nothing left for us but to follow the advice of Simmias in the Phædo, who would have one "take the best and most irrefragable of human theories, and let this be the raft upon which he sails through life—not without risk, as I admit, if he cannot find some word of God which will more surely and safely carry him."

R. J. Cooke.

Art. V.—THE WORST-UNDERSTOOD BOOK

Matthew Arnold speaks of the book of Ecclesiastes as "one of the wisest and one of the worst-understood books in the Bible," which seems to me to be a happy statement of a very unhappy fact. Strange decree of fate—that one of the wisest books should be one of the worst-understood of books! Yet even in Athens Socrates was not understood; and the Son of man, coming to us with immeasurable good will, was called the Child of the devil.

Worst-understood of books! Renan has called it a lovable book. I believe he calls it "the one really lovable book ever written by a Jew." Surely, it is a badly understood book if it really is a lovable book; if it is a book of unusually large compass of thought, as Gibbon held; if it is a book whose web is shot through with threads of subtle beauty the pattern of which sets forth the truth that there is no satisfaction in the life of man apart from God, which is the meaning John Wesley found in it; if it is a wise book, as Matthew Arnold affirms; for the prevalent impression is that the book's last word is, Life is not worth living; life is a "feeding upon wind." And this opinion obtains, though the unknown editor who gave the world these dozen pages packed with proverbs that have become common property, pages brilliant with wit and relieved by many a human, humorous touch, was kind enough to tell us that the author's last word was, "Fear God and keep his commandments"—a blunt theological putting of a philosophy of life which if the author of Ecclesiastes does hold to is set forth in his terse pages more subtly. Nevertheless, for generations the book has been considered a witness to the vanity of life.

There are some things about Ecclesiastes we may not know. Who wrote it? There are some who still believe Solomon wrote it. The linguists are absolutely positive it could not have been written by Solomon. But this question of authorship probably will never be settled. When was it written, where, and why? No conclusive answers can be given to these questions. It is such a universal book, and so timeless, as to make all such answers little more than

sagacious guesses. I would say the author was a Jew, at least one who held the Jewish faith in the broad. The book may not be the record of an old man's findings, but it so impresses me. At any rate, it is the word of one who has breasted the flood and made port. Critics have disputed as to whether it is poetry or prose, but even a layman who boasts no technical knowledge of Semitics ought to be able to feel that the book is essentially prose, with possibly here and there a scrap of poetry, as in the passage on the tides in men's affairs and the description of the dissolution of man. Perhaps, the contention concerning the meaning of the book aside, the greatest diversity of opinion has arisen as to its structure and literary form. After a careful study of many of the analyses of the book, and after repeated readings of the book itself, I cannot find any systematic or logical arrangement in it. I do find several extensive passages, but, if I mistake not, the book is a "journal in time," the Diary of an Ancient Wiseman, who looked calmly at life, faced the facts, kept a record of what he saw and thought, hoped and feared, a record in which for all time men may see mirrored a forthright honesty, a rugged faith in right, and the world, and God, together with a tender, sensitive, brotherly heart.

Whether or not we may answer the questions concerning authorship, time, form, and so on, even though the book may have no more than the unity of life, we ought to be able to make out its meaning, to read its message; and this though the meaning may not be apparent to the hasty reader, as the passage in John Wesley's Journal seems to hint. It is the purpose of this article to trace this essential meaning of the book.

I. The author, whom we may call the Preacher, has been considered what a friend of mine well versed in Old Testament literature recently called him, "a miserable old pessimist." "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity, saith the Preacher," and saith it a good many times. Right honestly and fearlessly he has set forth the case against faith, and not even Blatchford has given us a longer list of the untoward things of the world. For the Preacher, unlike the Concord Sage and the large company of latter-day optimists, wanted to see all the facts—the disconcerting as well as the hopeful. He would practice no self-deception. And, more-

over, he seemed to have a keenness of vision for all the apparent blemishes in the work of the Great Craftsman. He was impressed with the seeming heartlessness of the natural order,[1] with man's inability to appreciate the cosmic times and tides,[2] with the corruption in those places set for the righting of wrongs,[3] social oppression,[4] envy,[5] covetousness,[6] hypocrisy,[7] irreverence among men.[8] He had seen the calamitous ending of seemingly safe ventures,[9] the world sometimes seemed a gambler's world;[10] like Job, he had seen the tents of the robbers prosper.[11] He had seen many strange freaks of fortune.[12] He had also seen wealth without the power to use it or enjoy it. The workings of avarice he had noted, and the shadow men call death he had seen seated at the banquet table of life. Moreover, men, as well as women, he saw were creatures of prejudice and passion, while wisdom had almost no place in human affairs.[13]

But is the Preacher a pessimist because he sets forth these facts? He would be if he distorted them, if he held them up to his eyes so as to shut all else out of his view, or if he had had no more to say to his readers. A pessimist is one who sees no good in life. The Preacher is always careful to avoid such an affirmation. At the furthest he says life *seems* but a feeding on wind. Yet we do him a grievous wrong if we do not correct even this, as he does, with the saner words—the ultimate reality lies too deep for man.[14] "Vanity of vanities"—that is the Preacher's word. Only let us bear in mind that that is the point from which he starts, and not the place at which he rounds up. The longest single passage in the book, in which our investigator goes far afield, brings up at last at the surprising words—"Life is from the hand of God," and not to be lived apart from him.[15] Surely, this is the religious view of the world, and not the pessimistic. It is to be borne in mind that while the author with scrupulous conscientiousness sets forth the dark facts, he does not distort them, nor does he give them undue place in his thoughts. Furthermore, as I shall point out in a moment, the book reveals the unsatisfactoriness of the pessimist's hasty conclusion and discloses a

[1] 1. 1-11. [2] 1. 12—2. 26. [3] 3. 16. [4] 4. 1. [5] 4. 4. [6] 4. 8. [7] 5. 1-6. [8] 5. 1-7. [9] 5. 14. [10] 9. 11. [11] 7. 15. [12] 10. 5-7. [13] 7. 27-29. [14] 7. 24. [15] 2. 24, marg.

larger thought of life and the world-order that justifies the high faith of man. But before we pass on to these considerations let us note a few of the more heartening facts that the book insists upon. The Preacher belongs in the company of such spirits as Dante, Browning, Tennyson, Amiel, Paschal, and their like, who have through long years brooded on the meaning of life. His dozen autobiographic pages, wrought with literary art, replete with epigram, reveal a gentle, sensitive spirit, sincere, honest, reverent, not without the saving grace of good humor, genial, urbane, cosmopolitan, tolerant. The book is a wonderfully human document. I dare say some of my readers who have taken snap judgment on the book will smile at these characterizations; but I agree with Renan that it is indeed a really lovable book, and appeal to the facts.

"Truly the light is sweet!"[1] Is a pessimist so sensitive to the grace of the world? The parable of ingratitude which he gives us in chapter nine could blossom only in the garden of a gentle heart. His ideal of the home life is the Jewish ideal, based upon virtue and reaching up to an unquestioning faith in God.[2] None save him who has kept his health through the years can look back with joy upon the exuberance of youth as does our author. There seems to be a gentle humor in the counsel, Be joyful in your prosperity; and when you have lost all—well, you can at least meditate.[3] In these days of fanaticism and faddists how medicinal is the word: "Be not righteous overmuch."[4] We would that more of our old folks could keep in touch with the age-to-be as did this Preacher, who would not believe that "the former days were better than these."[5] "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet," yet it is a gift of God to have wealth and to be able to enjoy it.[6] A most significant word! Even the casual reader must have noted there is no touch of morbidity nor asceticism in this little book. Work, and love, and feasting—such is life. He does not speak of the body as a "rose-mesh," but he does call it a "golden bowl" in which the light of the spirit is borne. Ruskin's eyes were opened to the beauty of the world by the luminous words: "He hath made everything beautiful in its time."[7] Only a

[1] 11. 7. [2] 9. 9. [3] 7. 14. [4] 7. 16. [5] 7. 10. [6] 5. 19. [7] 3. 11.

tender heart of deep sympathy could be moved to such feelings as his for the downtrodden poor who suffer and have no comforter.[1] He marvels that men envy rather than admire the triumphs of skill and industry.[2] Before our day he spoke of society and solitude; and before the preachment given to us in our childhood about the bundle of sticks was the beautiful word of the threefold cord. Material riches are nothing as compared with the wealth of the heart.[3] A good name is better than precious oil. A man does well to be admonished by the varied experiences of life. The house of revelry is the place of fools. Anger burneth out the heart. A bribe destroyeth the understanding. Wisdom is a bulwark, the great asset. He that loveth silver shall never be satisfied with silver. Life may have its besetments, but there are work, and joy, and love, and hope, so that a living dog is better than a dead lion. Henry Drummond speaks of the Angelus as setting before us the three elements of the ideal life—work, love, and God. These elements are all brought out as constituents of the normal life in Ecclesiastes. It is the feeling that God is within the shadow that comforts the heart of this Preacher who prophesied before the dawn.

II. Some years ago I was impressed with the fact that in the Preacher we have a case not of sheer pessimism but of faith struggling for its life and refusing to give up its ground. Ecclesiastes can be classed with Lucretius, the Rubaiyat, and the literature of paganism in general, only by the most superficial. The Preacher was not another Omar. Rather, he was one who had started out in life with the simple Jewish faith in God and in the course of widening experience had run upon facts and conditions disconcerting and confusing. The more he had read, and thought, and brooded, the less possible seemed his faith. He could not rationalize his world. He had outgrown his early convictions. What should he do? Give up his faith and sink into helpless unbelief and agnosticism? This he might have done. Rather, his faith reasserted itself. His early impressions could not so easily be wiped out; his heart had a right to be heard; his faith was so unspeakably precious—spite of the seeing of the eyes it might

[1] 4. 1. [2] 4. 4. [3] 6. 3.

be true. He would wait. He would live and work. He would trust God even if he could not understand. I will not say that one gets this meaning on the first reading of the book. "Vanity of vanities" is the first note struck by the Preacher, and again and again he strikes it. Faith in God and right was not the easiest thing in the world for him. Faith with him was an achievement. Moreover, his was not a mind of the intuitive or mystic type. He was capable of large generalization and sustained thinking, but by hard, patient climbing and not by swift flight he had made his way to the hill of vision. Yet no one can read the book carefully, all compact of the dark facts of life as it is, and not be conscious that the author was one who had a back-lying, underlying faith that constantly raised questions concerning the validity of his pessimistic impressions. This is strikingly apparent in the passages that suggest that the pessimistic view leaves unexplained man's spiritual capacity.[1] We have in the book, then, whatever else we have, the *heart's* protest against the pessimistic philosophy of life. The word of the reason is worth much. So also is the testimony of the heart. The instinctive recoil of the heart from the view that life is a progressive revelation of a wholesale deception—euphemistically called disillusionment—should not be pushed lightly aside. The instinctive faith of man in the world-order, in life, is akin to the instinctive faith that makes a lark pick its shell open. Such a course must seem irrational to the bird if it thinks at all, yet the impulse rests upon facts and is justified in the end. The pessimist is ever spreading before us his reasons for distrusting life. It is all very plausible. You cannot always, sometimes it seems you never can, utterly answer him. Nevertheless, there is the instinct of life. We eat, we sleep, we love, we marry. The heart will not follow the intellect. Spite of everything to the contrary, we trust the Great God and live on. Many a man, even to the end of his days, fails to find any rational justification for living and yet goes forward in the power of an instinctive faith. This may not be the happiest, as it is only a partial solution of life's problem; but one so living is not a pessimist. He is of those who, having not seen, have yet believed.

[1] 2. 15.

III. Beyond this indirect witness against the pessimistic conclusion the book sets forth a larger thought of the world-order and of life that justifies the high faith of the heart. The author confesses that he cannot understand all of God's doings, but enough he does see to justify faith and hope. For instance, he sees evil prosperous and arrogant, yet beyond this patent fact there are intimations that lead him to believe in a moral order.[1] He sees wickedness in the place of righteousness, yet in his heart is the ineradicable faith in God the Just.[2] He *had* hated life, and yet he has come to see that life is from the hand of God.[3] He knows that one event befalleth the wise man and the fool[4]; and so far as *knowledge* goes[5] (and the statement is still true) man dieth as dieth the beast. Yet his faith is that man's spirit returneth to God who gave it,[6] a faith which seems to him justified by the consideration that the reserves of wisdom in a wise man's heart otherwise must be scattered to the void.[7] He sees that wisdom is vain, in the sense that it cannot fathom the meaning of life and the world,[8] yet wisdom excelleth folly as light the darkness[9]; it maketh the face to shine[10]; it is as great a power as money[11]; yea, it is even a resource more to be coveted[12]; it is of more avail to a city than ten rulers[13]; and though the problem before man is one the beginning and end of which are hidden from him,[14] so that even the highest wisdom seems to avail little, yet the Preacher's deepest faith is that the righteous and the wise and their works are in the hand of God.[15] He looks at life in its vast sweep and, with a broad outlook on the world-order, sees not ground for despair, but order, reason, symmetry, and beauty—signs of an Infinite Wisdom and Goodness over all. He does not affirm that the world-order is meaningless, but, which is an altogether different thing, its meaning is beyond man's power utterly to fathom.[16] This is not the impertinence of pessimism but the words of a real reverence, a mood of the spirit which we all do well to cultivate, in his opinion.[17]

Underneath all the affirmations of the book lies a profound assumption that more than once saves the Preacher and that

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[1] 8. 12. [2] 3. 17. [3] 2. 24. [4] 2. 16. [5] 3. 21. [6] 12. 7. [7] 2. 15. [8] 8. 16, 17. [9] 2. 13. [10] 8. 1. [11] 7. 12. [12] 7. 11. [13] 7. 19. [14] 3. 11. [15] 9. 1. [16] 3. 11; 7. 24; 8. 16, 17. [17] 5. 1–7.

stamps him as an eminently sane and serious thinker. He sees that life is subtler than thought, and vaster. He is confident that much of the data necessary to a final solution of his problem must ever lie beyond him. He does not give up. The intellect is not the only instrument. His heart has had its say. He knows beyond this the will to live. I do not say that he puts the case in so many words, but more than once his message amounts to just this: The solution of life is in living. At the end of every examination he comes up with the exhortation to work, to live, to trust God. If I mistake not, this is a profound counsel and worthy of consideration. We do not, cannot, *think* our way through. We *live* through our difficulties. We make a great assumption—if we go forward at all—the assumption that life is good, that the world means well, that there is a God and he is our Father. In brief, we assume the Christian view of the world. Then we live our lives, and as we live we come to know the doctrine and to see that it is of God.

IV. This, then, is the message of the Preacher. He is a witness for right, a believer in life. He saw much to confuse his mind and challenge his faith, yet his heart could not submit to the pessimistic conclusion. Besides, he found many intimations glancing forth from elusive reality that justified a more hopeful conclusion. And, what is equally interesting, he passes forth from our sight not as one defeated, but as one who, instructed by the years, refined by the fires of experience, pursues his investigations and his ministry, sharing his good with those about him—an honest fellow, dauntless, gifted with vision, of good heart, and withal most brotherly.

If this view be even approximately true, we can understand why Matthew Arnold calls this book the worst-understood book in the Bible; and, being the book it is, the more's the pity.

James Allen Geissinger

Art. VI.—SOCIAL SALVATION

"From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." To repent is the act of an individual. The kingdom of heaven is a state of society; and here we have two great ideas of salvation; individual and social. Herbert Spencer has said, "All evil results from the nonadaptability of constitution to conditions."[1] Then how shall evil be done away? Shall the constitution of the individual be readapted to social conditions, or shall social conditions be readapted to the individual? Shall we save society through the individual, or the individual through society? Individual salvation we all understand. Does social salvation mean anything? And if so, then what? Two points are clear. First, it is clear that Christ actually proposed an ideal state of human society—the kingdom of heaven; the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God. Second, it is also clear that the chief means to the Christianizing of society is ever the Christianizing of individuals. For, whatever evil characterizes the social order, it must be remembered that the social order was created by and derives its character from human nature. Hence the regeneration of human nature is the fundamental remedy for the evils of society. What more is necessary? Having reminded ourselves that the evils of society are derived from human nature, it would then be a grave mistake to forget that the evils of society serve, in turn, to aggravate and perpetuate those of human nature. In other words, the individual and society act and react mutually. Neither is complete apart from the other. Each must be sought together with the other. This appears plainly in the mere statement of the three chief problems of that evangelism which seeks the conversion of the individual; namely, How to win him, How to keep him, and What to do with him. As a living factor in these three problems social salvation is related successively as the antecedent, the coincident, and the consequent of personal evangelism.

[1] Social Statics, p. 73.

I. As the antecedent of individual salvation, social salvation would indicate any social service or reform by which we obtain access to the man whom we would save. The business of the church is to save men. The business of some other institutions is to damn them. The reason we do not save more is because they damn so many, and do it first. And there will be the minimum of salvation, individual or social, until the antisalvation businesses are put out of business. Concerning his feast the King says: "Go ye into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." But suppose the Jericho highway is held by robbers? Or suppose the absentees are entangled in the hedges? Then the obvious preliminary is to disperse the thieves or break down the hindering hedges. In order to compel them to come in we must first enable them to come in. From a given number of slum children, "not born but damned into the world," or children reared in factory labor or mine labor, is it possible to suppose that we can save as many as we can from an equal number of children born in good homes and reared in wholesome environments? From a given number of habitual drunkards or confirmed prostitutes can we obtain so many converts, or so good, as we can from an equal number of sober men or virtuous women? The many social reforms and social services necessary to cope with the social evils thus alluded to serve at once to illustrate what is meant by social salvation and to show how the latter is the practical prerequisite to the widest reach and deepest effectiveness of individual evangelism. As Dr. Stalker finely says, "We shall not always be content with the philanthropy that picks up the victims as they fall broken from the wheel of progress; we will stop the wheel itself." So to remove evil environments and their influences does not of itself save a man, but it often enables us to save him when otherwise we could not. Or, even when we can save him otherwise, we are thus enabled to save him the sooner and with the less effort, and thus enabled the sooner and the better to take up the work of saving the next man, and thus in the end are enabled to save the most men.

II. The second great practical problem of evangelism is, How to keep the men whom we have won. Here social salvation

becomes the necessary coincident of individual salvation. This will appear in at least three ways. First, the very best protection to the Christian is so to occupy him in the upbuilding of the new Jerusalem, the Christianizing of the social order, that he will be, like Nehemiah on the walls of the old Jerusalem, "too busy to come down." There is a deep scriptural principle underlying this well-known fact. Here are two scriptures that should be read together: John 17. 3, which says, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent," and Matt. 25. 40, where Christ says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." It is a marvelous light that shines out of the comparison of these texts; for, if it is salvation to know Christ, and if Christ is to be known in the men whom we serve, then it follows that he who is rendering social service is ever entering more and more into the saving knowledge of Christ. It thus appears that social service is not only a power to keep, but also a power to increase, the salvation of him who serves. The vital coincidence of social with individual salvation appears again in the fact that the visible and tangible promotion of the social welfare in Christ's name approves and endears his gospel alike to him who is served and to him who witnesses the service. Note how this principle is negatively illustrated in the present estrangement of the working classes from the church. Many now lost to the church might have been held had the influence of the church been more manifestly a power for social justice. And the church can retain or regain the popular confidence only to that degree in which the Sunday worship of its members is exemplified in their Monday business. Christianity must hold its sway over the common people not merely by what it promises of future good, but, rather, by what it produces of present good. For if men are to believe what we say concerning heavenly things, we must first give them convincing evidence of what we say concerning earthly things. Thus, and not otherwise, will the lost be saved and the saved be kept. Social salvation must be coincident with individual salvation, thirdly, as a protection of the saved from those social conditions which are ever threatening to reëntangle them in their

old and evil life. Suppose that our convert belongs to the crew of a pirate ship. If his individual conversion is all the salvation we have to offer him, then he must either lapse back into piracy or lose his life. But if social salvation also is on the Christian's program, that means that we will destroy the pirate ship, release our converted pirate from his environment, and give him a decent chance to be a Christian. We will remove the saloon from the way of the reformed drunkard. We will provide a clean home and a clean job for the woman reclaimed from her fall. The city mission will not only use evangelistic methods to start the slumdweller on the way to heaven, but will also add institutional methods in order to make the way itself better. And if by chance a commercial pirate should reform, then our laws ought to be such as would protect him from that sort of cut-throat competition which may either drive him into bankruptcy or back to piracy.

III. The third great problem of evangelism is, What to do with the individual convert. That is, How to bring his conversion to the largest result in Christian character and usefulness; how to make the saved individual an instrument in the saving of the social order. And there are two reasons why this problem is not solved in the mere fact of his conversion. First, because it still remains to teach him what he ought to do as a Christian member of the social order; second, because it further remains to enable him to do it with the maximum effectiveness. In meeting these two necessities social salvation appears as the vital consequent of individual salvation.

First. The Christian must learn his place and duty as a member of modern society. It has been one of the great errors of our religious life to assume that, if a man has once repented, his social usefulness will take care of itself. Such an assumption has amounted at times almost to criminal negligence. What, for instance, are the conventional standards of Christian business men? These three: to tell the truth, to pay one's debts, and to keep one's contracts to the letter. Beyond these limits the saying that "business is business" is allowed to cover a multitude of sins. To increase dividends by decreasing wages, to take advantage of one's competitors to operate unsafe railroads and mines and un-

sanitary factories, to fleece the public through watered stock, to dodge taxes and extort rebates, to subsidize political bosses and usurp franchises and special privileges—these things are not uncommonly practiced by men who are otherwise good men and sincerely mean to be Christians. And then the commercial classes wonder why the laboring classes hate them, and the church wonders why the world renders it so little reverence. Sound conversion, spiritual-mindedness, good intentions, private morality, the letter of the contract and the letter of the law have not been enough—never will be—to take the place of definite instruction in social duty and passionate inspiration with the social spirit. To love thy neighbor as thyself is not a matter of amiable sentiment but of intelligent service. This is the most vital problem of all ages and is ever a new and difficult problem for each age in turn. And for no generation has it been quite so difficult as for ours. In these days what does it mean to love my neighbor the poor man, my neighbor the immigrant, my neighbor the Negro, my neighbor the liquor dealer, my neighbor the liquor drinker, my neighbor the politician, my neighbor the monopolist? And the new kinds of neighbors that we have in these days—the corporation, the labor union—what of these? And what duties of love do the new occasions teach: the strike, the mob, the political canvass, the financial panic, and the industrial depression? As a single illustration of how this consideration affects all our social problems, it is recorded that "religious manufacturers were not aware that they were murdering their employees with dust until told by the inspector."[1] The uninstructed Christian who thus mingles in such a social complex with no qualification save his good intentions may reach a future heaven at last, but he takes the risk of raising something like a social hell while on the way. To teach him his social situation and responsibility is one of the methods of social salvation. It is not meant that spirituality has no relation to social questions. But what is that relation? An honored leader in our public life lately said, "Let us have a Pentecost, and that will settle the social problem." On the contrary, the Pentecost of old did not settle any social problems, but created

[1] C. R. Henderson in The World's Parliament of Religions, Vol. II, p. 1062.

several. There was the incident of serving the tables, a problem of organized charities; there was the Ananias incident, a problem of unsocialized capital; there was the Elymas incident, a plain proposition of graft; there was the Gentile controversy, an ancient form of the race problem; all fundamentally parallel to our present social problems, and all raised, not settled, by the pentecostal outpouring. And this is no disparagement of Pentecost, but the contrary. For evil does not become a problem until the Spirit of God falls upon the spirits of men to compel them to heart-searchings and problem-ponderings. The diaconate, the apostolate, the Jerusalem council, and all "the applied Christianity" of that time, had to be wrought out afterward through heated controversy and hard experience. And pentecostal influences in our day will not be the solution, but will only impel us to seek the solution of the thronging problems of social righteousness.

Second. In addition to the good will and intelligence requisite for the service of society it is still needful that the Christian have means and opportunity. And so the problem of social salvation has still to deal with the question, How shall social conditions be so altered as to afford the maximum effectiveness of individual service? For it is just as true of the social process as it is of any mechanical process that the quantity and quality of the product depend not only upon the man who operates it, but upon the conditions of the mechanism itself. The man behind the gun is helpless if the gun is useless, and worse than helpless if the gun explodes. As Aristotle wisely said of old, "It may be taken as established that the best life, whether for each individual separately or for states collectively, is one which possesses virtue furnished with external advantages to such a degree as to be capable of action according to virtue."[1] There are, of course, individuals who are good amid bad environments, and other individuals who are bad amid good environments. But always it is true that more individuals will be good amid good environments than amid bad environments. And so it is almost a summary of practical social philosophy that we have in these words of Guizot:

[1] Politics, book iv, chap. i.

An external fact, good, well regulated, leads sooner or later, more or less completely, to an internal fact of the same nature, the same merit; that a world better regulated, a world more just, renders man himself more just; that the inward is reformed by the outward as the outward by the inward; that the two elements are closely connected the one with the other. . . . This is the law of their nature, the general fact of history, the instinctive faith of the human race.[1]

But to say that the individual is likely to be demoralized by his social environment does not set forth the whole evil of the case; for it is equally deplorable that the individual, even when strong enough to resist its deteriorating effect on his own character, often finds himself powerless to modify for good the social process itself. Recurring to the "religious manufacturers" who "were not aware that they were murdering their employees with dust," we can readily see that it was not enough that some one should tell them; it was still necessary that society through the law should protect those who were willing to be at the expense of doing right from the competition of those who preferred to save expense by continuing to do wrong. Under the principle well known to political economy as the "law of the twentieth man," unrestrained competition may often enable one unscrupulous man to force upon nineteen conscientious competitors the alternative of adopting his inhuman economy or of yielding to him the market. Professor Ross thus states and illustrates the same principle:

Those in the same line must move in lockstep, and the pace is set by the meanest man who is allowed to continue in the business. The department store which pays its girls living wages and closes at six can hardly live in the same town with one that pays four dollars a week and closes at nine. If the price of glass jars is fixed by the manufacturer who overdrives little boys, every competitor must conform to this practice; leave the business he may, change it he cannot. As for the dispenser of pure drugs, there is no place for him until the law steps in to standardize quality. The one shipper who extorts an illegal rate obliges all other shippers in his line to break the laws or to be snuffed out. . . . If lavish money is countenanced, no poor man can win without truckling to the contributors of campaign funds.[2]

Be it remembered that our present question is not, How can the individual save his own soul? but, How can he save society?

[1] History of Civilization in Europe, p. 18.
[2] Sin and Society, pp. 155, 156.

In all such cases as those cited it is theoretically possible for the man to save his soul by losing his business interests. But if he lose his business in order to save himself, we see that in so doing he is really forsaking his place and power in the social system and permitting the latter to pursue "the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire." And thus society is no better for his sacrifice; may even be worse. As Professor H. C. Adams pointed out:

> In this fact do we find the explanation of the curious paradox that the more effective the persuasion of religious teachers the more rapid will be the deterioration of business society; for, since the result of such persuasion must be in large measure the renunciation by men of delicate conscience of the great business opportunities, society will tend to take upon itself the moral tone of the more unscrupulous.[1]

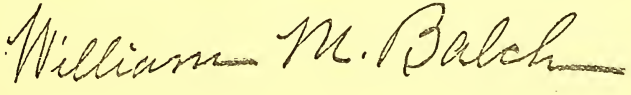
In such a case what must society do to be saved? Clearly, the conversion of the individual concerned does not meet the case unless under the impossible supposition that all individuals concerned are to be converted at once. The enactment and enforcement of adequate laws against unsanitary factories, excessive hours, child labor, adulterated foods, rebating, and corrupt practices in politics, would do more in such instances for the salvation of the social order than would the conversion of a few individuals here and there, and would afford another plain view of what the principle of social salvation means in actual practice.

The present discussion began with the question, Does the saving of society call for anything more than the attempt to save its individual members? And it now appears in conclusion that social salvation has a distinct significance and calls for a working program including the following factors: First, the removal of those social conditions which render impossible or partial the exercise of saving influences upon individuals. Second, the social protection of individual Christians in three ways, namely, by so enlisting them in social service as to preoccupy their lives against the intrusion of evil, by commending the gospel to the understanding and endearing it to the hearts of men through its manifest fruitfulness in social welfare, and by the suppression of those social evils that tend to seduce the individual Christian from the

[1] The State in Relation to Industrial Action.

Christian way. Third, the realization of the largest social usefulness of the individual Christian, first through his inspiration and instruction for efficient social service, and finally by such social action as will render the great social forces subject to men of good will rather than to men of ill will. These particulars rest on the two fundamental principles of social life: First, that an individual is always more than an individual; that he is in vital and inseparable identity with the society of which he is a member. Second, that society is something more than a numerical sum of individuals, "as a cathedral is something more than the stones of which it is made." Thus the idea of social salvation manifests its rational meaning and asserts its moral imperative. And these considerations assuredly give ground and authority for the exhortation with which the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church thus concludes its declaration on the social problem:

> And now we summon our great church to continue and increase its works of social service. . . . We demand of every agency and organization of the church that it shall touch the people in their human relationships with healing and helpfulness. And, finally, be it remembered that we cannot commit to any special agencies the charge that all the church must keep. Upon every member rests a solemn duty to devote himself, with his possessions, his citizenship and his influence, to the glory of God in the service of the present age. And thus by their works, as by their prayers, let all "the people called Methodists" seek that kingdom in which God's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.



Art. VII.—INDIA AND THE MISSIONARY: A STUDY IN SOCIAL REGENERATION

In our modern age of progress social reform is much to the front. We submit all agencies at work to a social test, and thereby praise or condemn. At home and abroad social amelioration and regeneration are the common themes. Even the missionary must submit his work to such a test. It is right he should so do. His work is as much social as it is religious, for such is the kingdom of heaven. It is pertinent, therefore, to ask, What is the Christian missionary doing for the social regeneration of the world? A review of his social work in a single country may be taken as an example of his world-wide method and success. What have Christian missions done for the social regeneration of India, the "burning heart of Asia"? This is our question. The answer may prove significant.

The work of Christian missions for India's social regeneration can never be understood until one has clearly seen the apparently insuperable and utterly heart-breaking obstacles against which the early missionaries have had to contend. Hinduism seemed to have effectually stopped the advance of Christ's kingdom. It was the "Thus far and no farther" of missionary effort in the world. "The devout Henry Martyn, nearly a century ago, with mingled discouragement and yearning, declared that to see a Hindu a real believer in Jesus would be something more nearly approaching the resurrection of a dead body than anything he had yet seen. The illustrious Jesuit missionary, the Abbé Du Bois, mourned that even after a long period of faithful work he believed he had seen no genuine convert to Christianity in that land." No one can understand or appreciate the obstacles to missionary effort and to social progress which Hinduism affords until he has himself grappled with them personally, and been forced to spend whole nights in prayer before the God of nations. The very number of the people is a constant source of discouragement. Three hundred millions crowded into a land as large as the United States

east of the Mississippi River—it is hard to deal with such a multitude. Any possible success, all missionary effort, seems swallowed up in the whole and to count as almost nothing—as if one were attempting to drain the ocean with a bucket. Ignorance scarcely conceivable also bars the way. Two hundred and eighty millions are absolutely illiterate, many millions being unable to count above twenty. Their mental life is no better than a child's. How can the Christian missionary make these masses see the beauty of Christ's gospel and realize the necessity for social progress? And such poverty—equaled only by the ignorance. The millions of ignorant are the millions of poor. The great mass of them are earning five to six cents a day to feed, clothe, and house large families. Over sixty millions are constantly hungry, eating but one small meal a day. They are too much occupied in satisfying the craving of their empty stomachs to take much thought of mind or soul. The great and intolerable system of caste makes it forever impossible for them to better themselves. If one is born of hungry parents, hungry he remains, he begets hungry children, and hungry he dies; such is the universally accepted creed of Hinduism. What can the missionary do? The man is too hungry, too poor, too ignorant, to understand and accept Christianity, and yet there is no hope for him in Hinduism. This is part of the problem which must be solved, but not all. Add to his ignorance poverty, and to poverty uncleanliness, and to uncleanliness superstition, and to superstition lack of all ambition. Such is the condition of the masses of India. And what of the higher classes?—for the line is sharply drawn between them. For ignorance substitute rationalism, for poverty substitute the worldliness of wealth, for superstition substitute bigotry and intolerance; add to them all absolute separation of piety and morality and a bitter hatred of all things Christian. These are the obstacles which have faced the Christian missionary from the beginning. To attempt the social development of such a people seemed a fool's errand. But the Christian missionaries have been men of great faith, men of power in prayer, men mighty in deed and word. While God remained the God of nations he remained the God of India; and on him they relied, to him they clung and for him they died,

knowing they had not lived in vain. They knew that in one day of marching this Jericho of Hinduism would not fall, but some day, when the seven times should be completed, the great walls would come crashing down. God is honoring their faith; he is answering their prayers. To-day a mighty army, three millions strong, is marching with steady tread about its walls, and the seventh time is not far distant. Out of the conditions we have seen God is working his miracles in India to-day. Her social progress has begun, carrying with it the physical, the intellectual, the social, the moral, and the religious regeneration of her three hundred millions.

In the first place, what have Christian missions done for the physical welfare of the Indian peoples? The Hindu people are physically not a strong race. Robust at first, they have gradually degenerated in strength through the centuries. Many causes have been at work. A tropical climate, a false and wicked social system, a pitiful lack of moral standards—all these have sapped their energy and hastened their downfall. India is in great need of physical regeneration. Such a regeneration must take place before any great advance in social progress can be made. The work of the missionary has been along two lines. The first has been the care and cure of those already in distress. He has dealt with individuals and relieved their wants. True, it is but a superficial method—the disease lies deeper than the individual upon whom it may be found—but it is a necessary method. Christian medical missionaries, medical schools and hospitals have been as angels of mercy to thousands. Through the influence and in the spirit of Christian missions the Lady Dufferin Fund has established in the large cities of India free public hospitals and dispensaries. The work of the Christian missionaries in the great famines of India has elicited the most glowing commendations from the highest officials in the realm. The missionary has worked shoulder to shoulder with the representatives of the government. Scores of thousands have been fed by his hands and thousands rescued from death. The second line pursued by the Christian missionary has gone below the surface, below the individual. He has attacked the deep-lying causes of India's physical degeneracy.

He has fought the uncleanliness of the villages and towns by urging sanitation. As a result the ravages of the bubonic plague have been stayed to a large extent among the native Christians.

Christian missions have joined battle with the inconceivable immorality of Hinduism also. Hinduism utterly divorces religion from morality, piety from purity. Hinduism has played Delilah to her young men, and shorn of their strength as they lie in her vile bosom, they have become slaves in the house of disease and death. Successes have been gained at many points. For instance, the missionaries in many parts of India have loudly denounced the custom of having immoral women connected with the Hindu temples. They have striven to arouse the public conscience. In the Bombay Presidency, through their efforts, the courts have made it a criminal offense for a parent to place a girl in the temples for this purpose. In the native state of Mysore the foul Devidasis have been banished completely from the temples of that state. It is as yet but the small cloud, as large as a man's hand, but it rises and there is hope.

Christian missions have gone still deeper, to the very heart of the matter—to the central source and origin of India's physical weakness. It is not uncleanliness, nor immorality, but that which has severed the artery and drained the life-blood of India is the great false social system which rests on child-marriage. "No system can degrade the womanhood of a race, nor for that matter its manhood, more than that which marries its girls in childhood and which consigns millions of them to wretched widowhood. One of the consequences is that girls of even twelve years are known to become mothers in that land, while very few attain the age of eighteen without bearing children. An increasing population under these conditions cannot be a healthy or vigorous one." The result is physically, mentally, and morally disastrous both to child-mother and offspring. When we realize that there are in India to-day more than nine millions of such child-wives under fifteen years of age the extent and evil of this system can more easily be imagined. Against this curse we have set ourselves with all resoluteness. But as yet little has been accomplished outside

the Christian community. Success is gradual and slow, but signs of more definite results are in the air, and the labors of the missionaries are not in vain. The age of cohabitation has been raised by law from ten to twelve years in answer to the appeals of the missionaries. Social congresses are being held to decry the system, and the missionary rejoices in his new allies. In thus relieving needy individuals, and in their fight against uncleanliness, immorality, and child-marriage, distinct and important contributions have been made to India's physical betterment and social progress.

We come next to the contribution of Christian missions to India's intellectual development, and thus to her social progress. Here we meet with results clear and well-defined, important and far-reaching. The progress of education and learning within the last fifty years has been marvelous, and the movement, once begun, has gathered momentum with every year. Within the present century we shall see India transformed from a land of ignorance into a land which shall lead the world in philosophic thought. This is no exaggeration. The Hindu mind is marvelously gifted with powers of logical reasoning and with depth of thought. From Christian India will come the philosophy of the world, much of its science, and its truest interpretations of the Word of God. To bring the Indian people to their own, to restore to them the intellectual leadership of the world, is a work which is world-wide in its significance. In this work Christian missions stand preëminent—the recognized source and origin of all that is being done to-day for India's intellectual regeneration. Not only in their own Christian schools and colleges, not only in their large Christian literature, has their influence been felt, but they have been the original inspirers of all organized secular agencies which are laboring for the same great cause. Christian missions began the work of educating India's millions, other agencies have taken up the task, and the day of consummation is not far distant.

Three great and far-reaching results have sprung from the educational work of the Christian missionary. Their significance for India's future history cannot be estimated. In the first place,

the great system of nonsectarian or nonreligious schools established by the government of India in every city is the direct result of Indian missions. "Dr. Carey, the great founder of the modern missionary enterprise, did not fail to realize the importance of education as a missionary agency, and at a later day Dr. Duff introduced the modern educational movement into India which resulted in the adoption of his plan by the British government with the religious phase omitted." What does this mean for India's social progress? It means that whereas less than fifty years ago there were only 2,000 public schools in all India, to-day there are 155,000. Whereas then there were but 200,000 pupils of all ages, to-day the number has increased to 5,000,000. In other words more than twenty-five per cent of the children of school-going age in all British India are in attendance at either government, mission, or heathen schools. This percentage is rapidly increasing as the government of India is perfecting and enlarging its system of public education. It means that the day of India's ignorance is rapidly passing away, thanks to the efforts of earlier and later missionaries working in Christian schools and through a Christian government. In the second place, as a direct result of Christian missions we see to-day the renaissance of the low-caste millions. The significance of this result time alone can show. It is big with promise for the future. Scarce fifty years ago who cared for the outcast millions, in all their poverty and ignorance and superstition? For them it was a heinous crime against the gods to even look upon a book. None was ever taught to write his name. They were completely and eternally shut off from all learning and all knowledge. Nor did the government care for the education of the masses. They turned to the missionary, and here alone they found sympathy and hope. What do we see to-day as a result? The low-caste man rising from the dust where he has sat for centuries, brushing off his soiled garments, and standing in his manhood for his rights. It is another of India's modern miracles. He has proved himself well worthy of his rights. Trained in mission schools, he has gone forth to compete, and to compete successfully, with the sons of his oppressors. Some of the highest positions open to natives are to-day held by the sons

of scavengers. It is the contribution of Christian missions to India's social progress, this handing over of her low-caste millions, clothed and sitting in their right minds. These results, great as they are, are nevertheless but superficial. The Christian missionary must needs go deeper if he would solve the problem of India's intellectual darkness. And this he has done. With clear-sightedness he has seen where the trouble lay. He has laid his healing hands upon the open sore of India's degeneracy—the pitiable condition of her women. How can there ever be intellectual supremacy of the sons, no matter how perfect the systems of schools, if the mothers be intellectually degenerate? The missionary has seen the problem and has struggled to solve it. And here we see the third great result due to Christian missions—the education of India's women. The missionary has carried on this work amid the most desperate opposition and against the united resistance of all Hindus and Mohammedans. They feared that women were mentally defective and could not learn, no matter how carefully they were taught. "Added to this was an equally invincible belief that any attempt to teach them would endanger their morals, and in any case the effect would be perilous to the reputation and general interests of the family concerned." The government aided the missionary only by sympathy. He has fought and won the battle entirely alone, trusting in the strength of Jehovah, his God. As yet the results are comparatively small, but they are prophetic of great things in the future. Nearly three per cent of the girls of India are in public or private schools. This seems small, but when we consider that in Hinduism it is a crime to teach any woman to read or write, and that the women of India are the most difficult of access, we rejoice in what has already been accomplished. Fifty years ago even Dr. Duff could say concerning the introduction of education among India's women, "One might as well try to scale a wall fifty miles high." To-day more than half a million girls are enrolled in the educational institutions of the empire, a number of whom have vindicated their scholarship by receiving university honors. It is the glory of Indian Methodism that she was the founder of the first college for women in all Asia. For the social progress of India's

millions no greater work than this is being done, and it is being done by Christian missions.

From what has been said in this discussion concerning the relation of missions to popular education one might judge that the work of Christian missions along this line would soon cease. Now that the government and other agencies, Hindu and Mohammedan, have taken up the task of India's education, why should Christian missions continue to do the same work, and not turn their attention to other lines of effort? As in the large cities in the United States the missionary directs his efforts largely to the moral and spiritual welfare of the people, why should he not do the same in India? The answer is that Christian missions by their schools and colleges are making a unique contribution to India's social progress which no other agency can provide. Withdraw the missionary schools from India, and you withdraw that element which no other agency can furnish, and which alone can make the work of other agencies truly valuable. If the missionary schools be withdrawn, India's social progress is doomed to early death. "If the salt have lost its savor, wherewith can it be salted?" For all other schools and colleges are so filled with the spirit of rationalism, agnosticism, atheism, and with such bitter hatred of all things Christian, that but for the splendid young men that the Christian colleges are pouring forth to meet this spirit, India would lapse from heathenism into atheism, and her latter state would be far more terrible than her first. Here lies the crisis in India. The storm-center is the college. India's destiny for coming centuries lies in the hands, not of her millions, but of her educated young men. These are to be her leaders, these are to determine the direction of her future course. Will it be toward atheism or toward Christianity? This is India's problem. Colleges like Lahore and Aligarh send forth their hundreds filled with hatred of all things Christian. They are answered by such Christian colleges as Lucknow and Madura, which are sending out men as finely trained to do battle for the Christian faith. And the social progress of one fifth of this world's people hangs upon the issue. This has been the work of educational missions in India. They have originated and influenced the government system of

public education, they have brought about the renaissance of the low-caste and the outcast, they have inaugurated the education of India's women, and are proving themselves the salvation of India's entire educational movement.

What have Christian missions done for the social life of the Indian peoples? In this department peculiar difficulties have been encountered, for time-honored customs and modes of life are most difficult to erase from the life of any people. India is filled with social abuses which are peculiarly hard to handle, but in all three spheres of social life the missionary has labored and the record in each case is a noble one. We take up, first, the sphere of the family. At the very threshold we are met again by the great curse of India's family life, the degradation of her women. It is family life, and not home life, that India possesses. Hinduism and Mohammedanism have no homes. There is no such word in any of the one hundred and eighty-five languages of India. Imagine what its consequences are. India's whole social structure rests upon a family life in which the husband is a god and the wife a wretched slave. Let him beat her cruelly, as he usually does, she utters not a word, for she is beaten by her god. She dare not sit beside him while he eats his meal, she dare not walk beside him, she dare not even speak his name. She may be one of many wives. Her sons soon learn to treat her as their father does. Wretched in her husband's life, she is more wretched in his death. There is nothing in this world more fiendish than the treatment of these stricken widows—twenty-five millions of them, and many of them yet children. They are the accursed of society, and no insult or abuse is too terrible for them. To visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction is not the creed of Hinduism. Its whole family system is as false as it is cruel. Against such a family system Christian missions have arrayed themselves from the beginning. As a result of their untiring efforts, true Christian homes are springing up all over that large empire. They are examples and models to the heathen round about them of the true family life, and beyond all doubt are to prove the ultimate salvation of India's family system. Again, as a result of missionary agitation, Hindu and Mohammedan

reformers are appearing on all sides proclaiming a new Hinduism and a new Islam in which the family system shall be purged of all its evils and its ancient purity restored. Social congresses are being held from time to time in which these questions are discussed. Many of these Hindus, gifted with unusual courage and in the face of fiercest opposition from their coreligionists, have married widows and have refused to give their children's hands in marriage. The situation is not desperate. It gleams with hope. The missionary as he labors is not discouraged; he clearly foresees the day when a new India shall have introduced a new word into her languages. This word shall be the true and universal symbol of the family system of her people. In the narrow sphere of society—the second sphere—the social relation of man to man, the missionary has been hard at work. He has wrestled with another great curse of India's social life—the great system called "Jat," or caste. India is ruled by a word, and that word is Jat. The empire of India is the empire of Jat. To Jat they all pay tribute. Its laws are stern and unyielding, as fixed and unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and none rebels against them. They would die rather than disobey its arbitrary rules. It divided all its subjects into many thousands of castes or classes, no one knows how many. A man may never live nor marry outside his own particular caste. If he is born a scavenger, a scavenger he remains, and his children after him; once a Brahman always a Brahman. Caste is fitly described as a social ladder upon which every man kisses the feet of the man above him, and kicks the head of the man below him. And what have been its evil effects? It has destroyed the unity of the Indian peoples. There has been no assimilation of the races for two thousand years. Hinduism may talk loftily of its faith in the brotherhood of man, but King Jat never recognizes any such creed. It has created suspicion and hatred among all classes where good faith and brotherhood should reign. It has killed all ambition in India's youth except among the favored few, for there is no hope of bettering one's condition. India's social development to any great extent is impossible as long as the system of caste remains unbroken, as long as its cruel reign is universally ac-

knowledged. This is the great barrier which must be cut away ere India can reach any true social system founded on equal rights and opportunities for every individual. What has been done to destroy this citadel of Hinduism? In the Christian Church much has been done. No one can look upon a Christian Communion service without feeling his whole being bound within him as he realizes its deeper significance. Brahman kneeling by Pariah, Mohammedan by Hindu, all drinking from the same cup —we feast our eyes upon the sight, bend our heads in gratitude to God, and take new courage for the fight. It is God's own seal upon the efforts of the missionary. It is the prophecy of India's social regeneration, and the proof that Christ alone is strong enough to work such miracles in human lives and to usher in that day. Outside the Christian Church, because of the work and influence of missions, the tide is slowly beginning to turn. Caste has reached its high-water mark. We see the ebb beginning. A few reformers are shouting "Death to caste." Social congresses are considering the problem and beginning to condemn the system. Little of practical result has yet been reached, but the movement is significant and shows the trend of the times. Already the ax is laid to the root of the tree, and Christian missions have laid it there. In the third sphere—of the state, the social relation of man to law—what have the missionaries done? We shall not discuss at this point the friendly relations of Christian missions to the British government, but their relation to any spirit of nationality in the Indian peoples. Such a spirit of nationality has never before existed in India. It has been made impossible by diversities of race, language, caste, religion. It would be as difficult to create a spirit of nationality and a feeling of unity among all the races of Europe as to create such a spirit in India. And yet such a thing is happening to-day before our very eyes, and the attention of the world is centered upon it. Out of such diversities of race, language, creed, caste, and custom the impossible *is* happening. A new nation is being born, and this is its hour of birth. This new spirit of nationality is small, as yet in its beginnings, but will grow steadily under the kind and wise guardianship of Great Britain until some day the Empire of India will

be a great and free nation. The growth of any such spirit is necessarily attended with much that is extravagant and evil. It is not always the sane and level-headed that lead the way. There will be impatience of control, rebellious talk, and riot. These are ever the growing pains of a nation, and they are manifest in India to-day. They need careful, firm, and wise treatment. No one realizes this better than Great Britain and the wiser leaders of native thought. They are handling the situation firmly and wisely. They realize, however, as we do, that this new spirit of nationality and unity is not a thing to be cried down but one to rejoice in, for it means that India is coming to her own. It is the most significant move in many years for India's social progress. There are many causes which have aroused this spirit of nationality, but among them all Christian missions stands as not the least. Toward this hour Christian missions have long worked; they have foreseen this crisis, and they rejoice in it. It is the sign of India's new life, which carries with it progress in all other lines. Other agencies have been at work and there are many of them. A kind and paternal government, granting full civil and religious liberty, freedom of the press, and share in the government to a large extent, has contributed to this result. The new education, with its Western science, philosophy, and spirit, has paved the way for it. The railroads, telegraphs, and postal system have bound India together as never before. A common language—the English tongue, now spoken freely by all the educated men of India—has removed the greatest obstacle to unity and nationality. Above all, recent political events have hastened its coming, and chief of these events in far-reaching influence was the utter defeat by an Oriental nation of a much-vaunted and much-feared European power. The victory of Japan drew the Indian peoples closer together, and they felt the first thrills of national life. All these, and others, were factors in creating this new spirit, but Christian missions must be reckoned in as one of them. One of the first signs of this new spirit was seen when, four years ago, Christian missions influenced the founding of the first organization national in its membership, national in its aims, national in its spirit. It is called the National Missionary Society

of India, and its purpose is to unite all Indians to evangelize those parts of India untouched by foreign missionaries. In founding Christian homes, in elevating womankind, in abolishing caste, in developing and guiding the new spirit of nationality, the Christian missionary is "working a work in your days which ye will not believe though it be told you."

What have Christian missions done for the religious life of India's millions, and, working through this department of life, what have they contributed to her social progress? It is here that Christian missions have done their greatest work and won their greatest victories. The social welfare and progress of any people are closely bound up with their religious beliefs and their religious life. Like religion like people, is the verdict of history. Hinduism can never regenerate India, nor can Islam do it. In their very essence they are false. The fundamental doctrines on which they are built will blight any nation whatsoever. Christianity is the only hope of India's social regeneration. There are important factors of social progress which Christianity alone can provide, there are barriers to social progress which Christianity alone can remove. The religious work of the Christian missionary is not only his own peculiar work but in the deepest sense his most important work. His greatest successes in his religious work are likewise his greatest contributions to social progress. In the very beginning of his Christian preaching he discovered a universal characteristic of the Hindu—which in a smaller sense is a great hindrance to missionary effort but in a larger sense is full of meaning and encouragement—his fundamentally religious character. He lives for his religion. It lies deeper than all else in his life, and he will cling to it till death despite its evils. This characteristic causes great discouragement to missionary work, for Hindu converts are hard to gain; but let the Hindu once be won, and he renounces forever his old religion and clings to the new with equal tenacity and devotion. What does it mean in its deeper meanings? It means much. It means that when India is once Christianized she will be in a peculiar sense the home of Christ and of the Christ life. It means that a new Christianity will arise, new in its type, new in its working, new in its spirit—the

product of the Eastern mind and life. As the Western church embodies the spirit of Saint Paul, so the Eastern church to come will manifest the spirit of Saint John. It will be the complete regeneration, within and without, of India's people. Such a church will be impossible until Western Christianity has cleared the way for it. We must make the *great substitutions* in India's religious life. For three hundred and thirty millions of wicked and hostile gods we must substitute one holy, loving heavenly Father; for the many vile incarnations of Vishnu and Siva we must give them the one pure and great incarnation of the Son of God; for the forgiveness of sins and the purification of life which come from bathing in foul Ganges water we must substitute the redemptive blood of Jesus Christ; for eight million four hundred thousand weary transmigrations of soul we must give them one eternal and blessed life; for pessimism we must give them optimism; for despair, joy; for life evil and purposeless, life good and meaningful; for sin and sorrow we must substitute righteousness and joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. Not till then will the Eastern church be founded; not till then will there be any true regeneration, social or otherwise. Christian missionaries are fast making the substitution. Slow at first, now the momentum has been gained. Now is the day of Christian opportunity. Not by individuals alone but by masses they are coming. Three millions have already been gained—many of them from the highest castes. It is the hour of victory. But it is also the hour of Christian responsibility, for two hundred and ninety-seven millions are yet unreached. The next fifty years will witness great events in India's religious history. The day is coming, and is not far distant, when India's new religious life will usher in a new and better social age. India will take her place among the Christian nations of the world, and by her two great characteristics, intellectual keenness and religious devotion, will play her part in universal history.

The first Christian missionaries were given a two-fold commission, the one religious and the other social. What is our verdict concerning the Christian missionaries of India and their work? In spite of many mistakes, in spite of many failures, we

claim that these Christian missionaries of our day have remained true to both original commands. As they have gone they have preached, saying, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand"; and as they have gone they have also healed the sick, raised the dead, cleansed the leper, and cast out devils. Freely they have received; freely they have given. And that which bears witness to their work is this great Eastern empire awakening to life, spiritually and socially renewed.

Oscar Macmillan Buck.

Art. VIII.—THE RETURN TO BELIEF

The Non-Religion of the Future was the title of a book published by a Frenchman some years ago. He assumed that in the course of a little time men would discard religion altogether and settle on other foundations. With respect to his own country, M. Guyau came nigh to being a prophet. At the present time in France out of a population of forty millions the Catholics claim eight millions and the Protestants five hundred thousand, leaving thirty-odd millions outside the fold. But then France never was religious. On the editorial page of the Methodist Review attention was called to De Tocqueville's visit to America at the behest of his government. Returning home he reported to the French Senate:

> I went at your bidding, and passed through their thoroughfares of trade; I ascended their mountains, and went down their valleys; I visited their manufactories, their commercial markets and emporiums of trade; I entered their judicial courts and legislative halls. But I sought everywhere in vain until I entered the church. It was there, as I listened to the soul-equalizing and soul-elevating principles of the gospel of Christ, as they fell from Sabbath to Sabbath upon the masses of the people, that I learned why America is great and free and why France is a slave.

Tennyson had had a poor day when he wrote,

> O life as futile, then, as frail!
> O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
> What hope of answer, or redress?
> Behind the veil, behind the veil.

He must have been perusing Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer was an evolutionist, but a pessimistic one. His mind was fixed that humankind would grow more and more sensitive to the evils of life, and, while having a certain sympathy for the good, would be utterly incapable of ending the bad. And this because "man is himself a part of this evil nature, and while he must hate what is wrong, his very constitution is bound to drive him to coöperate with it." Naturally, Schopenhauer's remedy was suicide. In his judgment the best thing that could happen to the race was death.

And this uncomfortable doctrine of fatalism seemed to be borne out by the discovery that "the aboriginal natives of Australia are themselves the remnant of a nobler race." Furthermore, we can observe for ourselves that "in Africa there are peoples living about the monuments of a civilization which they themselves have altogether forgotten." All that one generation perceives of growth or evolution is always in this order: childhood, maturity, decay, and death. Looks discouraging, doesn't it?

> It may be that the most fitting symbol of humanity is the moon, a satellite once throbbing with life but now deserted, cold, and dead—a mere cinder, shining and spectral in the light of the sun; and to us, like the skeleton at the feasts of the Ancients, a constant reminder of the vanity and death of all things.

Fate still has a seat on the exchange, but Nietzsche's overman has the crowd and is doing the business. Cold intellect and brute force to the front! "Lo! I teach you the overman," cries Zarathustra. "Let him march on in triumph and carry out his strong will without let or hindrance, no matter who suffers, no matter what is trampled underfoot." This is materialism running mad. What the gods first do with men they wish to destroy is well understood. Two smart young fellows are playing a game of checkers in a London Mecca. So the story runs as told by Ford Maddox Hueffer. Suddenly the game stops and one nudges the other to look. An important personage in the room has risen to go. He "pulls together the lapels of his coat, puts on his hat at a certain angle, and gently shakes his umbrella." The gentleman in question is the Harriman of the hour. By and by the young men also rise to depart. "But both of them pull together the lapels of their coats in exactly the same way, put on their hats at precisely the same angle, and shake their umbrellas in the same gentle way" as the big man who preceded them. Nietzsche's gospel has won. These striplings bow down to the overman. But the weakness of the overman's philosophy is shown in the way he has taken to the woods. Imperialism as a working force is all right, but it breaks down at home. After office hours it leaves a man with his hands in his pockets. The overman has found that he needs a place where in the gloom of the evening he can hear the nightingale sing, or

the bullfrog croak, and wake up in the morning to the call of the roosters; that is to say, he must have idealism or he must perish.

There was a time within the memory of men still living when Darwin and Huxley were under the religious ban. The church called them unbelievers and their theory of evolution atheistic. We refused to associate with them lest, perchance, we might be contaminated. But, somehow, we got together and intimacy did not breed contempt. Now we know that Darwin never denied the existence of God, always spoke with reverence of the Creator, and even went so far in his later utterances as to confess that he had attributed too much to natural selection. Moreover, "that Darwinism made the miracle of creation infinitely more miraculous, that the new Genesis differed from the old as a modern engineering works differs from a doll-maker's workshop, that his books tended to revive the faith of man in the immanence of a living God, is now generally recognized." In the early days many well-meaning persons associated Huxley with horns and a long tail. But those who were near to him ridiculed such a combination. Now we thoroughly understand that he was "the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship." Only he didn't scuttle the ship. He did handle Gladstone rather roughly, and he did say: "I am not afraid of the priests in the long run. Scientific method is the white ant which will slowly but surely destroy their fortifications." But he likewise said something else. But this along with the other:

> It is worth any amount of trouble to know by one's own knowledge the great truth that the honest and rigorous following up of the argument which leads us to materialism inevitably carries us beyond it. And, therefore, if I were obliged to choose between absolute materialism and absolute idealism, I should feel compelled to accept the latter alternative.

To Huxley we are indebted for one of the most effective laws of practical Christianity. He said, "Try all things, hold fast by that which is good." This is all there is to his widely heralded agnosticism—the rigorous application of a single principle. "Its spirit is to examine everything, track down its explanation, link and connect it with the whole, rethink the thoughts of God after him, and refuse any rest except in his magnificent unity." While it is destructive of sham it is constructive of truth. To-day, with

this example to guide them, men are dealing with the fact of religion; they find they must, for it is everywhere. Slowly they are giving it satisfactory explanation and fitting it in with the general scheme of all things. Says a London preacher: "I have lately had to do with a man whose whole training has been scientific, but who had been so befogged as to pray to the humanity within himself. However, when he was eighteen he had been unmistakably converted in the good old-fashioned way. He had been brought into actual conflict and contact with the powers of the world to come, and his experience had been so real and vivid that he could never escape from it. The problems of science bewildered him, but the methods of science saved him, and he is now a member of an evangelical church in Central London." "Try all things, hold fast by that which is good." In the enunciation and use of this principle Huxley was certainly an orthodox Methodist. Perhaps it is as well to say it here as elsewhere: we too often overlook the fact that the majority of scientists are devout believers in God and the supernatural. Evolution has not dethroned God and banished him from our world, rather has it greatly enlarged our conception of him. There has been a great deal of talk about the missing link, and Christians have feared that it might be found. Well, what if it is found? What if the greatest discovery of all happens—spontaneous generation? Will God be any the less in the world? Rather will he be more in the world than we had thought. And this is the very thing scientific procedure is doing for us. It is finding that everything, traced to its ultimate limits, "abuts against the skillful hand and the almighty arm" of the Eternal.

Lately, in the course of an address in Leeds, England, Thomas Phillips made this statement: "There is a great movement, whose depth and force we can but imperfectly gauge, sweeping from agnosticism and materialism in the direction of idealism and Christianity." Then he related the following: "Last Thursday evening an independent labor leader, who a few months ago was an agnostic, stood up in our prayer meeting to pray. His prayer may not have been orthodox enough for a Free Church Federation meeting, but I'm sure it was orthodox enough to be heard in

heaven, for it thrilled and throbbed with the struggles of a strong man to escape from the stifling fog into the clear light of God's presence. Within the last six months I've come across two other cases even more conspicuous and noteworthy, the one the case of a Roumanian Jew who is the author of a treatise on philosophy which has been well received by the German press, and the other of a Swiss doctor of literature who came to study at the British Museum as a materialist, but who went back to Switzerland something like a Free Churchman. I do not say that they have become orthodox Christians, but they have got to believe in the spiritual. They have got to believe in the immanence of God, his immanence in creation, therefore his immanence in man, the highest rung of creation, therefore his manifestation in the sinless Man—the 'White Christ,' as one of them habitually calls him." Phillips's statement regarding the movement toward idealism and Christianity is borne out by other signs. For instance, in the year 1908 three notable books came off the press—Mr. H. G. Wells's First and Last Things, Sir Oliver Lodge's Man and the Universe, and Mr. Chesterton's Orthodoxy. The three authors were laymen, and all three books had to do mainly with religion. Mr. Chesterton's book has been widely reviewed, and properly so, for in some ways it is the most remarkable of the three. He does not always hit the mark, but his percentage of "bull's-eyes" is high. There is in the following something more than wit or the clever exhibition of a linguistic trickster:

> It may not be automatic necessity that makes all daisies alike; it may be that God makes every daisy separately, but has never got tired of making them. The repetition in nature may not be a mere recurrence; it may be a theatrical *encore*.

And isn't this capital?

> Poetry is sane because it floats easily in an infinite sea; reason seeks to cross the infinite sea, and so make it finite. The poet only asks to get his head into the heavens. It is the logician who seeks to get the heavens into his head. And it is his head that splits.

Robertson Nicoll, in the British Weekly, calls attention to the fact that twenty years ago Robert Elsmere surrendered his

faith in the divinity of the Lord "because of the discrepancies between the original meaning of the Old Testament prophets and the applications of their words in the New Testament." In the meantime how greatly the action has shifted! Dr. Fairbairn reminds us that Goethe confessed he could conceive progress to be possible on all sides save one: the moral majesty, the spiritual culture, expressed and exhibited in the Gospels could never be excelled. We now maintain that therein lies the proof of their extraordinary character. So, too, the divinity of Jesus Christ no longer rests of necessity on any fitting in of the New Testament to the Old, nor necessarily on any other external arrangement, but, rather, upon Jesus Christ himself. He himself is the miracle. After him what miracle is incredible?

Sir Oliver Lodge asks and answers this question: "What did 'earth' mean to the ancients? It meant the center of the universe; it meant the world to which everything else was an appendage, the world with a sort of sky over it, in which there were lights which regulated our seasons and were appendages to this earth, with man a sort of center of creation corresponding to the world in which he lived." After he has said this he puts the second question and answers it: "What is 'earth' to us now? A round globe flying through space nineteen miles every second of time round the sun; one of a family, the solar system, smaller than most of the others, larger than some; spinning round the great globe which provides it with light and energy; and that great globe, the sun, only one of a myriad of similar suns scattered throughout space. Lord Kelvin estimates that there are about a thousand million such suns within reach of the most powerful telescope, and each of these suns probably the center of a solar system, perhaps something like our own, perhaps different; the center of a number of worlds." In the light of all this there is a good deal more in the old psalmist's cry than there was when it was first uttered, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" This is the cry with which Herbert Spencer sought to frighten us. Of course with the increase of the universe there has come the corresponding decrease of man? Of course no such thing. Mr. Chesterton's reply to this notion will do:

Why should a man surrender his dignity to the solar system any more than to a whale? If mere size proves that man is not the image of God, then a whale may be the image of God. It is quite futile to argue that man is small compared to the cosmos; for man was always small compared to the nearest tree.

The psychologist is dealing effectively with the difficulties of cosmology wherever these difficulties touch man. Tennyson did not attempt to put the infinite into his head, but he put his head into the infinite, and then he told us something:

> For tho' the giant ages heave the hill
> And break the shore,
> And evermore
> Make and break, and work their will;
> Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
> Round us, each with different powers,
> And other forms of life than ours
> What know we greater than the soul?

Closing, I quote two most significant statements. The first is from the tongue of Sir Oliver Lodge and is as follows:

The faculties and achievements of the highest among mankind in art, in science, in philosophy, and in religion are not explicable as an outcome of a struggle for existence. Something more than mere life is possessed by us, something represented by the words "mind" and "soul" and "spirit." On one side we are members of the animal kingdom, on another we are associates of a loftier type of existence and are linked with the Divine.

The second statement is from a paper on "The World of Life," read by Alfred Russel Wallace, the joint discoverer with Darwin of natural selection, before the members of the Royal Institution in London on the occasion of the Darwin centenary:

Neither Darwinism nor any other theory in science or philosophy can give more than a secondary explanation of phenomena. Some deeper power or cause always has to be postulated. I have here claimed that the known facts, when fully examined and reasoned out, are adequate to explain the method of organic evolution; yet the underlying fundamental causes are, and will probably ever remain, not only unknown, but even inconceivable by us. The mysterious power we term life, which alone renders possible the production from a few of the chemical elements of such infinite diverse fabrics, will surely never be explained—as many suppose it will be—in terms of mere matter and motion. But beyond even these marvels is the greater marvel of that ever-present organizing

and guiding power, which—to take a single example—builds up anew that most wonderful congeries of organs, the bird's covering of feathers.

Every attempt to explain these phenomena, even Darwin's highly complex and difficult theory of Pangenesis, utterly breaks down; so that now, even the extreme monists, such as Haeckel, are driven to the supposition that every ultimate cell is a conscious, intelligent individual that knows where to go and what to do, goes there and does it! These unavailing efforts to explain the inexplicable, whether in the details of any one living thing or in the origin of life itself, seem to me to lead us to the irresistible conclusion that beyond and above all terrestrial agencies there is some great source of energy and guidance, which in unknown ways pervades every form of organized life, and of which we ourselves are the ultimate and foreordained outcome.

Dr. R. F. Horton asks us to note the closing words of Professor Gwatkin's book on The Knowledge of God. We are happy so to do just at this point. The Professor is speaking of a certain Sunday in the French city of Lyons:

Toward evening we climbed the height of Fourvieres. A glorious historic site was at our feet, with memories reaching backward to the Council which smote the Hohenstaufen empire into ruins, and backward still to the time when the three score and five states of Gaul came, year by year, to render thanks to heaven for the blessings of Roman peace. They told us that we could see the Alps, but I looked vainly into the mists that were gathering over the broad plain beyond the meeting of the rivers. "Look higher!" And there they were, high in the heaven above. The last rays of sunshine lighted up those glorious domes of rosy snow full seventy miles away. Like those mountains is the revelation of God in history.

B. M. Tipple

Art. IX.—A UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT IN LONDON

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All this in expensive raised lettering on expensive paper. Ignorant of Toynbee Hall, beyond the fact that it was one of London's university settlements for whose maintenance we had reflectively subscribed one pound annually—that being the thing for the Balliol undergraduate to do—and that it was possible to reside therein for purposes of social study, an American friend and I had written to the warden asking for rooms in the Hall for at least a week during the Christmas holidays. The magnificence of the stationery used for his favorable reply damped our sociological ardor, in its relation to Toynbee at least. Raised type and slum work seemed incompatible. We were satisfied that the Hall was merely one of those charitable institutions in London whose chief reason of being is the provision of sinecures for "gentlemen." We felt that we were misguided, in the first instance, in ever having fancied that a mission supported and conducted by members of Oxford University could contain any but very superlative angels who took good care that their raiment should remain unsullied and their hearts untroubled. But it was too late to retire gracefully. The Hall was our inevitable residence for a week; at the end of that time, however, we would be free to move to some other similar institution in London if the atmosphere of Toynbee proved too rarefied. Before going to the settlement we strolled about the neighborhood—Pearl Street, Petticoat Lane, Frying-Pan Alley. The numerous and forlorn Salvation Army quarters seemed the only reasonable missions for such a forlorn humanity. It seemed an insult to the shriveled, bent, half-clothed, dull-eyed men and women whom we passed even to wear the overcoats which the penetrating, damp cold of a London winter afternoon made all too thin for our comfort. Only young and middle-aged men and women we saw, by the way, and our later experience was not different. People don't grow old, in Stepney, outside of the work-

house; the death rate is four times as large as in the West End—and sometimes one feels it's better so. A little chap seven or eight years of age was tugging away at a sack of rags in front of a house on one of these dismal streets. Cold, ragged, and hungry as he was, he was enjoying himself and life; but it happened that he was the only human being we saw that afternoon who appeared to be contented. A few years of going hungry to school, a few more of casual employment and casual meals, a casual marriage and a large number of casual children casually provided for, and then a quite casual death from slow starvation coupled with insanitary living—that's his part in the joy of being, if statistics may inspire prophecies.

Our first glimpse of Toynbee Hall was not reassuring. Raised-letter-head charity stood out on every portion of its façade. Some highly respectable posters announced some highly respectable lectures to be given by some highly respectable gentlemen. We inquired at the lodge—a most refined and cultured lodge—how to get into the place, and the porter, in a high moral tone, told us to ring at the second door on the right of the quad. We walked through a covered passage and found ourselves in a veritable quadrangle. Every stone and every building seemed to recall for our benefit all the dignified aloofness of Oxford. Pensively we looked in at a window on our right. A highly respectable drawing room of palatial size held two gentlemen sitting back to back before the fire. Of course we had been in England long enough to know that they were not necessarily enemies, but merely Oxonian missionaries who had not been introduced and were therefore mutually suspicious. But we had hoped to see, and it had seemed quite possible that we might see at Toynbee, English 'varsity men who wouldn't perpetually look at a stranger as if he were sure to ask them for a loan. Had there been an honorable, or even slightly dishonorable, means of escape we should have seized it. But our baggage had been sent on ahead, and we were rather nervous, too, about the porter; he was so remarkably dignified and irreproachable that it seemed almost irreverent to tell him that we had made a mistake and were looking for the Cecil instead of the Carlton. He might not understand—and then again

he might send for the police, suspecting that we belonged to the submerged tenth, whose intrusion he and his Hall of course deprecated. So we rang the bell and, with no such doubt about our destiny as Macbeth professed concerning Duncan's, heard it toll through the corridors. An immaculately uniformed maid admitted us. Another showed us to our rooms and left us with the remark that tea would be served in the drawing room in ten minutes. Each of us evoked a choking "Eh, eh, thank you!" from some ticklish region 'way down in our chests—quite in the Oxford manner—and glared savagely at the other. But after only a reasonable amount of reciprocal abuse we abandoned attempts to place the major responsibility for our being landed where we were, and wandered slowly through the hallways, thinking how hugely the great unwashed would enjoy the large autotypes of Botticellis, Raphaels, Da Vincis and ancient marbles which covered the walls—if only they were allowed to enter and behold. The drawing room would have done no discredit to a city club. Paintings, statuary, grand piano, cabinets—the Toynbee missionaries didn't go in for even a mild asceticism, we reflected as we made our way to the fireplace, where the only occupant of the room stood sipping his tea—a slim, languid gentleman with the Oxford don't-know-anything-about-anything air and a potential mustache which occasioned him great anxiety. He looked us over leisurely and after some time vouchsafed a remark about the weather. We were touched by the unexpected attention, prompted though it obviously was by the fact that he was one of the large class of English gentlemen who enjoy making pathological studies of Americans—a pastime Americans, too, indulge in and should not resent. His conversation, of course, turned on the barbarism of the States. We humbly made the best excuses we could for the inexcusable—the lynchings, the railway accidents, the insurance companies, the canning industries—and then, learning that he held an official position on one of London's Distress Committees, we asked a few questions about the city's 700,000 hungry. We hardly expected that his remarks would be very illuminating. They were not. Thinking that he at least might be an armchair sociologist, my friend finally ventured to ask him, with due apologies for the difficulties of the

question, what he considered to be the best recent book on the subject. He looked at us with the faintly amused expression of tolerating superiority that Englishmen frequently wear when Americans strive to appear intelligent. "Er-er-er-aw, that is quite an American question, you know. Er-er aw, I re-e-ally cawn't say, you know." A moment later, after he had been told that I lived in Boston, he inquired if I knew a Mr. George Robertson, of Chicago.

We had formed no very high idea of the English collegian's probable efficiency as an angel of the slums, taking this gentleman as the type. But several weeks in the Hall, visits among the poorest Londoners in company with the resident Oxonians and "Cantabs," acquaintance with the residents in other university settlements, and work in connection with one of the municipal Distress Committees, proved conclusively that he was not the type. What he does and why he does it are mysteries. We never saw him at the Distress Committee's quarters and never at breakfast, though his occasional participation in that nine o'clock meal he once hinted in the grave comment, "Er-er-aw, the great thing about Toynbee, you know, is that one doesn't get mutton chops." We were told that he did literary work for a newspaper—a possible truth, since one morning at eleven o'clock he appeared in the dining room feebly lamenting his waste of time in having spent an hour in bed reading a book which it was simply his duty to review. No, he is not the type. A little later that first afternoon the drawing room filled with gentlemen, young and old, whose opinions on living questions it was a privilege to hear and whose attitude toward us and toward each other was one of cordial interest. We saw and heard enough that short hour to cause us tacitly to revise some of our estimates of Oxonians, and during several weeks more we continued the process. The past and present wardens of the Hall are two men whose broadness of intellectual outlook, humanitarianism, and sympathetic understanding of the fearful handicaps of the city's destitute it would not be easy to parallel in American missions. It is such men who give a distinct tone to London's university settlements. Of good family, and ample means, they are without a trace of snobbishness—intel-

lectual, spiritual, or temporal. They can talk Dürer with a dilettante, game preserves with a nobleman, the Education Bill with an M. P., Bernard Shaw with a Fabian, the Old Testament with a Jew, scholastic matters with a student, social reform with a tarrier, and the price of edibles with a woman of the slums—and intelligently.

> A man so varied that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome—

but that's not the case of either; with all their wideness of interests they at the same time have one interest that's nearest their hearts. They have chosen their role in life, not had it thrust upon them, as is still the case with so many of England's clergymen. To educate citizens in the knowledge of one another and to provide them with teaching and recreation is the object of Toynbee Hall and the guiding purpose of its warden; and to a great degree it is a desire keenly felt by the twenty or more constantly changing 'varsity graduates or undergraduates who reside in the Hall. They do not feel it necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose to cut themselves loose from the interests of other grades of society than those to be found in Whitechapel, or to be artificially untrue to the station, personality, and tastes which an inscrutable fortune has bestowed upon them. They were by some chance or other born "gentlemen" and afforded the pleasant and favorable environment of "gentlemen." They neither pride themselves on the fact nor fancy it a just and reasonable reward of their own or their ancestors' antenatal merit, nor do they reject it. When talking with the poor they act no part; they affect no attitude of rough-and-ready fellowship or of genial belief in the equality of men. They are apparently quite as ready to make visits in the slums clad in high hats and frock coats as in cap and tweeds. They do not try to console the dock-worker by telling him of the dignity of labor, and they do not cultivate hypocrisy by catechizing the needy. They eat three or four good, well-served meals a day, including a four-course dinner; they live in more than comfortable apartments, and they have various social engagements in the West End—but they don't hold themselves in the least aloof from the closest personal contact with squalor and the squalid. They may

object to the tobacco juice that is a feature of the men's debates in the Hall, but by no word or sign is their objection manifested. They may quail a bit at the sights and smells they encounter in their visits, but never an indication of aught but the sincerest sympathy and desire to help is visible when they shake some dirty hand on entering or leaving some foul and wretched home. They live according to decorous moral standards themselves, but they aren't surprised and shocked and discouraged on finding that "there ain't no Ten Commandments" in many of those East End tenements where often ten shillings a week is supposed to maintain a family of four or more living in one barren, miniature room.

Unobtrusively conscious as their superiority is, fortuitous in origin as it is admitted to be, and little as it affects their comprehension of the difficulties of the abject beings whom they're endeavoring to help, it's hard to conceive of its being any but a very latent part of the equipment of a successful worker in the slums of New York. One has visions of a Toynbeeite's high hat being knocked into the middle distance by a snowball or brickbat before its wearer could explain his very sound views on the gradations of society. Certainly, such an institution as the Hall, with its gentlemanly residents, would never be admitted into the lives of our city's poorest as it is in London. It often takes no more than three months in our country for even an Italian peasant to feel that he not only might be, could have been, or ought to be, but *is* as good a man as you are. I nearly came to blows with a Russian barber not long ago through contending that A possessed more inherent ability than he, just as B possessed more than A. But in England, with its niceness of class distinctions—altogether too nice and infrangible, of course—and with Englishmen's comparative willingness to accept them and to abide by them, the attitude of the Toynbeeite is quite in the nature of things. Their present warden is not only respected but loved by the fifteen hundred or more people that the Hall, in one way or another, reaches. I have seen him almost overborne by a crowd of little tatterdemalions in their eagerness to be the first to shake his hand. I've seen a gang of underfed, ragged gamins simply hang on his words as he explained pictures in the National Gallery. At a

rough "smoker" in the Hall one Sunday night an able lecturer from Oxford addressed an audience consisting largely of Jews—the predominant race in Stepney—on "The Growth of the Central Principle of Christianity." The discussion was then, as usual, thrown open to the house, and applause, groans and hisses greeted various speakers as they decried or praised the influence of Jesus. It wasn't too easy to answer, even to our own satisfaction, the repeated query, "Wot's it done for us?" when we knew of the starvation wages received by the questioners from wealthy Christian employers. The meeting became more and more turbulent. An emaciated, fiery Jew mounted the platform and declaimed hotly against Christ. A man who at the last had cried "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" was too hopeless, helpless a being to be the exemplar of a class that was doomed to suffering. Job had declared, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him"—*he* was one of the men of the Scriptures who was worthy of being regarded as humanity's ideal. In the midst of the uproar that followed this speech the warden arose, his tall, well-knit frame tense, his strong, kindly, mobile face betraying unusual emotion. The crowd in the Hall immediately became silent; and he then delivered one of the most impressive little sermons I have ever listened to. He was not an eloquent, not even a good speaker, but if ever real feeling came from the lips of any man, it came from his in answer to that virulent attack upon a personality he cherished. To the Jew's wilder statements he made no rejoinder, but mildly reminded him that Christ's last words were not despairing: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," and that Job, in his anguish, had shown much more hopelessness than Jesus; then, in a few broken, hesitating sentences, he told what Christ's life and final agony meant to him. Apart from the personality of the speaker the words, perhaps, amounted to little; but, coming from this man, in his almost painful earnestness they impressed one with the force of a revelation. The absolute silence preserved by his audience testified to their respect and affection for the man; and the momentary quiet, when he had finished, followed by long and loud applause, showed that his opinions were not without effect upon even his Jewish listeners. Later, indeed,

several Jews spoke warmly of Christ's good moral influence upon the world.

No religious or national lines are drawn in Toynbee's admission of residents and visitors. Episcopalians, Non-Conformists, Jews, agnostics, atheists, Americans, Germans, Hungarians and collegians of many other nations have at one time or another been on its working list. Each resident and visitor pays his daily or weekly "battels," as at Oxford—battels rather disastrous, too, for a thin pocketbook—and thus the running expenses of the establishment are provided for. Voluntary subscriptions amounting to some fourteen hundred pounds annually maintain men's, women's, and children's classes in arithmetic, shorthand, bookkeeping, reading, grammar, composition, history, social reform, physiology, physics, and so forth, conducted by outside teachers. The warden alone has a salary, which he returns. Residents take any part they wish—usually a large one—in the many interests of the Hall, both inside and outside its walls. One most active gentleman, for instance, who is in the Education Office, has devoted a great deal of his spare time to gathering together a score of broom-makers, who, by the use of coöperative methods, make some fifteen per cent more than the ordinary wage. Smoking debates on all sorts of subjects are numerous; no matter what the subject, socialism is sure to enter. Inside the walls are a couple of tennis courts, often converted into a playground—a rarity in the East End—for the children; and clubrooms supplied with books and magazines are, of course, provided. Several of the university settlements, including Toynbee, have what is termed the "Poor Man's Lawyer": one night each week an attorney is to be found at the settlements ready to give advice to those too poor to pay for legal counsel. Frequent parties are given in the Hall, and the lower rooms of the buildings are thrown open, and here again, though there's no stiffness, and no lack of merriment on the part of either hosts or guests, there is still to be felt that undertone of class distinctions or class philosophy.

And it is this tone, this entire retention of their place in society on the part of the residents at Toynbee, that to an American is the institution's most striking feature—striking, not because of

its mere existence, but because of the rarer qualities of mind and heart that accompany it and the success that attends it. By a manner of conduct almost the direct opposite to that of the Salvation Army these educated, cultured, personally fastidious Englishmen win a place in the lives of many of the same class of people that Booth's followers reach, as well as in the lives of many who are more capable of using chances for self-improvement or are less susceptible to emotional methods of salvation.

We remained at Toynbee several weeks—quite long enough to find that frock-coat charity in England is not incompatible with the truest helpfulness. We had heard statements to the effect that there were plenty of warm-hearted, self-sacrificing, thoughtful men at Oxford; our residence at the Hall, where we came to scoff and stayed to pray, fully satisfied us that the statements were well founded.

Paul Tipson

Art. X.—TENNYSON'S RELIGIOUS FAITH

Whatever other claims Tennyson may have to fame, it is clear to us now that he was the most influential religious teacher of the nineteenth century. This distinction is due partly to the fact that the essential religious interests of life afford the greatest themes for poetry; partly to the tragic intensity with which the problems of faith and doubt appealed to Tennyson personally; partly to the resolute and inquiring character of his intellect—an intellect as strong and sure as any that England produced in his day; and partly to the magic gift of poetic expression, whereby he was able to turn his thought and passion into the current coin of everyday life, and so give it entrance at lowly doors and render it as welcome to the artisan as to the scholar; as much the possession of the scientist and philosopher as of the theologian. Tennyson's was an age, too, of agonizing religious struggle. The battle between faith and science had been joined with desperate decision. The very "hopes that make us men" had been assailed, and it seemed to many earnest spirits that choice must be made between the findings of science and the preservation of intellectual integrity on the one hand, and the ineradicable ideals of faith on the other hand. Add to all this the experience that came to Tennyson in the sudden death of his gifted friend, Hallam, at the very doorway of what must have been a career of extraordinary greatness and service, and we can realize with what urgency Tennyson was driven to take an account of man's religious hopes and fears. The loss of his friend shook the very citadel of his moral being. The whole complex of moral and religious truth—God, immortality, man's place in the universe, the reality and worth of life—forced itself upon him with overmastering insistency; and in pressing for an answer to his own questionings he probed to the heart of the religious problems of all men. It seemed to his own associates and contemporaries—and they were the leading thinkers and religious leaders of the age—that Tennyson's contribution to the religious discussion of the time was preëminent. It seemed

to them that he "had made a definite step toward the unification of the highest religion and philosophy with the progressive science of the day." Men were impressed by his "splendid faith (in the face of the frankest acknowledgment of every difficulty) in the growing purpose of the sum of life, and in the noble destiny of the individual man as he offers himself for the fulfillment of his little part." "In Memoriam" emphasized "the ineffaceable and ineradicable conviction that humanity will not and cannot acquiesce in a godless world"; and it indicated for them "the indestructible and inalienable minimum of faith which humanity cannot give up because it is necessary for life." The unique value that attaches to Tennyson's inquiry into the grounds and limits of man's religious claims lies in the fact that his method is that of the poet rather than that of the scientist, the theologian, or the philosopher. He founds his religious world upon belief, not upon demonstration; upon faith, not upon knowledge. He sees that nothing which is vitally worth proving can be proved. He exalts law, and honors science, and gladly warms his human nature in the glow of every physical fact, but he perceives the inadequacy of logic and intellect in the realm of man's deepest needs. Is it asked how this may be? It is that as a seer he assumes an ideal universe; a world invisible to eyes of flesh, and intangible to fingers of earth, yet a world immeasurably more real than that which makes its appeal to the five senses. It was this imperishable spiritual universe that he sought to apprehend and to exploit. And he did perceive it, and did interpret it with convincing beauty and force; giving to his age and to us transcripts of reality as he, the seer and the great-hearted human brother, saw and understood it.

Now, are the foundations of this world of faith, which Tennyson constructed for himself, enduring and of universal validity? Do they compel intellectual assent? Do his postulates have the worth and cogency of demonstrated truth? Tennyson himself did not make such claims for them. Yet I am not sure but that they ought to be granted the highest authority. In fact, philosophers seem more and more inclined to assign prime value to this process of rational faith whereby our poets and seers have laid hold of the

ultimate verities of life and the universe. It is important to note that the faith of Tennyson is not a faith divorced from reason, nor a faith contrary to reason. Nor is it the mere guise of reason that we sometimes designate by the terms "feeling" and "intuition." It is akin to Kant's "practical reason"—the reason by the light of which men must proceed or perish. We might better refuse to drink when we are thirsty, or decline to eat when we are hungry, than refuse to accept as valid the spiritual sustenance which the soul craves for itself, and which—through such a faith philosophy—it finds satisfactory to its needs. Such a faith as this of Tennyson's is freighted with rationality. It runs in the direction of reason, but it runs beyond reason. It is an hypothesis, but one that works, and that goes farther to explain all the facts than does any other hypothesis offered for the explanation of man and his spiritual problems—an hypothesis, too, which, if not proved, is continually in the way of being proved. Moreover, this faith of Tennyson's is based upon experience. It takes in the totality of facts to be explained. It sends its roots down and out until they lay hold of the entire soil of human experience. To uproot the assumptions that such a faith finds itself compelled to make in the interest of spiritual self-preservation would be to rend as with an earthquake all the ordinary ground of human experience. It is just by virtue of this alliance with all the common and trustworthy experiences that go to make up life, this far-reaching association with all the familiar and accepted activities by which our daily intercourse with reality proceeds; it is chiefly by this that the assumptions of the faith philosophy gain such credence and take on indisputable rationality. In no realm of human interest can we give an adequate theoretical account of how we arrive at the important conclusions of life. The scientist cannot do this. The captain of industry cannot do it. The statesman cannot do it. It is the accumulated experience of a lifetime that we bring to bear at any given crisis of reason or judgment. Before we act in an emergency we summon to the test the totality of our past experience; and if all the experience of the past bears in a given direction, we make our decision in the light of all we know to be true, and all that we know to have worked

successfully hitherto, and we abide by the consequence. We cannot rend any particular experience from the sum of all our experience. If the particular experience hold, it holds because of its connection with the whole fabric of thought and conduct; if our crucial assumptions hold, they do so because they are tested by a multitude of former prosperous experiences. And nowhere in all the domain of human experience may the blasting, suicidal tendency to deny assumptions that are thus built upon a whole lifetime of trustworthy experiences be better exemplified than in the denial of the indispensable assumptions of God, immortality, and human freedom. Heine finely says: "The mere discussion by anyone of the existence of God causes me to feel a strange disquietude, an uneasy dread, such as I once experienced in visiting New Bedlam, when, for a moment losing sight of my guide, I was surrounded by madmen. God is all that is, and doubt of his existence is doubt of life itself; it is death." I think we may say, then, concerning the ground of Tennyson's belief, that, if not knowledge, it is something deeper and more authoritative than knowledge; and that, having been subjected to rational processes at every step of its progress, and having never violated or run counter to the laws of reason, it is quite as trustworthy and satisfying as proof, or demonstration.

It remains now to indicate the main postulates of Tennyson's religious world. He himself once condensed them into a brief sentence: "There's a something that watches over us; and our individuality endures: that's my faith and that's all my faith." God, human freedom, immortality. He does, of course, in many poems and letters and isolated utterances, expand what he says above so tersely. From these various sources we learn that he held God to be a spirit; a personal spirit; a personal spirit whose inmost essence is love, and who has revealed that love in Christ. All reality is spirit; and that reality is comprised in the being of God and in human personality. The corporeal world possesses no enduring reality. God and man alone persist. There is no impersonal reality; Tennyson is not a pantheist. As to man, Tennyson firmly asserts his individuality and self-determination. Man's being is other than God's being, and man is responsible for his

acts. Indeed, Tennyson finds in self-consciousness, and in this power of man over his "own act and on the world," the very essence of human personality. He sees that the very foundations of the moral life are based upon man's mastery over his own fate; and it was his wont to assert that the denial of individual responsibility must sink men "into pessimism and madness." It is in his effort to make good his third postulate, the personal immortality of man, that Tennyson puts forth the supreme effort of his stalwart mind and robust faith. He counts life a mockery—an empty and meaningless delusion—if what the race has deemed its deathless loves and hopes and yearnings are to be forever chilled and quieted in a six-foot moldering mound of earth. For more than fifty years he battled for this faith that

> transplanted human worth
> Will bloom to profit otherwhere.

He believed that in the process of evolution man, the highest product of the universe, must eventually attain the highest spiritual condition, and it seemed to him that nothing short of immortality could compensate for the long and stupendous preparation that had been made for the flowering of creation's supreme product. For man, the laboring world's chief fruitage, to perish in an hour seemed inconceivable. Tennyson further affirmed that "the cardinal point of Christianity is the life after death." It seemed to him that man's desire for life and hatred of death, his splendid faith and noble achievements, his kinship with all the essential qualities of Deity—it seemed to him that all this made it compulsory for a just and loving God to grant to man "immortality, or something better, if better there can be." He once said: "If there be a God that has made the earth and put this hope and passion into us, it must foreshadow the truth. If it be not true, then no God, but a mocking fiend, created us."

Frank C. Lockwood

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

ONCE more, dear brethren! Never roll a manuscript. A rolled manuscript is never anything but a nuisance to everybody unfortunate enough to have anything to do with it, from the moment it is rolled, through all its troublesome history, to its end in the waste-basket or the fire.

ON learning the doctrine by doing the Will, Dr. Watkinson says: "We understand high and holy truths only as we treat them seriously and apply them practically. God explains them to us through *experience*. Just as the scientist learns the truths of nature through experiment, so we learn the highest truths through experience. We know the heavenly doctrine through its action on our conscience, heart, and will. God illuminates us through *character*. Would you know more? Get higher qualities and graces. We are illuminated through *obedience*. Revelation is granted through duty. We learn divinest secrets in *prayer*. A very little fellow, whose mother failed to explain his difficulties, answered: 'Mother, you have not told me much; I wish that I could have five minutes with God.' Our five minutes with God go a long way. So light is not given to theorists, for knowledge that puffeth up is no gain; light steals upon us through personal sanctification, practical obedience, hallowed devotion, and every truth thus apprehended is the light of life, filling us with strength, purity, and joy."

THE following reasonable words from The British Medical Journal are of practical interest to every minister. While he should never force his attentions upon the sick, his presence and his services are as suitable to the sick-room as those of the medical attendant. He may have a duty there as distinct and as imperative at least as the doctor's. And it is certainly not within the proper prerogatives of a physician to say, "No one must be allowed to see the patient, not even the minister." "Spiritual ministrations are outside the doctor's sphere of action," says The

British Medical Journal; "his duty is to do the best he can for the bodily welfare of the sufferer under his charge. He has no right to keep the minister of religion out of the sick-room unless either from the condition of the patient or from his knowledge of the personality of the clergyman there be reason to fear that his influence is likely to be the reverse of beneficial. There are tactless parsons just as there are inconsiderate doctors. If the patient is in danger of death, the consolations of religion should never be refused him if he or those about him wish for them. *With such matters the doctor has as little right to interfere as with the arrangement of the patient's worldly affairs.*"

WILLIAM WINTER ON THE THEATER

If there exists, in and for the dramatic world, a fully qualified, capable, and authoritative supreme court, it sits under William Winter's hat and is buttoned up inside his coat. As an authority he is unobjectionable. The refined cannot object to him, for his refinement surpasses theirs; nor the religious, for he is as reverent and devout and pure-hearted as they. The theater people cannot in any way rule him out, for he is one of them. They cannot object that he is not fully informed, for theater-going is his business—he has spent his life in it; nor that he is prejudiced against dramatic entertainments, for the drama is dearer to him than it is to them—he has done more for it than they have; nor that he is narrow and puritanical, for his culture is as broad as civilization, his sympathies and his appreciation as wide as the living world. His highly intellectual face is the index of keen and strong intelligence, and his snowy hair is a true emblem of the whiteness of his soul and the purity of his life. His judgment is just, his commendation of a play or a person is sufficient certificate of good character; his condemnation is irreversible and fatal.

Thus much by way of introduction. And now we invite attention to the fact that this supreme authority sternly condemns the theater of to-day. Lest any reader have a chance to doubt us for a moment, it is necessary that this statement be immediately supported by evidence; and we proceed at once to quote from the opinions and decisions recently handed down by William Winter from his high judgment seat.

Comparing past with present, Mr. Winter, referring to a certain merry play which "gave pleasure and had a fair career fifty years ago," says: "It would not meet with public favor now, for its spirit is pure and its mirth is innocent. At this time the prevalent taste is for plays that dispense the patchouly of vice or delve into the muck of illicit amours." With it he contrasts a new play, bearing the same name as the old one, and says of the one now running: "Its subject is vulgar; its story is silly; its incidents are preposterous; its dialogue is prolix and insipid; its construction is imbecile; its characters are such as no acting could redeem. It is too trivial for serious consideration and too gross and offensive for toleration."

Of another house-crowding drama, Mr. Winter writes: "A multitude of persons will see it; none can be the better or the happier for seeing it. There is nothing in it to be enjoyed; there is nothing to be learned from it. . . . The more skillful and lifelike the acting of such a play, the more reprehensible becomes its public presentation; it is only one thing more done artistically that ought not to be done at all."

On June 1 Mr. Winter, referring to "dirty dramas at the Hackett and elsewhere," said: "The theatrical season of 1908-09 has been remarkable only for the number of indecent plays that have been produced in the course of it. The season began with a double-barreled discharge of flippant, cynical vulgarity—a dirty drama produced simultaneously at two theaters. And the reek of theatrical vice has been diffused almost continuously ever since." According to this fully informed and truthful critic, the average theater of to-day is presenting "tainted trash," "nasty farces," "loathsome performances." He says the plays that have occupied the stage and crowded the house during the last two years "confirm in many minds the impression already deeply rooted that the theater in general is an immoral institution." One of the plays thus characterized has received the enraptured but damning praise of Emma Goldman, the anarchist, who declares it to be "the only real drama that America has ever produced."

William Winter is as much horrified at the spectators as at the plays, and complains that during the most disgusting passages the audience chuckles, and laughs aloud with shameless glee, in what he describes as "a general ebullition of exuberant joy": which is confirmed by a theatrical manager, who confesses that a foul remark or suggestion on the stage starts a laugh that rolls from the footlights to the top gallery. It is the laughter of fools making a mock

of sin, the wages of which is death. Such audiences are vulgar in the sense Ruskin meant when he said: "In real ingrained vulgarity there is a callousness which becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit or crime." The callous and hardened immodesty of the theater promotes both bestiality and crime.

The most horrible fact Mr. Winter reports is that at one of the most injurious and corrupting of vicious plays—a gross portrayal of vice—the audience consisted largely of young women and half-grown girls, giggling and tittering at the vilest things. When a Roman Catholic archbishop from his cathedral pulpit denounced the most popular plays as orgies of obscenity and declared that the stage to-day is worse than in the worst days of paganism, a leading theatrical manager in New York said: "Archbishop Farley is right." And when the Archbishop appealed to parents to "exercise a wise supervision over the young and to look carefully after their companionships and resorts," an actor said that reform will begin when parents stop their children from attending plays which make the theater a public school of debauchery.

One deplorable though not surprising fact is the encouragement given to immoral shows by wealthy and fashionable society, leading the way and making it the fashionable thing to do; and then all lower circles, aping the high fashionables, swarm in after them. Recently the dramatic reporters said: "The larger part of the audience came in carriages. . . . A $20,000 houseful of social leaders jammed the opera house" to witness one of the most shocking operas ever presented in America—"Wilde's diseased libretto wedded to Strauss's diseased score," which, two years ago, was driven out of the city that is now degenerate enough to welcome it.

Another deplorable sign of the degeneracy of the times is that at the very time when William Winter was pouring out his "moral indignation" in "angry remonstrance," a newspaper, which loudly advertises its own superior respectability, perpetrated such amazing editorial flippancy as this: "The outburst of moral indignation in regard to theatricals is already exciting ridicule. . . . As the wave of angry remonstrance subsides the humorous side of the subject impresses itself on the public mind. . . . How preposterous in retrospect seems the former suppression of Clyde Fitch's version of 'Sapho' and Strauss's 'Salome'!" For that newspaper, needless to say, Mr. Winter, the sanest of dramatic critics, does not write. The theatricals of to-day excite his "moral indignation" to "angry remonstrance";

and he does not regard the suppression of putrid plays as "preposterous."

William Winter's reminiscences of the stage and its chief actors, extending through his long lifetime, are in a volume entitled Other Days, the concluding chapter of which deals with the theater as it is to-day. The contemporary stage, he says, is in a bad way. The blame he divides equally between play-goers and theater managers; the actors being almost powerless to prevent the decline and decay of the drama. In his book he says: "The theatrical audience of this period is largely composed of vulgarians who know nothing about art or literature, and who care for nothing but the solace of their low tastes and animal appetites; on that point observation of the faces and manners of the multitude would satisfy any thoughtful observer; and because the audience is largely of this character, the theater has become precisely what it might have been expected to become when dependent on such patronage. It has passed from the hands that ought to control it, the hands either of actors who love and honor their art or of men endowed with the temperament of the actor and acquainted with his art and its needs, and, *almost entirely,* it has fallen into the clutches of sordid, money-grabbing tradesmen, who have degraded it into a bazaar. Throughout the length and breadth of the United States speculators have captured the industry that they call 'the Amusement Business,' and have made a corner in theatricals."

It is reported that the commercial control of the theater business (as well as of the vilest of all businesses) has passed into the hands of unscrupulous Jews, "lewd fellows of the baser sort," in whom two devastating passions dominate—a remorseless greed which, for gain, traffics in souls as unhesitatingly as in old clothes, and a powerful animalism which frankly glories in its bestiality. A distinguished rabbi publicly expresses his wish that there were not so many Jews engaged in this base business; and cries out: "I indict the theaters as they are to-day. We are insulted by what is being put on the stage. I don't care if every manager is a Jew—they are all heathens. I indict all those who are pandering to vice and crime, whether Jews or Christians. They are the debasers of the nation." And to his audience this faithful rabbi says: "Things will remain as bad as they are until you say to the managers, 'We will not go near your theaters.' Reform depends on the theater-going public."

With William Winter and the Jewish rabbi agrees a prominent theatrical manager who says: "Who is to be blamed for the present

evil conditions? The manager? Managers must live; and they will tell you that if they put on good shows, decent plays, with real merit and without any pornographic attractions, they will starve to death. The actor? The actor must live; and he will tell you that it is his necessity to portray such things as the public will come to see; and that it is not his fault, but his humiliating misfortune, if the public prefers and demands obscenity. He is a victim of the law of supply and demand. The responsibility rests on the theater-going public. The fault is with them and the remedy is within their power."

A noted actress says that nothing but a failure of box receipts will change the character of the theater; and certainly there is not likely to be any improvement so long as the statement in a morning paper that a certain play ought to be suppressed by the police is enough to pack the house that night. One show of this sort, depicting gay life in Paris, netted its producers several millions of dollars. Theater managers who do not defend the theater as it is, say that the reason for the inexpressibly filthy shows that are drawing crowds in these years is that the public demands rottenness, and will pay in proportion to its abominableness, and will not pay for anything better. A minister who publicly denounced a certain play by name, afterward received thanks from the theater manager, who said the denunciation had been worth two thousand dollars to his business. An unprincipled playwright, who knows the prevalent taste and caters to it successfully, says: "The public doesn't want rose-water drama. No author of plays, in these days, makes anything by truckling to puritanic prudery and squeamishness." A dramatic critic reports that the plays now most popular and profitable are those which were written apparently for the purpose of discovering how far it is possible to go without police interference.

In opposition to the specious theories and fallacious arguments put forward in defense of "the drama of dirt," Mr. Winter says: "The contention commonly made to justify the theatrical presentation of impure and contaminating themes is that 'such things do occur' and that the theater only presents 'real life' and is 'a record of humanity.' But that is no sufficient reason for showing on the stage things filthy or disgusting, hideous and horrible. . . . Scores of nasty plays have been written and acted on the theory that anything, no matter how vulgar and vile, can be shown upon the stage, if only you tag it with some commonplace precept. Such talk is specious humbug. No lover of dramatic art can feel anything but regret and shame over the ex-

position of dramas that cannot do good but are certain to do immense evil by persuading the public mind to tolerate displays of immorality and bestiality. We do not want to see, in the theater, the vileness that should be shunned; we want to see the beauty that should be loved and emulated. . . . For several seasons the assertion has been practically made that the mission of the theater is to hold the mirror up to nature, and that nature is a cesspool." With this conception of the theater's mission the stage has spread its table with the contents of the cesspool; ordure and offal constituting the bill of fare; husks and worse that "the swine did eat." Some of the plays are at once vapid and vicious, inane and indecent, fatuous and flagrant, witless and wicked, and others as infernally ingenious in subtle suggestion as they are brazenly impudent in vivid action; the whole a flood of garbage and pigwash, putrescence and feculence, that ought to go down the sewer, instead of pouring out its filth and stench upon human minds.

Mr. Winter publicly rebukes a hitherto reputable actress for the despicable infamy of her present participation in the drama of dirt. And he censures by name a noted theatrical manager for his impudence in offering on behalf of a most disgraceful and corrupting play the impertinent and insulting plea that the vile concoction is put upon the boards to teach "a moral lesson." A theatrical manager of a better type agrees with Mr. Winter as to the utter emptiness of the pretense that there is any moral value in such shows. This manager says: "Years ago, when the Archbishop of Meaux, in France, denounced the stage because actors were in the habit of presenting pictures of vice to their audiences, a certain abbe took it upon himself to defend the stage, asserting that the theater is an educational institution, and that to exhibit vice pointed a moral lesson and gave warning. The abbe was wrong, all wrong." So says an experienced theatrical man, and, referring to the popular plays of to-day, he adds: "The man who says that one of these abominable spectacles is of any educational or moral value has the mind of a degenerate."

To another excuse offered for the rank, malodorous stage of to-day, Mr. Winter recently replied: "Extenuation of such exhibitions is frequently attempted not only under the pretense of 'moral instruction,' but on the ground that 'the theater is not conducted exclusively for the benefit of the young, but must also provide *strong meat* for strong men.' It would seem, judging by the abattorial provision so often made, in this respect, that 'strong men' desire not only that their

meat shall be 'strong,' but putrid. I protest against degradation of the theater and defilement of the public mind, whether for pecuniary gain or for notoriety, is not made in the interest of youth alone but also in that of respectable maturity. No decent person desires that the public mind should be deluged with filth and devoted to the useless contemplation of social sins and evils that are not in the slightest degree mitigated by such performances. It is true that the cesspool should be cleansed, but it is neither necessary nor desirable that the public should be constrained to inhale its stench in order to win assent to a sanitary precaution. Practical sociologists do not seek the theater for discussion of disease and sin. No theatrical exhibition of those ugly themes ever benefited society, or, on the other hand, ever failed to injure it, in greater or less degree, by obtruding vicious subjects on public attention. The plays are so foul that it is impossible to discuss their details in print. The persons who support pornographic plays are not 'strong men'; they are, for the most part, the idle and morbidly curious youth of both sexes; the vicious mature; the neurotic; the dissatisfied females; the vulgar profligates; and the half-developed creatures who, being imperfectly educated, suffer with a sort of mental dyspepsia. The theme of all such plays, from the time of Lord Rochester to that of David Belasco, is illicit relations between the sexes. Sometimes the plays are mere ribaldry; sometimes a combination of spectacle and animal propensity, as in certain dramas habitually produced by Sara Bernhardt; sometimes they disclose analysis of disease, functional or organic, resulting in more or less perverted and depraved conduct, as frequently exhibited in the writings of the Norwegian pessimist and bore, Henrik Ibsen; sometimes they are pictures of social turpitude, reproduced with exclusive attention to photographic portrayal of contemporary vice; always their 'appeal' is the same. The attitude of the 'strong men' of an earlier period toward such plays was shown by James Russell Lowell —a *strong man,* if ever our country has produced one—who declined to attend performances of Sara Bernhardt, because he 'would not allow his mind to be dragged in the gutter'; and if an example is desired of the opinion of 'a strong man' of the present day, relative to such plays—and also an example of the natural and right action of such a man—it can be found in the conduct of one of the strongest men now living, William Howard Taft, President of the United States, who left the Belasco Theater, in Washington, after the first act of a new play, because it was improper and offensive."

William Winter, reporting the reopening of one of the principal theaters after the summer, tells us that it opened with "a radically nonsensical and offensive play—a piece of unmitigated and unclean rubbish." Another prominent theater reopens with a coarse drama which is described by the dramatic critic as made up of debauchery and dishonor, grossly offensive discussions, odious and loathsome scenes.

In closing this brief examination of a very serious problem, we ask attention to the fact that we have presented no "absentee testimony" of persons presumably, or possibly, ignorant of the facts; we have not relied upon "ministerial busybodies" for our information, nor consulted "purists" and "prudes" and "pious fanatics"; we have not called as witnesses the opponents of the theater. On the contrary, we have relied on the testimony of its friends; the information we present and the opinions we quote are from theatrical people themselves—from actors, theater managers, playwrights, and dramatic critics, and chiefly from Mr. Winter himself, the supreme authority in America. The mass of testimony they furnish cannot be impeached. The case against the average theater of to-day appears to be closed.

The dramatic instinct is native in mankind. The desire for diversion and amusement is natural and innocent. Speaking theoretically, anyone would say that there ought to be no difficulty in providing and supporting a clean drama, which might be a noble and powerful agency for entertainment, education, elevation. But as a matter of fact, honest efforts to elevate the theater to a high level seem not to succeed for any great length of time. Edwin Booth and others like him toiled nobly at the task of elevation, and William Winter has devoted his splendid talents, lifelong, to the same effort at redemption and uplifting; all of them unsuccessfully, it would seem.

For Mr. Winter and his coworkers in a most laudable and necessary endeavor, "the melancholy days have come." They see the stage, which they have labored assiduously to ennoble and purify, becoming now more ignoble and filthy than ever, and giving signs of being inherently irredeemable. According to the testimony of its friends, the condition of the theater has become pathological; it is diseased and fairly ulcerous with sensual maladies. A leading journal says: "At best, it will take the theater ten years to live down the bad reputation it has acquired in one year."

THE ARENA

HEAVENS AND EARTH IN HEBREW THOUGHT

Innocent Inquirer: Where can I find the latest and most authoritative picture of the Hebrew universe? I wish to show it to my Bible class.

Learned Professor: In the article on "Cosmogony," in volume one of Hastings's Dictionary of the Bible, there is one by Principal Whitehouse, and in Schiaparelli's Astronomy in the Old Testament (New York, 1905), you will find another slightly later.

I. I.: What do these authorities say about the firmament?

L. P.: One says there were two firmaments, the other only one.

I. I.: Where do they place the sun, moon, and stars?

L. P.: One locates them below the one firmament of his picture, the other high above the two firmaments of his picture.

I. I.: Where do they locate Sheol, the abode of the dead?

L. P.: One places it below the so-called "waters under the earth," the other, on the contrary, above them.

I. I.: What do they say of the earth as a whole in the thought of the ancient Hebrews?

L. P.: One pictures it as a solid surrounded above and below and on every side by water, the waters of "the great deep." The other, on the contrary, pictures "the great deep" as a vast mass of waters surrounded above and below and on every side by the solid earth.

I. I.: Mercy! And do you call such absolutely contradictory writers as these our best authorities, or authorities at all?

L. P.: It is hard to do so; but, unfortunately, we have never yet had any better.

WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN.
Boston University School of Theology.

THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH

THE church is the organized kingdom of righteousness among men. It has a mission in the world, but its mission has long been retarded. It is because the church has too often lost sight of its real mission, or has employed unfruitful methods of fulfilling it. Priest and people too often have been absorbed with lust for wealth and luxury and power over the fortunes of men. The church has been absorbed too much with the ceremonies and formalities of worship, and too often has descended into mere professionalism. It has been concerned too much with politics and statecraft, and too often has lost sight of the souls of men. Often have priest and people been misguided in their zeal, and have wasted strength and opportunity in ignoble strife and bootless dissension. Modern times have witnessed many bitter struggles between classes in society. Capital and labor have been arrayed against each other in long

contentions for rights or privileges. This warring of the classes always proves expensive to the public, and entails great suffering upon the poor. The church has often been accused of sympathizing with the oppressors of the poor in these great strikes. This has been due to the fact that the church has not, as an organization, used forcible measures in compelling justice to be done. What part should the church, as an organization, take in strikes and in law enforcement? The correct answer will always note the fact that the church and state are organically separate. Christ and the apostles recognized the executive, legislative, and judicial functions of the state. They acknowledged the power of the state over the lives and fortunes of its citizens. The Bible and the Constitution of the United States agree in the principle that it is the right and duty of the state to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure to all the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." What part shall the church, as a body, take in enforcing these principles and duties?

The church would have no right to enact the laws and appoint the courts, for it is the duty of the state to "establish justice, and promote domestic tranquillity." The church would have no right to take up arms, as a body, for it is the duty of the state to "provide for the common defense." The church, as a body, would have no right to join in a struggle between classes, or political parties, or march to the polls in the interest of any political or commercial issue, for it is the duty of the state to "promote the general welfare." It is not the mission of the church to arise like a political party and seize the departments of civil government, and fill the offices with ecclesiastical favorites. It is not her mission to dictate the financial policy of government—whether it be free silver or a gold standard. It is not the province of the church to dictate the commercial policy of government, whether it be free trade or protection. The church may not dictate to the state its territorial policy, whether it be committed to expansion or colonization. The church is not a commercial, money-making, military, political, or police organization. Churches, under the leadership of their pastors, sometimes undertake to break up lawless institutions in the community. They undertake to do police and detective duty for the suppression of vice. Such churches overlook their real missions, and such pastors would better resign from the pastorate, and join the police force.

The church is the light of the world, and the salt of the earth, as Jesus said. Its work is ethical and religious. As a religious teacher the church endeavors to bring men into obedience to the laws of God; and as an ethical agency to promote brotherliness among men. It is the duty of the church to enlighten the public mind on all questions of moral and religious duty, to purify public conscience, and shape public sentiment. It must teach the true principles of personal virtue, and social purity, and national peace. The church ought to be to the world an example of honor in all business transactions. It should be a living example of industry and economy. It should be an example to all in habits of personal morality and godliness. The church through the ministry must

preach the great principles of right and duty, and should practice what it preaches. In case of strikes, or of outbreaking lawlessness, the pulpit and religious press should by their utterances quicken public opinion and conscience, that, if possible, the proper authorities be aroused to preserve order, or the proper tribunals bring about a just and peaceful settlement of the differences. The church may and should, by resolution read and passed in popular assembly, express its sympathy with the oppressed, and denounce every act of injustice; it may and should open its doors and ameliorate the sufferings of the needy; but let it be remembered the mission of the church is that of an evangelist and schoolmaster in questions of moral and religious duty, and it must not encroach upon the province of the state.

Whenever the church, in time of political or industrial discord, goes further than to define moral duty and urge obedience to it, and whenever the church undertakes to do detective and police duty, it is trespassing upon the province of the state in such matters, and a long step is taken toward the union of church and state and a repetition of the dark deeds of the Middle Ages. But we must not confound the church, as an organization, with the member of the church. The church must not step outside its province as teacher and evangelist, but the individual member does not forfeit any of the rights of citizenship by joining the church. When the member of the church takes part in political, social, or industrial contests, as is his right, he should take his high principles with him and make them felt.

GEORGE H. BENNETT.

Newark, Illinois.

A MIDSUMMER DREAM

ONCE upon a time there were two men whose names respectively were Faith and Doubt. They were found sauntering in a garden of matchless beauty, the Garden of the Lord. In their lazy walk through the grounds they passed many splendid trees, among them the Tree of Knowledge, which both loved, and the Tree of Evil, which they both dreaded. "These," said Faith, "are wonderful trees. See how they leaf and with what vigorous beauty they spread out to shelter man and beast. Is it not quiet and lovely here? Strange, though, about that Tree of Evil."

"But," said Doubt, "great though they are, and mysterious, let us yonder to the stream, on whose banks I see the giant tree of the garden. It is the fairest of them all."

So they went. As they drew nigh both were overwhelmed with a sense of wonder and of delight, for it bore twelve manner of fruits, stood erect, reached far heavenward, and its leaves were reputed to be for the healing of the nations. It yielded its fruit every month, so prolific was it. This fruit was delicious to the taste, excepting a fruit called repentance, which was bitter, but all the fruit, if partaken of, would make one strong and wise and good.

"This," said Faith, "is the Tree of Life, the Tree of Religion; some would call it the Tree of the Christian Religion; it symbolizes Christ. Be-

hold its majesty, its perfection, its virtue, its gigantic proportions, its fruit in luscious abundance. They say this stream flows out from the throne of God."

Doubt was silent and began to write. He sat beneath its shade. Its fragrance was filling the world. "I have heard of it, and am glad to see it," he remarked, then continued his writing. "I want an ax," he said at last.

"What for?" asked Faith.

"To cut into its heart, to see if it is sound. It needs pruning also. See yonder limb marked 'Incarnation.' I want to cut it off."

Faith was startled. He protested. He became excited. Doubt sat himself again and continued his writing. As he reflected it occurred to him that this tree was ancient. While its limbs called Revelation, Inspiration, Regeneration, Atonement, Resurrection, Holiness, were displeasing to him, not being in keeping with the proper "functioning" of religion, still, to effect a needed change in it he thought quite unlikely, as the biological fact remained that like would produce like. So he bethought that he would transplant a tree of his own liking. This would involve much work, but it was worth while. So at the task he went. It was not difficult to find many helpers. There were found a lot that disliked the Tree of Life. "Think of it," they said, "one cannot be benefited by any of the fruit of that tree until he has eaten heartily and frequently of the fruit of Repentance and Confession. We will not do it. It is vile, bitter, nauseating, it makes one sick of soul. None of that in ours." It was notable that many who were busy helping were saloon-keepers, adulterers, blasphemers, thieves, traducers, Sabbath-breakers, liars, oppressors.

Doubt saw this, and while he was displeased, he thought, "It is because they have not been dealt with according to nature. There is good in every man." Just then at his side one remarked, "The Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments are an iridescent dream." It was a very influential agnostic, educated, well dressed, a man of some fortune. Doubt did not sanction that, but he silently remarked, "All this has come about through misunderstanding, misinterpretation, dogmatism." So he worked on.

The tree was at last set up in a garden close to the Garden of the Lord. It looked like a Tree of Life. It grew well, and spread its shade afar. Its limbs were marked Rationalism, Naturalism, Agnosticism, Ethics, Culture, Ambition, Self-Love, Knowledge, Free-Thought.

The only thing that the tree lacked was life-giving power. Men were not made better. There was no sense of sin. God was an interrogation. Truth could not be found; it was always coming. Conscience was based on no ultimate authority. There were no restraints. The one law was good will. There was a lot of talk about brotherly love. The good Samaritan was often referred to. It was noticeable that young men could not endure the moral latitude granted them, and they went fast to destruction. Faith of the old-fashioned sort seemed to have perished. Celsus, and Voltaire, and Ingersoll, and a host of their cult had all rested under this tree. Hope did not grow there. Immortality was an If. Some-

how the tree looked thrifty, but it wouldn't "function" in the soul to make men holy. It lacked moral dynamic.

But the Tree of Life in the Garden of the Lord grew on. Its healing virtue went to all the earth. Multitudes ate of its fruit and were saved from sin and its power. Those who were moving the world to the eternal things ate of this tree. The Thoburns and the Oldhams and the Spurgeons and the Parkers and the Judsons and the innumerable multitudes by the throne, and those other multitudes still in the ways of righteousness on the earth, the pure and good and holy and happy, partook and continue to partake of the Tree of Life.

"Ah," said Faith, "it is not a dream. It is a tragedy. I see it now. Man-made religion or God-made religion, that is it. One kills, the other redeems." Yes, it is true. The story is old but new as ever and true as new.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

Grand Rapids, Michigan. J. R. T. Lathrop.

A CRUCIFIED AMBITION

Ambition is a very common trait of character. To youth it is considered indispensable. It is commendable in all. Folks without it are supposed to be worthless. In some cases it is all too true. There is a base ambition; but we speak of a holy ambition, or an ambition for worthy ends attained by fair means. It is a sort of mainspring to the watch. In its best form it is intimately associated with the inspiration of saints and the aspiration of all good people. It would, then, seem almost a calamity to lose it. It certainly is tragic to the individual.

Ministers of the gospel are noted for their ambition. Some—young men in particular—are inordinately ambitious. They aspire to the fat salaries, larger churches, and the best charges. Their apology is that it will enlarge their usefulness to the church. So they make of it a virtue worthy of commendation. Suppose that *all* are thus ambitious. Not all can have their ambitions gratified. The big salaries, influential churches, and responsible charges are comparatively few. Not more than ten per cent belong in that category. What about the other ninety per cent? What about the men who must serve them? Must we say that their ambition lacked justification? Are they, therefore, in part failures in the ministry? I trow not. It is cruel to inject into a theory and practice of church ministration like ours the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. It would be presumption on the part of those filling the most desirable charges and more responsible positions of the church to consider themselves the most worthy. Many of our most intellectually capable and morally fit men are serving the average charges and the common people. Some very ordinary preachers are in our high-grade city appointments. There are at least two

reasons for this: there are so few of the best places, and some of our most effective men are less mandatory of position.

Suppose that nobody is to blame, and that the inequality cannot be avoided. The facts remain; consequences must follow; men in the Lord's service are men still. Their already keen sense of right is made keener, and their sensitiveness, to say the least, is not lessened. Tell me not that long, faithful, submissive service under such a regime costs nothing. It is the greatest example of continuous self-sacrifice in Christendom. Only the Son of God surpassed it when he humbled himself and took upon himself the form of a servant. If persisted in, whether by choice or by coercion, it means ultimately a *crucified ambition.* If I mistake not, not a few noble preachers in our Annual Conferences know what is meant by that. They have never served our largest congregations. They never expect to. Better than they now have they dare not hope for. Yet they were as brilliant in school as their classmates, as congenial, and as worthy. They hoped to hold as honorable place in the church and serve their God as faithfully. Well, they are not now in the same grade of appointments. Their ambition for place is gone. Burned out? No; *crucified.* Men talk of sympathy for a crucified Saviour. They do well; but if any can sympathize with our Christ in his rejection, it is he whose ambition has been crucified by the inequality of episcopal appointments. He is acquainted with humility, heartache, and prostration. He has had his Gethsemane. The cruel thorns have pierced his brow. His face is wet with his own blood. Nails have fastened his hands and his feet. He is crucified. The mocking multitude shout, "Himself he cannot save!"

Give my sympathy to our faithful brothers with a crucified ambition. The honors of the church they do not have. They dare not hope for a better grade of appointment, yet they toil on. They are loyal to the church and our Christ. No interest of the church suffers in their hands. No cause is neglected. They love God and are devoted to his cause. Their daily prayer is that the church may prosper and souls be saved.

Mount Vernon, Missouri. GEO. J. HUNT.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE REVIVAL OF PAGEANTRY

We have been accustomed to think of pageantry as a thing of the past, an expression of the early periods, when men and women delighted in splendor and show and were not so much given to meditation as in our modern age. We recall the reading of our early years, when we were moved by the recitals of the pomp and parade of kings and queens and courts. The splendors of pageantry after the Reformation became greatly diminished. It was thought to be inconsistent with the sobriety of that intense age. Especially was this true of ministers of the gospel and of professors and of the public exercises of institutions of learning. The dress became plain and the ceremonies on great occasions simple. The Old Testament, as well as Greek and Roman history, affords abundant illustrations of the gorgeousness of kings and courts in the earlier days. The simplicity of the forms of American life, hitherto, illustrates the Reformation era. The Roman Catholic Church, however, in its devotion to the spectacular has been unchanged. The recent remarkable celebrations which have taken place in New York and in London show that their methods in this regard are the result of a settled course of action. The revival of pageantry with which we are now concerned has reference, however, to the Protestant churches. Its growth within a few years has been rapid. A few illustrations will suffice. Formal clerical dress is on the increase. Formerly Presbyterian clergymen did not wear clerical dress in the pulpit as much as now. The Geneva gown is now quite generally worn, and is both tasteful and appropriate. The great functions of colleges and theological schools show a marked change in this direction. Twenty-five years ago most of their great public occasions, such as commencement and the inauguration of presidents and professors, were conducted very simply. Now many of our higher institutions of learning in their important functions invite their guests with the statement that academic dress is expected and the faculty and guests appear in gown and cap and hood to mark their position and the degrees of honor which they have won. The recent great celebration in honor of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the University of Geneva, Switzerland, was conducted in much state, especially in the matter of academic dress. The invited guests were expected, although the exercises were in the morning, to wear evening dress or academic costume, and a great historic pageant closed the interesting exercises.

The recent historic pageant of the Church of England at Fulham, the country seat of the Bishop of London, has attracted wide attention both in England and America. It was a representation in costume and in other ways of the successive periods in the progress of that church. All accounts represented the pageant as instructive and imposing in a remarkable degree and successful financially as well. It has been criticised for

its sectarian character, but that is unjust, as it was not intended to occupy the whole field of history. As a result of the success at Fulham other great celebrations are promised on broader lines with a view to inspiring pride in local history. This is much to be commended. Such exhibitions will prove an inspiration to patriotism and to piety. Similar celebrations are proposed for other historic places in England. It is the increase of pageantry in our own country which we are now considering, especially the formality of what are called state occasions both in the church and in civil life. It is somewhat difficult to account for this revival of pageantry, and any suggestion must be tentative, but the fact that there is such a revival is manifest. It may in part be due to that love of what is imposing in external form which is innate in our nature. This is in part the source of the admiration for splendid military parades. The dress and insignia of rank of the officers and soldiers attract attention and are associated in the mind with heroism. The military hero is generally held in higher honor than men in everyday life. Another explanation is that it is a part of a general movement to restore the past. Old thoughts and old forms are reappearing constantly. Historic customs are often revived after they have long been dormant. That which has been approved by past generations is restored because of its background in history. Traditional customs are often adopted by those who reject the authority of tradition, but accept its forms. This revival may also be due to the growing influence of the older countries upon our habits and customs. Our diplomatic representatives in the ceremonious functions of the courts of Europe, we are told, have not laid aside the simple dress worn at home, but the imitation of the elaborateness of the formal occasions of those countries is growing and deserves thoughtful attention.

The revival of pageantry has much in its favor. It tends to give proper dignity to official station. Presidents and rulers of states and institutions, pastors, professors, and others holding posts of responsibility, each in this way has his own badge of honor and receives the recognition due to his position and labors. This is not a weakness but a source of strength to a nation. It is not wise to undervalue those who are set over us, and while all men are created free and equal, those who are placed in authority should receive the recognition which is their due. It is further valuable as promoting a general idea of order in matters of great importance. There is an impressiveness about such ceremonies which must have weight in society in general and cannot fail to add to the dignity and bearing of our ordinary life. But there are tendencies which seem to be dangerous as well. The revival of pageantry is a return to external marks of distinction between different classes of society. We use the word "classes" with hesitancy, because we do not think that in a free country class distinctions should be recognized; but the revival of pageantry gives to each person a badge of his particular station in life, and thus promotes the perpetuity of these distinctions. The scholar clad in his gown and hood is thus set apart from those who have had no opportunities for scholarship. The military man wears his badge of honor, and the serving man has a dress or badge indicating his position. The Tyrolese peasant

wears his peculiar dress apparently with as much pride as the Doctor of Law wears his hood, and thus men are gradually separated into classes as in the early ages and as in aristocratic countries to-day. The influence may be silent, but it is none the less effective.

There is another danger arising from excessive pageantry, which we may not overlook. Devotion to the external is not favorable to the growth of the inner life. The inner life is a life of meditation, of prayer, of devotion to highest ideals. Some persons live in the unseen world, taking little note of the great public movements in the midst of which they live. An era of pageantry does not give food for strengthening the spirit of meditation. It draws away the thought from the internal to the external, and to this extent cannot be regarded as a blessing. The ideal condition of mankind is one in which the internal and the external are harmoniously blended, and when meditation is united with observation and prayer is vitally related to action. In so far as pageantry restores our knowledge of the past, and promotes a healthy recognition of that which is worthy, it should be encouraged. In so far as it fails to do this it becomes injurious and should be discouraged. All great minds appreciate simplicity in thought and ferm, and the greater the life the more it views with favor the simplicities of our nature.

Discussing the growing popularity of the pageant in our public celebrations of events, the Washington Post says: "As an effective, uplifting, cultural appeal to the masses, it has no equal. Properly planned and executed by craftsmen who know their business, the pageant and spectacle express the highest symbolism, and can be made to teach the deepest patriotism. The appeal is elemental, and the lesson that it carries to every watching eye answers the popular instinct for the best in art—for poetry, painting, sculpture, music, and the drama. Pageants can be made the universities of the people."

"MERELY AN AFFAIR OF HONOR AMONG GENTLEMEN"

Not long ago in our daily press we read of an encounter between two men who were eminent in public life. They were both men of high standing in the political party to which they belong. According to the papers, it seemed that they had a private conversation apart, and in the course of it they differed, and one man said that the other had been guilty of falsity, and instantly a fierce personal encounter ensued, in which two national legislators bruised and battered each other like the commonest ruffians whom all despise. When one of them was asked about the case he replied that "it was merely an affair of honor between gentlemen." Not long after in one of the papers we read that the prime minister of Austria had difference with a high officer of state of that empire, and it would seem to the ordinary thinker that eminent statesmen known for their wisdom and guiding a nation's destinies might have met in some way and adjusted their difference by those reasoning processes which one would suppose were the chief characteristics of eminent men. But strange to relate, the prime minister thought it was necessary in order to vindi-

cate his honor to have a duel with his competitor, and as this was impossible without the permission of the emperor, owing to his official station, he asked the permission of the venerable emperor, Francis Joseph, to fight a duel, and the permission was granted. In the parlance of that country it, too, was "an affair of honor between gentlemen." The papers are full just now of an account of a fight between a count and a prince in Paris. It seems that these two, formerly friends, had become estranged from each other. They evidently had both attended mass, and one got up to leave, when the count spat in the face of the prince, and at once there was a brutal fight, and the prince and the count tore each other's clothes, and struck each other, and in the struggle rolled in the gutter, and were carried away to the police station; and, strange to say, neither of them seemed to think they ought to be ashamed of themselves. "It was merely an affair of honor between gentlemen"—that was all.

It is a shame in an age that professes to be civilized like this, and in countries that take the name "Christian," that such men, no matter how high their apparent social position, do not become at once outcasts from society of honorable men and women. There is no superiority in brute force. Mere strength of limb and power of muscle has nothing in it that is a matter of commendation. That is a matter of inheritance. The giants moral and intellectual of the world have often been the weak men physically. One time in Union College, when the eminent Dr. Nott was president, there was a tendency to conflict between the college boys and the town boys—in other words, between the town and the gown. One day the president was warning the boys against such conflicts and against being embroiled with the boys of the town, and he said there is no particular glory in beating them. "A horse," said he, "can kick harder than any of you can strike; and if brute force be the measure of power, then the horse is greater than any of you." This whole system of personal honor needs reconstruction on the basis of Christianity. "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you." In the papers we are quoting is a gleam of hope. We believe that the barbarous practice of dueling is destined to destruction. An organized effort is being made to overthrow it. The friends of that movement have secured the coöperation of the King of Italy, and we are told the Czar of Russia is sympathetic with it, and that the Emperor of Germany is strongly tending in that direction. And we hope that speedily in that sphere of personal honor the reign of brute force will come to an end.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

A NEW HEBREW INSCRIPTION

THOUGH Egypt and Babylonia have yielded a multitude of inscriptions on all imaginable subjects, it is a well-known fact that Palestine has been comparatively barren in this respect. It is, therefore, a source of pleasure to the student of archæology and biblical research when anything is unearthed in the Holy Land written in the same language as our Holy Scriptures. The announcement is now made that Mr. R. A. Stewart Macalister has discovered a small rude tablet in the ruins of Gezer, where extensive excavations have just come to a close. Though the results of many years digging at this ancient site have not been all that could be desired, it is, nevertheless, a source of gratification that the tells of Gezer have thrown much light upon the story of ancient Palestine and Semitic religion.

This new tablet is of limestone; it measures four and three quarters inches in height, two and three quarters in width, and five eighths of an inch in thickness. Unfortunately, the lower end is broken off, consequently it is impossible to say what the missing part may have contained. The dressing of the stone, as well as the lettering upon it, contains little art. This has led some to regard it as the work of a rude, ignorant peasant, unused to stone cutting or lettering. The tablet, as it now exists, has just seven lines and less than twenty words. Originally there may have been five more lines. There is practical unanimity as to the age of the tablet; at least, all are agreed that it belongs to a very early period. Mr. Macalister ventures the opinion that it can be no later than the sixth century B. C. Professor G. Buchanan Gray, of Mansfield College, Oxford, sees reasons for placing it in the eighth century, and calls attention to the similarity of the letters to those on the Moabite stone which belonged to the ninth century before our era, and to those on the Zinjerli and Zakis inscriptions of the ninth and eighth centuries respectively. Professor Lidzbarski, of Griefswald, an authority on Semitic epigraphy, regards it as very ancient, since everything about the tablet has the characteristics of the most archaic forms. Sebastian Ronzville, professor of Oriental archæology in the University of Saint Joseph, Beirut, goes so far as to call it "the most ancient monument of Hebrew writing as yet known." Indeed, he thinks it the workmanship "of some professional scribe such as Gezer surely had in the ninth or eighth century B. C." In his opinion the "gaucherie" of the inscription is no argument against this hypothesis. From what has been said it is evident that we have in this tablet a very old specimen of Hebrew script.

Several translations have been published in the Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund for January and April, 1909. Though these are from different scholars and independent, one of the other, there is, nevertheless, substantial agreement both as to the Hebrew words as

well as their meaning. We select that of Professor Ronzvalle as the one which has most in its favor. It runs as follows:

1. A month and storage. A month and sow-
2. ing (?). A month and hay-harvest.
3. A month of the harvest of flax.
4. A month of the harvest of barley.
5. A month of threshing and of measuring.
6. A month of pruning (of the vine).
7. A month of interruption (?).

Professor Lidzbarski gives instead of "storage" in line one, "fruit-harvest," instead of "hay-harvest" in line two, "after-grass," and he translates line five, "month of the harvest of all the rest," and substitutes in line seven "fig-harvest" for "interruption."

There is less agreement concerning the nature of the tablet than there is concerning the translation. Most of those who have examined it very naturally see in it some kind of a calendar. Professor Lidzbarski is inclined to regard it as the simple work of an ignorant peasant, "to group and name the months according to their agricultural importance." Indeed, Dr. Samuel Daiches, of the Jews' College, London, not only thinks it is a calendar, but one that finds abundant parallels in those of other Semitic nations, especially the agricultural calendars of Babylonia. He also thinks that this Gezer calendar is much older than the inscription itself. Professor Ronzvalle does not agree with those who call the tablet some kind of a calendar; he sees in it an "extract from some administrative rescript determining the periodical demands imposed upon the rural population around Gezer for a lengthy work which concerned the whole of the neighborhood."

As has been seen, the character of the contents is not important; but if, as there is every reason for believing, the tablet is one of, if not the very oldest, Hebrew inscription yet discovered, it becomes at once an object of no little importance to the student of archæology, for it gives a reasonable hope that other Hebrew inscriptions of greater significance may be unearthed. It is exceedingly hard to believe that a nation so far advanced in civilization, and especially in religion, did not, at a very early date, like its neighbors in the Nile and Euphrates valleys, reduce its thoughts to writing. This paucity of religious inscriptions on Israelitic soil is incomprehensible. It may be that the earlier Hebrews employed the cuneiform script. Be that as it may, it is certain that this system of writing was known and practiced in Palestine as early, at least, as the time of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets. This is now a matter of history. Indeed, the few tablets discovered at Gezer and Ta'awak show clearly that the Assyrian script was in use in Palestine down to the middle of the seventh century before our era. If, therefore, the ruins of Persia have given us the Code of Hammurabi, may we not at least fondly dream that the tells of Judæa may yet give up some portions of the law and the prophets?

THE PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE

EVEN the superficial student of theology cannot fail to see that we are in a state of religious unrest in all branches of the Christian Church in this and other lands, Protestant and Catholic. Even in Protestant America the pastors are experiencing great difficulty in satisfying their congregations with a simple presentation of the truth as preached by their predecessors of twenty-five or thirty years ago. There seems to be a growing indifference to things purely spiritual and an increasing demand for a more practical system of religion. Puritan ideas concerning the sanctity of the Sabbath, attendance upon the prescribed means of grace, and reverence for the Bible are being gradually replaced by more liberal views and practice. This applies especially to the male portion of the community. An appeal to a passage of Scripture in confirmation of some duty or doctrine is in many quarters regarded as antiquated and unscientific. Some very rash and silly utterances from many of our institutions of learning have contributed materially to unsettle the faith of a multitude of young people. Though there are those who sit down calmly and view this stage of evolution with complacency, the more thoughtful in our colleges and churches, whether conservative or liberal, are becoming painfully conscious of the situation, and have commenced a systematic study of the causes and are earnestly looking for the discovery of effective remedies. Conferences and conventions have been called by the more liberal for the avowed purpose of stemming the tide of religious indifference, and to invent ways and methods for making the church more attractive to "thinking men" desirous of breaking away from the thraldom of conservatism. Even in Germany many distinguished theological professors have descended from the lofty heights of their chairs, and have, by the delivery of popular lectures and the publishing of cheap and popular books, manifested an interest in the religious welfare of the masses. In all lands there is an effort to preach a new theology, something that will appeal to the reason of all classes of men, especially to those who, if not openly hostile to revealed religion, are yet greatly estranged from the church as now constituted.

Perhaps the most perfect organization of this new school is "The Progressive League," founded by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, London, England. Our readers are familiar with his "New Theology" and the stir made by this gentleman in the religious press of England some two years ago. It was then predicted that the agitation, "a mere storm in a teapot," would soon pass away. This prophecy will not be fulfilled, if Mr. Campbell can carry out his plans. The Progressive League is growing from month to month, and aims to become world-wide, or at least coextensive with the English language. There were on May 5 of this year 95 branches, with a membership of 2,600; of these 800 were "unattached." The majority of the branches are in or in the vicinity of London. The motto of the League is: "We are members one of another," and its principle: "That the essential units of mankind should be expressed in the relations of life." The League has three principal objects: Spiritual fellowship, theological

freedom, and social regeneration. More fully stated these are expanded into five theses: 1. To provide a common meeting ground for those in sympathy with liberal Christianity and progressive religious thought. 2. To study the various manifestations of religious experience and to make known the assured results of the historic and scientific study of religion. 3. To promote the study of social questions, from the moral, spiritual, and economic standpoints. 4. To work for the social reconstruction of society. 5. To promote the development of international good will.

The affairs of the League are administered by a General Council, which meets semiannually. This General Council shall elect a national executive. Then there shall be district councils, composed of several branches within a given area. A branch may be organized anywhere upon the application of no less than ten members and upon the approval of the national executive or a district council, and the payment of one shilling yearly to the headquarters in London. Anyone accepting the principle and the objects of the League may become a member; where no branch exists one may enroll at the principal office in London as an unattached member. Each one is pledged to pay according to his or her ability. We say her ability, for a large proportion of the present members are women. The national executive may reject any candidate, or, having accepted, suspend any member. The organ of the League is the Christian Commonwealth, which publishes full accounts of the work done and meetings held. Here we may give specimens of the subjects discussed in the various branches as reported in this paper for May 5 and 12: "The Existence of God," "Divine Immanence," "Old Testament Studies," "The Soul of Religion, the Basis of Ethics," "Motherhood in the Divine Nature," "Spiritualism, Psychical Research," "Pam, the Will," "Idealistic Philosophy," "Modern Thought, the New Theology," "Memories of Sketching Rambles," "Woman, To-day and To-morrow," "Christianity and the Social Order," "Carlyle and Socialism," and "Militarism." It will be seen that the old subjects formerly discussed in the pulpit, such as sin and salvation, conversion and regeneration, resurrection, future life, with its rewards and punishment, the efficacy of prayer, and, indeed, all the old familiar doctrines are severely passed by. Calvary and the cross, with the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, do not occupy a prominent place in this new scheme. It will also be seen that there is nothing strikingly original in the creed and aims of the League, any more than there is in Mr. Campbell's "New Theology," unless it be a definite plan of propaganda or solid organization, and even this last characteristic involuntarily reminds us of John Wesley's incomparable system. Lacking, however, the profound conviction of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and ignoring the absolute necessity of the regenerating power of the atonement made on Calvary, it is not likely that The Progressive League will ever become a potent force in the conversion of sinners and in building up the Church of God.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE CONFLICT OF PARTIES OVER THEOLOGICAL PROFESSORSHIPS IN GERMANY

THE strength of party spirit in the national Protestant churches of Germany, especially in that of Prussia, is more or less manifest whenever a university professorship of theology is to be filled. Sometimes the strife over such an issue grows exceedingly bitter. In Prussia there are five organized ecclesiastical groups, or parties. The organization and relations of an ecclesiastical party are, of course, determined largely by theological differences; and yet, existing, as it does, for certain practical ends in church politics, it is always to be distinguished from a mere school of thought. Of these Prussian church parties we mention first, as standing at the extreme right, the confessional (Lutheran) group, which in recent years has been much modernized, broadened and vitalized under the influence of such leaders as Professor Seeberg, of Berlin, and Dr. Theodor Kaftan, general superintendent of Schleswig. Next come the "Friends of the Positive Union," in a broad sense almost as conservative as the first group, but subordinating the confessional differences of Lutherans and Reformed to what they regard as the more important principles of a higher evangelical unity. The leader of this party in his lifetime was Stöcker, while Cremer (who died in 1903) was only second to him in influence. Living representatives of this party in academic life are such men as Kähler, Ecke, and Lütgert. The third party is the *Evangelische Vereinigung* (Evangelical Union), or Middle party, a reorganization of the party formerly led by Beyschlag. Its present leaders are such men as Kahl (professor of ecclesiastical law) and Kawerau in Berlin and Haupt and Loofs in Halle. It seeks to unite a genuine evangelical faith with the broadest tolerance and a minimum of dogmatic restraint in the church. A fourth group, which, though well organized, claims to be no ecclesiastical party in the strict sense of the term and in some quarters merges itself in the *Evangelische Vereinigung*, are the "Friends of the *Christliche Welt*." Theologically these are generally either Ritschlians or adherents of the "history of religions school." The fifth group is the *Protestantenverein* (Protestant Union), organized in the sixties. It is the party of pronounced liberalism. H. J. Holtzmann and Pfleiderer (died 1908) have in recent years been the most notable figures in this group.

All of these parties seek—directly or indirectly—to influence the spirit and movements of the church and the policy of the government in relation to church affairs. The issues that arise are freely discussed in the organs of the several parties and in their conventions. Not infrequently the conventions also adopt resolutions designed to influence public policy in church affairs. Sometimes these are a direct appeal to the government, especially where the issue is the filling of university

professorships of theology, or it is a well-established conviction that nothing can have more significance for the life of the church than the attitude of the theological professors toward questions of the faith. In respect to the specific issues that arise in ecclesiastical affairs—particularly in the matter of the appointment of theological professors—it would not be natural, or, generally, even possible, that each party should stand for a wholly distinct policy. In the nature of things there are—or, at all events, in the nature of man there *seem* to be—but two sides to a concrete question. In deepest reality, underneath party organizations and the distinguishing features of party programs, there are clearly but two great theological tendencies in the German Protestant church, the "conservative" and the "liberal," and—wherever there is a profoundly interesting issue—virtually but two ecclesiastical parties. All the conservatives on the one hand and all the liberals on the other will be found united in two opposing camps—the middle party, according to varying conditions, favoring now the one side, now the other. When a theological professor is to be appointed the government feels a mighty pressure from both sides. The tendency in the policy of the government, accordingly, has been to follow the line of least resistance. In its relation to university affairs the watchword of the government has long been the "parity" of the "two" opposing *Richtungen*. In this way a *modus vivendi* has been established, so that there is little complaint so long as the balance is undisturbed. If a certain chair has been occupied by a liberal, the opposite party will probably content itself, when a vacancy occurs, with bewailing the necessity of tolerating *any* "negative" theological teacher, yet it will suffer without a protest the appointment of a liberal successor to a liberal. But the appointment of a liberal to follow a conservative professor arouses a storm of indignation. And wherever the liberals are convinced that the government purposely suppresses aspirants from among their number their protest is not less vigorous. Not that the liberals generally approve of the "parity" as a principle. Most of them insist that scientific and pedagogical excellence alone—personal character being taken for granted—should determine the choice of a professor. The doctrine of parity is merely a government policy. Nevertheless, the liberals complain as bitterly as the conservatives at any encroachment upon the ground that they have hitherto possessed. The conservatives, on their part, claiming that only those that stand unequivocally on the ground of the church's accepted faith have any right in pulpit or professor's chair, are generally inclined to accept the policy of parity only in so far as it appears to be a useful defensive expedient. When the parity is violated to their loss, their outcry is even louder than that of the liberals in case of a similar disappointment.

Outside of Prussia the situation is less strained. In Württemberg, it is true, the conservative majority complains of the (rather slight) preponderance of liberalism in the theological faculty at Tübingen. In Bavaria, however, the "official" Protestant theology is so decidedly conservative that no one ever thinks of the appointment of anybody but a sound Lutheran to an Erlangen professorship of theology—except, of

course, in the case of the single chair for Reformed theology. In Leipzig (the university of the kingdom of Saxony) no one expects a pronounced liberal to be appointed as regular professor, although Brieger and Kirn are considered Ritschlians of rather conservative tendency, and the faculty some years ago presented *primo loco*, Hermann, of Marburg, for the chair of Luthardt, but the choice of the government fell on Ihmels. The Mecklenburg Protestants would not tolerate a liberal in their faculty at Rostock, whereas liberal Baden thinks she makes an ample concession to conservatism by having one "positive" professor at Heidelberg, and Jena (for Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach) has not had a conservative professor of theology for many decades.

When, however, we return to Prussia the air is charged with the spirit of conflict. Some recent appointments may serve to illustrate the situation. When Berhard Weiss about a year ago, at the age of eighty-one, determined to lay aside the most—or, at his discretion, all—of his professional activities, the conservatives naturally hoped that this positive theologian would be succeeded by a scholar of like standpoint. But who should it be? Zahn, at seventy, was too old, and in the present year himself designs to retire from active service. Schlatter, who had once occupied a chair in Berlin, was now happier in his Tübingen professorship. Younger New Testament scholars of conservative tendency seemed not to find sufficient favor with the Berlin faculty. A majority of the faculty desired the appointment of Jülicher, of Marburg, generally recognized as the leading New Testament scholar among the liberals, aside from H. J. Holtzmann, who is already *emeritus*. The minority—Weiss, Kaftan, and Seeberg—favored Deissmann, of Heidelberg. No one questions Deissmann's eminent qualifications; but he, too, is a pronounced liberal and even the conservatives in the faculty had voted for him! This was a real shock to multitudes of conservatives throughout Prussia. Both Weiss and Seeberg felt called upon to explain their vote; the former declared his confidence in the sane and moderate spirit of Deissmann and his judgment that no available conservative scholar had equal claims. Seeberg, strangely enough, suffered but little blame from his own party; yet being a great party leader, he could not evade all responsibility, and so it came about, that, as *Die Reformation* and other papers that stood under his influence were loudly bewailing Deissmann's call, Rade, in his *Christliche Welt*, vigorously denounced what he called the "Seeberg system," according to which the party leader tacitly encourages a complaint, published in what is virtually his own organ, concerning an action for which he himself is so largely responsible. In other words, he aids in the outcry against an action in which he himself had an important part.

Together with the announcement of Deissmann's appointment came that of the appointment of the liberal, Paul Drews, of Giessen, to the chair of the retired conservative professor of Practical Theology, Dr. Hering, in Halle. In this instance the faculty had unanimously presented three men, *pari passu*, though doubtless rather favoring Drews. In this case, also, the conservatives generally expressed their bitter displeasure and their disappointment in that the conservative members of the faculty,

Kähler, Hering, and Lütgert, had not stood out for the appointment of a conservative; but these men vouchsafed no public explanation. The agitation over these two cases was really great. Drews and Deissmann, however, are not regarded as extreme radicals, and no one supposes their work will have a destructive tendency. Nevertheless, the conservatives viewed their appointment as an encroachment of the liberals and a violation of the principle of parity.

The death of the extremely liberal Pfleiderer, of Berlin, on July 18, 1908, created a vacancy which the conservatives viewed as an opportunity for a reprisal. It was, indeed, once announced that Althaus, of Göttingen, a decided conservative, had been appointed to the chair; but this was an error, and the place remains unfilled up to the time of this writing. The liberals earnestly desire the appointment of Tröltsch, of Heidelberg, to the chair.

The recent retirement of Kleinert (moderate conservative) from the chair of practical theology in Berlin was another signal for excitement. The faculty with all but a single vote—Seeberg's—recommended Simons, the professor extraordinary of practical theology in the same faculty, to be advanced to the regular professorship. For a couple of years, however, some conservatives, in anticipation of the change, had been planning how they might check this move. Simons has done excellent work, but is not a very impressive personality. More than a year and a half ago, a conservative editor, hoping to forestall his appointment, wrote: "I have occasionally asked this or that one, 'Do you know anything of Simons?' 'No.' The best women are those about whom people do not talk." At any rate, the faculty almost unanimously favored him. But Seeberg, with the help of influential conservatives outside the university, got the victory. The minister was persuaded to call Friedrich Mahling, a pastor in Frankfort, an able and imposing leader in the affairs of the "inner mission." Such passing over the heads of the faculty is always more or less resented; in this instance the faculty, learning of the minister's intention, formally protested, and asked that if he were determined to appoint a conservative, he might in any event appoint some one who had proved his scientific competence. (For Mahling, though a man of recognized ability, has produced no scholarly writings.) In spite of the protest, however, the appointment was made. Rade, in the *Christliche Welt*, vigorously contends that only those who have *proved* their aptitude for research and scientific production can have a *moral* claim upon consideration for a professorship. In the Mahling case party feeling evidently has had too much to do with the discussion on both sides; yet, undoubtedly, the objection of Rade and of the majority of the Berlin faculty is based upon a very sincere conviction. The strife has largely subsided and yet the liberals have not altogether quit their contention, for they are now insisting that in justice Simons should be elevated to a full professorship, coördinate with Mahling's.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

An anonymous French critic, writing recently in a French magazine concerning Renan as a thinker, says: "To-day's Revue des Deux Mondes contains the third part of Renan's spiritual autobiography published under the title Souvenirs de jeunesse. It's inferior to what I expected. There is no denying the fact that he is only a second-rate man. He is clever. He quotes Père Hardouin who did not get up at four o'clock in the morning for forty years only to think like other people. Hardouin's case fits him. 'Few people,' says he, 'have the right not to believe in Christianity.' But a fool enjoys every right. He himself by no longer believing in Christianity shows that he is not a Christian, but he has his own shabby superstitions—the superstition of science, the superstition of German higher criticism, the superstition of scholarship, of epigraphy, of texts of all kinds." Of Renan as a man, the same critic writes: "He courts power, he courts men of rank, he courts the academies. Power is his highest god. Under the empire he sold himself for an official mission to Syria and a chair at the Collège de France. Some time ago he began frequenting Mme. de Broglie's salon. When de Broglie died Renan stopped coming. At present in his Eau de Jouvence he is flirting with the mob; it must come hard because his temper is aristocratic. Twenty years ago, when I came to Paris, with no career and no future, I was presented to him. He liked me; he put himself out for me because he is kindly disposed toward free-thinkers. He gave me advice; he had more experience than I. One day he said to me, 'Do not write.' I confess, to my shame, that I did not understand him. How well I understand now! He meant, 'Ask for things in person; later you will be in a position to deny it.' The method is ingenious. He finds it useful. He can do what he pleases and no one will ever publish compromising letters of his." The Contemporary Review (London) was as interesting as usual in its July number. The now almost ubiquitous and incessant Chesterton was in it with an article on "The Moral Philosophy of Meredith." Chesterton comments on that strange fanaticism which fills our time, the fanatical hatred of morality, especially of Christian morality. Somebody, it seems, has been claiming that Meredith shared this antipathy to morals, and that no working moral judgments are present in his fiction; that he presents people not as good or bad, but as live animals to be considered scientifically and coldly, without reference to any high crisis of the conscience or wars between heaven and hell. To this claim made for Meredith by one of his eulogists Chesterton replies, in his whacking, trenchant, and incisive way, that Meredith plainly needs to be saved from his admirers. It is, he says, an atrocious libel on Meredith to say that he was merely scientific, psychological, or æsthetic. It is a black slander to say that Meredith did not preach, or that his characters are not properly placarded as good and bad; for they are, just as much as in any writer whose books

one can endure to read. Books without morality in them are books that send one to sleep standing up. Meredith is not of that sort. What can that man have meant by saying that his characters are not good and bad? He might as well have said it about Bunyan. Meredith wrote a Morality, a pure and stern satiric allegory for the purpose of lashing one special vice; for his "Egoist" is not a man—he is a sin. And, as in all the old and wholsome Moralities of the ages of faith, the object in fixing the vice on one man is really to fix it upon all men. We have all posed with Meredith's "Egoist," just as we have all fallen with Adam. Meredith's Sir Willoughby Patterne is Selfishness, in the utterly naked and abstract sense. Having said this, Chesterton goes on to say: "There never were any mere artists, just as there never were any real agnostics. The artist always had an ethos up his sleeve, just as the agnostic always really concealed a cosmos about his person. The real assumption of the vaguest mid-Victorian agnostic was not that he did not know but that he knew better—he knew the opposite. And the real view of the most violent French decadent was not that morals were a matter of indifference, but that it was highly immoral that he should be prevented from keeping fifteen mistresses and an opium pipe. It is not about the existence of obligations that men have ever differed; it is about the nature of obligations; as in those unhappy religious differences which still divide Christians from thugs. Meredith left the world in little doubt about what things he thought right and what wrong. Fantastic as he was, he was a moral fighter; and when you have understood a Meredith sentence you will generally find it is a stab. Meredith is at least as much of a controversial moralist as Thomas Hardy, and a much nicer one. Hardy and Meredith have been classed together as holding those indistinct notions which are the confusion of modern thinking; but the two men are, in fact, antagonists. The moral in Hardy's stories is that morality has an uncommonly rotten chance of it in a universe which seems to him made in some dark way a separate entity which upsets the plans of blameless and pathetic human beings. God is the villain in Hardy's novels; and his God behaves extraordinarily badly considering that he does not exist. His queer and irritated attempt to fix personal responsibility upon an impersonal force is a bit shaky in logic; it produces an evil atmosphere in literature. But Meredith, though not orthodox, is the very antithesis of all this. That impersonal deity which is Hardy's villain is Meredith's hero and champion. Nature betrays all the heroines of Hardy. Nature enters to save all the heroines of Meredith. The argument of Hardy is that human beings with their brief joy and brittle ideals might get on very well if the general wave of the world did not overturn them or smash them into sticks. The argument of Meredith is that our little lives always stagnate into hypocrisy or morbidity unless the general wave of the world continually refreshes and recreates us. Hardy maintains that man is mere victim and game of the gods. Meredith, on the other hand, maintains that the gods are a necessity to man. That he says gods rather than God is due merely to a nineteenth century prejudice and fad." A characteristic bit of Chesterton farther on in his article is this: "Since Christianity broke

the heart of the world and mended it, one cannot really be a pagan; one can only be anti-Christian. Swinburne was not a pagan in the least; he was a pseudo-Parisian pessimist. Thomas Hardy is not a pagan; he is a Nonconformist gone sour. To the credit of paganism be it said that it is not pagan to revile the gods, nor is it pagan to exalt a street-walker into a symbol of all possible pleasure. The pagan felt that there was a sort of easy force pressing upon us from behind Nature, a force beneficent though not specially just or loving—the energy of kindly but careless gods. This paganism is now impossible both to the Christian and to the skeptic. . . . We talk of the curiosity of the Greeks concerning the unseen and its problems; but there is something almost eerie in their lack of curiosity. There is a wide gulf between the gay unanswered questions of Socrates and the parched and passionate questions of Job. The curiosity of the Greeks was light, a curiosity of the head; and it seems almost flippant and a mockery to Christians, and to unbelievers as well, who now explore the universe with the intense, anxious, and tragic curiosity of the heart." Concerning the vivid mystical effect of Meredith's realistic power, we find the following: "In all his work there is the smell and taste of things; it is grass and not the ghost of grass, fire and not the shadow of fire. Nothing is so fine in Meredith as the satisfying solidity of everything. The wind in which Clara Middleton walks is a real wind; the reader can feel it in his hair. The wine which Dr. Middleton drinks is real wine; the reader can get drunk on it." Chesterton counts Henry James the ablest man now remaining in Meredith's line. He says: "James has all Meredith's power of taking one's breath away with a sort of light, flashing, and flying psychology, as of a sage suddenly dowered with wings. He also can stun the reader with one small but unexpected truth. He has all Meredith's intellectualism and nearly all his intellect. . . . But it is no unfairness to James to say that his figures seem to have no faces. . . . Admirable as are James's drawing-room dialogues, I always have an uneasy sense that they are dialogues with the dead." Chesterton says that all Meredith's questionings and agonies are answered in his fine poem called "A Faith on Trial"—answered not by a synthesis nor a cosmology, but suddenly by a white cherry branch in bloom. Gilbert K. Chesterton is a new sort of Christian champion, of immense *verve* and vim and gusto. John Kelman, of Edinburgh, in one of his sermons says to his hearers: "Let us be *worthier* of our *friends*, who trust us more than we dare trust ourselves, and give them a better loyalty. Let us be *worthier* of our spiritual *enemies*, and *give them a better battle*." Chesterton is giving the enemies of the Christian faith a good battle—at times a rattling good battle. His tactics are his own. The method of his warfare is not down in the books. He does not train with the regulars; but he is a dashing guerilla, a rough rider who can take care of his cause and of himself on the field and who does not need to be rescued by any Ninth or Tenth Cavalry. His raids are disconcerting. His ingenuity perpetrates the unexpected. He is as sudden and alarming as the messenger who drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night and told him half his Troy was burned. He makes the enemy drink the wine of astonishment. He is a

desirable citizen of the world and a good fighter for Jesus Christ. When the Son of God goes forth to war, Chesterton follows in his train. The same issue of The Contemporary notices a new two-volume History of Methodism, prepared on the coöperative plan and edited by W. I. Townsend, H. B. Workman, and George Eayrs. A dull and disastrous century was the eighteenth in its early part: it had put the schools to sleep and killed education. In Oxford University Methodism was born. The same university, together with Cambridge, had fostered the Wyclifites in the fifteenth century and made the Reformation an intellectual as well as a spiritual possibility. The origin of the term "Methodism," according to Charles Wesley, was this: He and a few fellow students agreed together to follow and observe with conscientious and punctual fidelity the *method* of study and conduct required by the rules of the university. Later this practice of studious methodical diligence was extended to their study of the Bible and their religious duties and observances. So Methodism began in the conscientious resolve of some English college boys to be better students, to be religiously faithful in their studies and their behavior. The name of "Methodist" got fixed upon this noble group of students, and later the followers of these first Oxford Methodists adopted the name which multitudinous millions of Christians now rejoice to wear. The Contemporary says: "The chapter on John Wesley is very full of interest. He forms an inexhaustible theme. So vivid and intense a personality as this Oxford Don, who thanked God that Oxford had given him the 'honest art' of arguing, and who brought to the work of revival the cold intelligence of a highly trained thinker, is rare in the history of nations. He found, indeed, the people in a measure prepared for his tremendous message, since the eloquent Whitefield was his forerunner, but when he came he brought a new revelation of life. His personal endowments contributed to his power—his magnetic presence, his expressive features, his keen, bright eye, his clear voice. In the open air he was well heard by five, ten, fifteen thousand people gathered in the urban spaces of Kenniugton and Moorfields, and in the natural amphitheater of Gwennap. For fifty years this marvelous man in trumpet tones carried his message throughout England. When he died, on March 2, 1791, he had awakened England from its more than a century of sleep. The land was alive again, ready to face the morning and the day's work. In 1746 Wesley repudiated apostolic succession. In 1784 he ordained ministers for America, on the ground that a presbyter and a bishop are of the same order. The time is coming when Methodism will even more fully justify the claim of Wesley that it is simply the rediscovery and restoration of primitive Christianity." The History referred to says: "The Puritan stood for righteousness, in all human relations and aspects. Wesley took an advanced step and preached holiness—holiness of heart as the foundation of holiness in all conditions and duties. Holiness in Wesley's thought meant righteousness manifesting itself in perfect love to God and man, and as a transforming power applied by the Holy Spirit to the individual. He was enthralled by the idea, he preached it with a certainty of a demonstrated theorem, in a style as clear as finely cut crystal. All his societies were

organized with reference to it. He went up into the mount of vision, where his eyes were purged at the fountains of immortal radiance, and then he labored to give the idea concrete form in a living society. This he accomplished so successfully that to-day Methodism counts its adherents by many millions." The First Epistle of John was Wesley's model of style. Of Robert Law's recent volume on that epistle The Contemporary says: "Mr. Law repudiates the view that a certain senility is to be detected in the epistle, and holds that it is one of the most closely articulated pieces of writing in the New Testament, and that the style, simple and unpremeditated as it is, is singularly artistic. He finds that the epistle falls into three cycles, in which the reader is summoned to bring his life to the test of righteousness, the test of love, and the test of belief. Mr. Law is of opinion that John's First Epistle was written subsequently to John's Gospel, the fourth Gospel being written around the Incarnate Logos, while this epistle is written around the Eternal Life." We glean a few bits indicating the excellence of this British Review: "The best method of composition is to write with fury and correct with phlegm." "The secret of Longfellow's popularity is in his lovable and spiritual nature." "Blessed indeed are the trials and difficulties that make us men instead of babes, pure and patient instead of passionate and selfish, fitted for measureless development and service beyond the grave." Commander Semenoff, of the Russian navy, has written a book entitled The Reckoning, in which he sets forth that the disastrous result of the war with Japan was the reckoning Russia had to pay for years of official incompetence and corruption. He says, "Always in this unhappy war we must admit with deep bitterness that God was not with us." He was a captain in the ill-fated fleet which crawled along for seven months over eighteen thousand miles of sea, to meet its fate at the hands of Japan, knowing that the home government cared nothing about it and that destruction awaited it. His story of the heroic voyage and its disastrous end is said to be "an epic that either Greece or the epic North would have been proud to tell." An article on the causes of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 lays the blame of it on Napoleon III, the Empress Eugénie, and the Pope. Years before that war, when Bismarck and Moltke were in Paris with King William of Prussia to see the great French Exhibition, Marshal Vaillant, of the French army, said to Bismarck: "Some day you and we will cross bayonets." "All right," answered Bismarck, "if you insist upon it. But may I ask why?" "Because," replied the Frenchman, "we are both cocks, and because one cock doesn't like to hear another cock crowing louder than itself. At Sadowa you crowed too loudly, and you are still crowing." In the late sixties Louis Napoleon, the "Man of Destiny" and of sawdust, who claimed for France the proud position of "Arbiter of Europe," was jealous of the rising influence of Germany and also felt the prestige of his own dynasty to be waning among the people of his empire, and believed war to be necessary as a means of reviving the patriotism of the French and restoring his own prestige; while his ambitious empress urged him and the entire Bonapartist party to war, saying, "My son will never reign if prestige is not reëstablished by a victorious war." Louis Napo-

leon, looking for a pretext for declaring war, seized eagerly on the acceptance of the throne of Spain by Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, pretending that a German on the Spanish throne would be a menace to the prestige of France. Documents show that Eugénie was the principal maker of the war. When the emperor wavered she spurred him on. After the war Bismarck told the Reichstag that documents found by the Prussians at Saint Cloud proved that the war of 1870 was declared by France in agreement with Rome, the Vatican counting confidently on a victory for the French; and that Louis Napoleon's temporary reluctance was overcome by the influence of none but the Jesuits, acting through the Empress Eugénie. The Contemporary calls attention to the fact that "the doctrine of papal infallibility, which was a declaration of war against the human intellect—the enemy most dreaded by the Papal Church—was proclaimed one day before France's declaration of war against Prussia, a Protestant nation. This was no accidental coincidence—this subtle and secret cooperation of the powers of hell and hatred against the rising influence of Prussia as the protagonist of a united Germany; so that it may be said truly that the war of 1870 was the resultant of nearly equal forces emanating from the Tuileries and the Vatican." The defeat of France and the downfall of Napoleon the Little's empire were a heavy blow to the Papal Church, which is now so rapidly losing its hold even upon France—the France which in 1870 it pushed into mad folly and costly disaster. The same number of The Contemporary contains an article by A. E. Keeton on "The Music of Max Reger," the chief virtuoso of modern harmony, which contrasts Reger with Strauss thus: "No two composers could be more innately national. Strauss, indeed, and the German emperor may be reckoned with as two most representative spirits of ultra modern Germany, full of the violent pride and energy of an aggressively prosperous and expanding race, eager to 'imponieren,' as their untranslatable verb expresses it, with a garish panorama and appanage of newly developed luxury and opulence. Reger, with all his adventurous modernity, can take us right back to the older Germany that many of us knew and loved some fifteen or twenty years ago—and that now is fast vanishing—when the bulk of the people formed the most unpretentious and homely of middle classes, rough and ready, easy going and frugal toward the material concerns of life, inelegant and crude in all matters pertaining to body, raiment, sustenance; but a people imbued and saturated with a profound culture; a people to whom Shakespeare and Browning meant, perhaps, on the whole, more than they do to us in the aggregate even to-day; a people who for more than a century, without pomp of circumstance or *réclame*, had been giving the rest of the world most of everything that was worth having in music, if not in literature or painting."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Church and The Slum. A Study of English Wesleyan Mission Halls. By WILLIAM HENRY CRAWFORD, President of Allegheny College. 12mo, pp. 146. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jeunings & Graham. Price, cloth, illustrated, 75 cents, net.

WE wish that every pastor and every layman might read this book and catch something of the spirit which is at work in the Wesleyan Forward Movement as seen in the city missions in Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield, Birmingham, and London, and as pictured by President Crawford with glowing earnestness in this book. No one whose heart is not dead to the work of saving men can read these glimpses of the British mission halls and their rescue work without being so stirred that his heart will burn and exult within him over the saving miracles wrought by power divine among lost and ruined men and women in city slums. Matthew Arnold, Goldwin Smith, and Mrs. Humphry Ward, and all their ilk to the contrary notwithstanding, miracles do happen; Jesus Christ is raising the dead every day—raising men dead in trespasses and sins from the death of sin to the life of righteousness, melting hard hearts, purifying soiled souls, and transforming character by genuine conversion—a right-about-face of the heart and the life, so that men hate the evil things they once loved and love the good things they once hated, and evil doers are so transformed by the renewing of their minds that with all their might they "abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good." And they bear witness with one accord that it is Jesus Christ who has wrought this revolutionary change in them. The evidences of Christianity which blaze and thunder in the mission halls outargue Butler's Analogy and all other printed reasonings. And all the ignoramuses, learned or unlearned, who announce the passing of orthodox evangelical Christianity, and who imagine the gospel is not the power of God unto salvation, are talking out of a vacuum and parading their ignorance of what is going on in the actual world of to-day. The church which is most filled with evangelical faith, and the evangelistic spirit, and which burns with the passion for souls is the church of the future. Christ, who died to save men, and who liveth evermore for the same purpose, will abide with the church which lives to save men. Read what the sturdy president of Allegheny College says about the change in the spirit and methods of British Wesleyanism in recent years: "It was in 1891 that I got my first glimpse of the Wesleyan Church. During the summer of that year I attended the Conference which was held at Nottingham. There I heard many of the leading men on the floor of the Conference and in services held in the chapels of the city. Later I visited many chapels in London and other cities. The impression made was not favorable. It seemed to me that the Wesleyans of England were in a rut, and that, with the exception of a few noble and notable men, the more earnest spirit of Methodism had departed.

The Methodism I saw seemed little more than an imitation, and a poor imitation at that, of the Established Church, having no fine, strong, vigorous, independent life and power of its own. Perhaps I had expected too much. Perhaps I did not see all I ought to have seen. But the impression made was as I have described it. I am coming back home from this visit, sixteen years later, amazed and thrilled by what I have seen. The mission halls had few advocates sixteen years ago. To-day their spirit is pervading the whole Wesleyan Church. It is hardly too much to say that these halls have transformed the Wesleyan Church. Peter Thompson said to me: 'If it had not been for the mission halls, we shouldn't have had the Million Guinea Fund, and if we hadn't had the Million Guinea Fund, Methodism to-day would be depressed, if not disheartened.' I have talked with leading representatives of the Methodist press, with distinguished ministers in circuits as well as in mission halls, with professors in three of the Wesleyan theological colleges, with members of the editorial staffs of great papers both religious and secular, with eminent professors and ministers outside of the Wesleyan Church, with business men as well as clergymen, with students as well as professors, and the testimony, in every case, has been an expression of deep appreciation of what the mission halls have done and are doing, not only for the Wesleyan Church, but for Christianity and for the social betterment of the waste places in the cities of England. The Wesleyan Church is overwhelmingly committed to the mission-hall idea. On the strength of testimony received I am safe in saying that the mission halls never had the confidence of the Methodists of England as they have to-day. And there is reason for this. One of the most accurate statisticians of the Wesleyan Church said to me: *'Of the fifty-seven thousand net increase in membership during the past ten years, three fourths have come directly through the mission halls.'* Over forty of these missions have already been established, and all are flourishing. The Wesleyans have put some five million dollars into these great establishments, and they are not done yet. New halls are in process of erection. Even the circuits are catching the enthusiasm, and halls not so expensive as those in the cities, but seating some one thousand people, are being built in several of the rural districts. The latest report of the Home Mission Fund names five such halls which are now in operation. In this same report Dr. Pope and his assistant, the Rev. Simpson Johnson, call attention to the danger, ever present in movements of this kind, that social and intellectual activities may push the spiritual into the background. They go on to say: 'We have been wonderfully preserved from this danger in the past, and if each missioner is a strong and spiritual personality, breathing his own soul into all his coworkers, then the secondary factors will take their proper place and will be made helpful in the great business of saving men.'" President Crawford adds words which our American church may well lay to heart: "Whatever we may think of transplanting the method, there can be no doubt that the *spirit* of the mission hall, which is preëminently and persistently evangelistic, is *needed here* as well as in England. In every mission I saw, with the possible exception of West London, the fire of evangel-

ism is burning brightly. It is a sane evangelism, too. It says to the unsaved man: 'Jesus Christ wants you. He died for you. If you let him, he will make out of you the man you ought to be. Come!' It says to the redeemed man: 'Bring yourself to your best; be as strong and fully developed as it is possible for you to be. Win somebody else; be Christ's messenger to some one who is now where you were. Render some social service—brighten a home, help a boy, stand against the things that hurt, lend a hand; remember, you are Christ's man, and as Christ's man you are, like him, to go about doing good.' The watchword everywhere in the mission halls seems to be, '*Evangelism and Social Service.*'" If we did not believe that Methodism will more and more burn with this fervent and aggressive spirit, we would have to despair of Methodism and gloomily anticipate its inevitable decadence. If we could not now look forward confidently to a great awakening and quickening of our church into intenser zeal and the energetic action needed in this stirring and rushing twentieth century, we should be dismayed and disheartened. Our hope in noticing this book here is that it may breathe some of the evangelistic *spirit* through these pages into the hearts of ministers and laymen. We say nothing about methods now. They must be adapted to conditions and to the various kinds of religious work; and great freedom must be allowed to individual ministers and churches in the choice of methods. Perhaps the greatest work of the Wesleyan mission halls is at Manchester under S. F. Collier, concerning which an eminent Glasgow Presbyterian said with enthusiasm: "The great thing about it is its evangelistic fervor. You see there the joy of the early church. Everybody is busy and everybody happy. It is the greatest work the Wesleyans have, but in its way the Liverpool work is just as important. The popular concert there is the greatest thing of the kind I ever saw." We turn, however, to the account of the Leeds Mission, under Rev. Samuel Chadwick. We quote from Dr. Crawford, who quotes from Mr. Chadwick: "Mr. Chadwick's description of how he became a missioner is certainly interesting and suggestive. His first work was as a lay missioner in Rossendale, with a population of quarrymen and factory workers. There he faced the problem of bringing the godless and indifferent to the house of God. In spite of his best sermons, and after giving himself without stint to every form of religious activity, members were stolid and outsiders indifferent. He grew desperate. Then came a revelation, a crisis, and a baptism. In looking for guidance in Christian service he was led to study the resurrection of Lazarus and its results. For weeks the story possessed him. The miracle seemed to accomplish just what was needed in Rossendale. He felt that if they could only get Jesus and Lazarus into touch with each other they would see wonders. 'My heart,' he says, 'began to cry for the big, strapping fellows abandoned and buried beyond all hope. The Lazaruses in that valley were very many, and it seemed as if my heart would break. If only we could get a Lazarus! Then people would flock to see a man who had been raised from the dead. . . . With unwearying persistence we prayed that the Lord would save the worst, and send a man so dead and buried in sin that his wickedness was offensively

notorious and overwhelmingly bad. God heard our cry. The man came of his own accord and volunteered to sign the pledge. He was a dreadful character; everybody knew him and everybody believed it impossible for him to be any better. He was the terror of the neighborhood, and did the most extraordinary things out of sheer deviltry. A fortnight after he had signed the pledge he came to the service, and our hearts nearly stood still as he walked down the aisle and flung himself at the communion rail. He was gloriously saved, and there was a shout among the redeemed that night. We got our Lazarus. . . . We had not long to wait for the crowd. The news of his conversion spread like wildfire. It was discussed in every public house and every barber shop in the district. Hundreds came to church, not to see Jesus, but the man he had raised from the dead. A glorious revival followed, in which many were turned to God. That was my first great discovery. Lazarus solves the problem of empty churches. He is the greatest attraction and the strongest argument. Wherever there is the continual operation of saving power, bringing dead men out of their graves, the work of the Lord will prosper. For this power there is no substitute, and it never fails. There are no languishing churches where souls are saved. People believe when they see graves opened and the dead come forth in newness of life. This has been the first fundamental of my working creed.' The second fundamental of his working creed—and he has only two—was found in a very different way. It was at Clydebank, Glasgow, a new town which had sprung up with the rapidity of one of our Western American cities because of the large industrial works which had been planted there. The Lazarus was soon found, but the 'epoch-making event,' as Mr. Chadwick calls it, was a bit of temperance work which he undertook single-handed. He found that the brewers had seized the most strategic positions for public houses, and when the spring sessions came round they made application for five new licenses. Temperance workers in the community were discouraged because of previous failures, and the young missioner saw that if anything was done he must do it. The experience in the court room is best told in Mr. Chadwick's own words: 'It was my first appearance in court. The proceeding was unusual, and there was a wrangle over a question of order, in which I scored. The barrister who held the brief for the applicants made great sport of me, and everybody except myself seemed to enjoy the fun; but the Lord delivered him into my hands. He wound up his banter with an attack upon me as a minister, and in mocking tones instructed me in my pastoral duties as a shepherd of the flock of Christ. It was hard to bear, but I sat still. At last he turned to me, and with withering scorn said: "I should like to ask this young-looking shepherd, What hast thou done with the few sheep in the wilderness?" Quick as thought I sprang to my feet and flung out the answer, "Don't you trouble about my sheep; I am after the wolf to-day." Then the laugh was on the other side, and those sedate old magistrates cheered like schoolboys. We got the wolf, but more important than the fact that for three years we prevented any new license being granted was that on my feet in that court I discovered the second working principle of a missioner's life.

From that day I have regarded it as an essential part of my sacred calling to hunt the wolf as well as to care for the sheep.'" So Mr. Chadwick holds "that the mission of a mission is to save the lost, attack the devil, and bring in the kingdom of God." His definition of mission theology is this: "An evangelistic mission implies an evangelical faith. A theology that is not missionary is of no use in a world like ours. The frozen abstractions of metaphysics are as powerless to save as the dead creeds of tradition. The speculations of theologians must be tested by their power to heal and save. Missions exist for the lost. Their work is not educational and social, but spiritual and redemptive." "Anything less than Deity is powerless to save men from sin. If Jesus be not God, he may be a great philosopher, a superb idealist, an unrivaled guide to the new order of life, but he is useless as a Saviour. Let the new theologies prove themselves in missionary campaigns among the lost. Missions have no use for a Christ that cannot save to the uttermost all who come unto him. For the same reason we hold to the complete and final authority of the Scriptures. We cannot go to the perishing with the 'perhaps' of balanced probabilities. We need the certainty of a 'THUS SAITH THE LORD.'" We recommend this book to Professor Goldwin Smith. We have tried to warm up the pages of the REVIEW with a few live coals from off the altar.

Christian Belief Interpreted by Christian Experience. By CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, President of the Union Theological Seminary. 8vo, pp. xlii, 255. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

The Universal Elements of the Christian Religion. By CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D.D., LL D, 12mo, pp. 309. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

Christ and the Human Race. By CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, pp. xviii, 275. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

Christ and the Eastern Soul. By CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D.D., LL.D., late President of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. 8vo, pp. xlii, 208. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

THESE four volumes were the result of long years of deep thought and extensive study. Dr. Hall had peculiar qualifications for the work here represented. His catholic spirit had been chastened by contact with many nations and by familiarity with the thoughts of many scholars. It was at an opportune time that he was appointed to the Barrows Lectureship by the University of Chicago to deliver a course of lectures at the University centers of India, Ceylon, and Japan. The attitude of the natives of India to Western thought and institutions was anything but wholesome. In their mind Christianity belonged to the West, and to it also they were stoutly opposed. The situation is well described in a recent book entitled The Political Future of India, by H. P. Mody. This prize essay by a Parsi of Bombay enables the reader of Dr. Hall's books to see how accurately he had appreciated the conditions of the people whom he addressed. It is not surprising that he received an enthusiastic hearing wherever he spoke. His second visit to India and the Far East was largely determined by the urgent request of missionaries and his numerous Oriental hearers,

whose intercourse with the sympathetic and scholarly lecturer had been to them a rich benediction. The interval between the conclusion of his first course of lectures and the delivery of the second course was spent in arduous duties at home. During this period he found time to prepare and deliver two other courses, one at Vanderbilt University and the other at Harvard University. The four books are now before us. They form a unique library on the apologetic of Christian missions and will richly repay study. A spirit of frankness and generosity, an absence of controversy and disparagement of alien faiths, an attitude at once fraternal and courteous appear on every page. He knew how to distinguish the essential from the incidental in Christian thought and practice; hence his impressive emphasis on the fundamental facts. In his opening lecture in the course on Christian Belief Interpreted by Christian Experience, he said: "Judge Christianity not by the poor and perishable types that profess connection with it and belie its spirit. Judge Christianity by Christ, its Incarnate Archetype, and by those rarest souls, who, greater than all the churchly names they bear, have possessed his spirit, have followed in his train. And why? Because Christ is not European and Christianity is no product of the West. The West is seeking, indeed, to comprehend it; the West is climbing, though with piteous stumblings and fallings back, toward the heavenly mount. But Christ towers above European civilization as the highest peak of the Himalayas towers above the cities of the river plains; a white perfection that rivets the eyes of the world; a bright Epiphany of perfect love." How well he understood the conditions in the West is strikingly shown in his volume, The Universal Elements of the Christian Religion. He faced the problems of sectarianism and biblical criticism and showed their necessary place in the evolution of the experience and influence of the church. One of his convictions, uttered in the following words, is worth noting: "Three things the Christianity of the West needs, if it would be ready, in the day of the Lord, to meet and greet the next great interpretation of the churchly ideal. It needs to have the Anglo-Saxon spirit chastened; it needs to realize the democracy of nations; it needs to learn respect for Oriental national aims and religious aspirations." This is a question of mental attitude, and to this he addressed himself in the Noble Lectures at Harvard on Christ and the Human Race. The aspirations and achievements of the Orient are set forth in a way that commands attention. The weakness of provincialism, the error of a condescending demeanor, the vanity of exclusive aloofness, the wealth of Christian thought latent in the Oriental consciousness, the necessity for reviving and retaining the metaphysical basis of Christianity, the tendency to overlook the elements of Christian mysticism which enrich the spiritual life, the eager summons from the Orient for educated interpreters and representatives of the spirit of Jesus Christ—these are some of the subjects which he treated in a large and luminous way. A detailed analysis of the soul of the Orient is given in his second course of Barrows Lectures on Christ and the Eastern Soul. He listened with reverence to the hopes and yearnings of non-Christian faiths; he readily acknowledged the

elements of sublimity in the Oriental consciousness; but he was clear in setting forth before his audiences that Jesus Christ alone can fulfill their traditional aspirations and purge the soul from the lusts of sin. The Orient is now wide awake and is beginning to change many of its tenets, hoary with age. It is a time of revolution, political, industrial, and religious. The church at home must understand this situation and respond to the urgent and insistent call for help. These volumes by the late Dr. Hall are notable contributions. They will inform and inspire all readers and give them a vision of the world-sympathy of Jesus Christ.

The Churches and the Wage Earners. By C. Bertrand Thompson. 12mo, pp. 229. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1, net.

This is a study of the cause and cure of whatever separation exists between the church and the working men. We incline to the belief that this separation is not so widespread or so serious as some represent. But the church has no more urgent duty than to study the facts and to do all in its power to heal the breach. Charles Stelzle tells us that something is being accomplished in this direction, and that the *tendency* of the working classes is now toward the church rather than away from it. Part I deals with the alienation of the wage-earners from the churches—its extent and its causes; Part II with the attitude of the churches toward the workingmen, and its results; Part III with Christianity and Socialism; Part IV tells "What to Do." We are particularly interested in Mr. Thompson's high praise of our own Methodist Episcopal Church for its attitude on this pressing problem. Referring to the declaration of our last General Conference, this author says: "The Methodist Quadrennial Conference of 1908 has taken specific action in regard to the most pressing social problems of to-day by the adoption of a platform which places that church easily in the forefront of the socio-religious movement. The statement reads as follows: 'The Methodist Episcopal Church stands: 1. For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life. 2. For the principle of conciliation and arbitration in industrial dissensions. 3. For the protection of the worker from dangerous machinery, occupational diseases, injuries, and mortality. 4. For the abolition of child labor. 5. For such regulation of the conditions of labor for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community. 6. For the suppression of the sweating system. 7. For the gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practical point, with work for all; and for that degree of leisure for all which is the condition of the highest human life. 8. For a release from employment one day in seven. 9. For a living wage in every industry. 10. For the highest wage that each industry can afford, and for most equitable division of the products that can ultimately be devised. 11. For the recognition of the Golden Rule and the mind of Christ as the supreme law of society and the sure remedy for all social ills." This comprehensive and unequivocal declaration of Christian principles, our author says, "is a model of frankness and dignity which cannot be too highly commended. It has been adopted, with some additions (of questionable value), by the Federal Council of Churches at

its meeting in December, 1908, at Philadelphia. When all the churches shall have become permeated with the spirit exemplified in this platform, and the masses of the people shall have become aware of the fact, there will be no problem of the alienation of the masses." This intelligent and commendable declaration of principles having been framed and put forth by our General Conference in 1908, the important thing now is that our ministers and churches shall earnestly and actively live up to them and enact them in conduct toward the wage-earners. The church which does its duty by the sturdy and industrious wage-earners of to-day will be the strong, virile, energetic and triumphant church of to-morrow; while the church which turns its back on them will pale and dwindle and grow feeble under the laws of nature and the wrath of God.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Studies in Poetry. By Stopford A. Brooke. Crown 8vo, pp. 253. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.75, net.

Beyond dispute one of the finest and sanest of guides in the study of poetry is Stopford A. Brooke. The charm of his writing is great. Here are five discriminating and illuminating studies on William Blake, Sir Walter Scott, the Lyrics of Shelley, Keats's Epipsychidion, and an Inaugural Address given as President of the Shelley Society. For a sympathetic appreciation of that spontaneous, childlike genius, William Blake, we know of nothing finer than this book gives us. Blake abhorred artificialism. He loved simplicity and spontaneity, the unpremeditated cry of impulse as natural as a child's laugh or a bird's warble. Conventional phrasings he had no use for. He said: "Let others sit in council with their peers and 'judge of tinkling rhymes and elegances terse.' I will not." His notes are simple, natural, yet have a melody of their own. Though the meter of his poems is often confused, it "has a sweetness of its own, a musical wash as of the wind through woods of pine." Blake's joy in the beauty of the world is at once rapturous and reverent. In his pictures he draws direct from nature. "To him all the world is alive with the divine. The lark sings the song of the morning to God. The sun listens, full of awe and humility. The whole world rejoices in itself and in its Maker." The following lines, Dr. Brooke thinks, are nearer than anything in Wordsworth or Shelley to that universal Thought and Love of which visible nature is the form:

> Thou hearest the nightingale begin the song of spring:
> The lark, sitting upon his earthy bed, just as the morn
> Appears, listens silent; then, springing from the waving cornfield, loud
> He leads the choir of day: trill—trill—trill—trill—
> Mounting upon the wings of light into the great expanse.
> Reëchoing against the lovely blue and shining heavenly shell
> His little throat labors with inspiration: every feather
> On throat and breast and wing vibrates with the effluence divine.
> All nature listens to him silent: and the awful sun
> Stands still upon the mountains, looking on this little bird

With eyes of soft humility, and wonder, love, and awe.
Then loud, from their green coverts, all the birds begin their song—
The thrush, the linnet and the goldfinch, robin and the wren,
Awake the sun from his sweet reverie upon the mountains;
The nightingale again essays his song, and through the day
And through the night warbles luxuriant; every bird of song
Attending his loud harmony with admiration and with love.

"That," says Brooke, "is beautiful. It touches Milton with one hand and Wordsworth and Shelley with the other." In his study of Blake's Songs of Innocence, Brooke says: "To write a lovely song is one of the rare things of the world. Sometimes a man, when life is thrilling with youthfulness, and when in an hour of uncommon and clear feeling all is lost but the high emotion of the moment, will write a single song, and write no more. There are instances of this in poetry, but they are very uncommon. But to have the power to write many songs, or even half a dozen of a beautiful quality, belongs only to nature's darlings. A perfect song needs genius, passion, and the power of giving a lovely movement to the verse—things that are the gift of nature—and with these, the power of seeing what is lovely in the joyfulness or the sorrow either of nature or humanity. It needs the fearlessness which belongs to unself-consciousness. It needs the naturalness of a child. When these are in a man, then any momentary, piercing, passionate impression received from human life and nature—such an impression as naturally fits itself into brevity of expression—is seized on with eagerness, and around every impression all the powers of the soul fly together, adding each its own light, and heat, and variety, till the imagination, rejoicing in the result and glowing with it, first strikes it into a passionate unity and then shapes it into words that sing by their own nature and are enchanted with their own singing. But this impression, fitted to be shaped into a song rather than into any other kind of poetry, does not come forth slowly as an epic or a drama, but rises instantly, like the rising of a water lily to the surface of a pool. As to its music, it has one cry above all its various sounds—the cry of the dominant, unmeditated emotion which gives it unity. Then what we feel, and what the song ought to make us feel, is that we are in the presence of a birth of nature herself, as lovely, swift, happy, and unconscious as the sudden unfolding of the water lily's flower. Again, the best songs are written not only when the poet is young, but when the nation round him is also young, when humanity wears the beauty and joy of promise. When Shakespeare began his work England had been born again. The people were as bold, natural, and excited as a boy let loose from school. Life was, as it were, a succession of songs. It had the suddenness, the spontaneousness, the want of self-consciousness, the freshness, of a song. Well, Blake, rising himself, as it were, out of the deep, having no communion with the critical or reflective poetry, abandoning himself frankly to every natural feeling, having genius and its powers, quite devoid of self-consideration, seeing beauty everywhere, hearing music everywhere, ineffably eager and joyous, a very child yet with a man's power, made songs in his heart all

day long, and when any one of them leaped in his heart for joy, it rose instantly, like the lily released from the lakebed, into the flower of unchartered verse." Dr. Brooke says it is no wonder Blake wrote songs. There were elements in his nature which were the air and fire and dew of songs. His spirit lived in a world of its own where all things rejoiced and sang. This world, gloomy with money-making, did not trouble him. All about him the heavens were filled with the morning stars chanting the glory of God. Blake's songs are as gay, as sweet, as musical, and as tender as the song of a mother bird over her nestlings when the sunny wind is playing in the tree; such songs as a child who had the wisdom of an angel might sing as it wandered in the flowery glades of Eden. William Blake's world was one of everyday love and beauty in common life, but it was also that quaint, enchanted world which children create for God and the angels, and of which they talk so seriously. Take, for example, this childlike conception of the work of the angels:

Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are cover'd warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them from all harm.
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

"What a world!" says Stopford Brooke. "The creative imagination of a man has entered into the child's heart, and we possess that mingling of both which is distinct in English song—the only soil in which lyrics like these come to a perfect flowerage." William Blake was a born republican. Like Wordsworth and Coleridge, he stood for the liberty of mankind against his own country. During the American war for independence, he sided with the colonies against the mother country. He merged his patriotism in love of all mankind. Some of his prophetic poetry is a loud cry for liberty, like the following:

Let the slave grinding at the mill run out into the field.
Let him look up into the heavens and laugh in the bright air;
Let the enchained soul, shut up in darkness and in sighing,
Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years,
Rise, and look out! His chains are loose, his dungeon doors are open.

Blake was as fierce as Shelley against tyranny and fraud and force and priestcraft and oppression. The attempt to extend the kingdom of God by coercion is damnable, he thinks.

Vain is the Sword and vain the Bow,
They never can work War's o'erthrow.
The Hermit's Prayer, the Widow's Tear
Alone can free the World from fear.

For a Tear is an Intellectual Thing,
And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King,
And the bitter groan of the Martyr's woe
Is an Arrow from the Almightie's Bow,

William Blake lived till he was nearly seventy; always poor, always unfamed, always happy. When a beautiful lady was brought to see him, he said: "My child, may God make this world as beautiful to you as it has been to me." Constantly his life praised God. Once he said: "When the sun rises, what do you see? A round disc of fire, something like a guinea? O, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty.'" Blake's was a spirit of such realizing vision that he was able

To see a World in a Grain of Sand,
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower;
Hold Infinity in the palm of his hand,
And Eternity in an hour.

Of Shelley and Sir Walter Scott, Stopford Brooke has many things to say which would be fine to repeat; and the book all through tempts to quotation. Passing everything else by, we come to this in the essay on Keats. We quote it for the sake of what Socrates says. Dr. Brooke is noticing that Keats had the temper of the childhood of the world. He forgot "the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world," and dwelling with absolute beauty lived in joy. In this he was like the Greeks. We quote: "The temper of the soul with which he looked on nature had all the simplicity, and the same feelings of joy and worship wrought together, which a young Athenian might have had before Socrates came among the youths to disturb their life by urging them to the pursuit of knowledge of themselves. Such a youth moved in a living world, and everything that lived in it was lovely and might speak to him. It was no mere ball of fire which then the young man saw when he looked on the rising of the sun from the Acropolis, but Apollo himself, burning in his car with ardor, and driving the tameless steeds. It was no dead volcanic world he saw when the moon sailed through the sky, but the goddess of the silver bow on her way to kiss Endymion. At any moment, as he walked among the olives and the oaks, he might meet Pan with his 'sweet pipings' and all the choir of fauns. From every tree under whose shade he slept at noon, from every brook where he drank at eve, the dryad or the naiad might come forth, and the immortal knit relation to the mortal. And this very temper, half worship, half joy, and both in a thrill of hourly expectation of the birth of the wonderful; this living sensibility, this power of seeing all things with a child's amazement and forgetfulness, was the temper of Keats when he was

with nature. It is not so much the temper of any other of the poets. If sometimes, when he has mingled thought with nature, he is a little out of his unconscious world with her, even then he will not have anything to do with the persons who philosophize about her, who ask questions about her life. Then he is like, not Socrates, but the transient mood in which Socrates was when Phædrus brought him to that pleasant place by the Ilissus. 'Some one has talked to Socrates, as the sun-theory persons might talk to one of us, of the rationalizing explanation of the legends of nature. 'My dear Phædrus,' Socrates answers, 'I quite acknowledge that these explanations are very nice, but he is not to be envied who gives them. And if he is skeptical about the marvels of nature, and would fain reduce them all to the laws of probability, this sort of crude philosophy will take up all his time. I must first know myself, therefore I say farewell to all this. The common opinion is enough for me.' And though Socrates does not care for the trees and the country, and would rather be in towns where men, his teachers, live, yet when he is brought to the reposeful spot near the Ilissus his enjoyment of it, and his readiness to accept the popular feeling about the nymphs, would have delighted Keats. Moreover, the first sentences both of Socrates and Phædrus are like a piece out of one of the poems of Keats. 'The little stream,' says Phædrus, 'is delightfully clear and bright; I can fancy that there might be maidens playing near.' 'Yes, indeed,' answers Socrates, 'and a fair and shady resting place, full of summer sounds and scents. There is the lofty and spreading plane tree, and the agnus castus, high and clustering, in the fullest blossom, and the greatest fragrance; and the stream which flows beneath the plane tree is deliciously cold to the feet. Judging from the ornaments and images this must be a spot sacred to Achelous and the nymphs. Moreover, there is a sweet breeze, and the grasshoppers chirrup, and the greatest charm of all is the grass, like a pillow gently sloping to the head. My dear Phædrus, you have been an admirable guide.' Keats might have said it all; it is the note of his younger poetry about nature. The description breathes enjoyment from every word—not intense enjoyment, but the frank, childlike pleasure of that everyday life which saw beauty immediately, never missed it, was its common companion and lover; and therefore, since beauty was never strange, did not lose, through intoxication with it, the use of intelligence or the powers of the soul. It was a temper, in Keats, of unruffled pleasure, a sensitive, girllike, sensuous pleasure in beauty, and in the consolation of beauty to the soul; a pleasure which loved also to have the body comfortable while the soul enjoyed, so that all things might be in harmony. When Socrates speaks of the grass softly sloping like a pillow for his head, of the delicious coolness of the stream to the feet, we not only listen to a Greek, we listen to Keats. It was also a temper in him which, freed from the religious and philosophical troubles of men, could play with nature. He had a way of fluttering, butterfly-fashion, from one object to another, touching for the moment the momentary charm of each thing." Keats said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever; its loveliness increases"; and the love of beauty filled his heart with a joy which made him forget the

meanness of the world. Of his life this radiant young genius said: "I feel more and more every day as my imagination strengthens that I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds. No sooner am I alone than shapes of epic greatness are stationed round me, and serve my spirit in the office of a King's bodyguard. Then tragedy with sceptered pall comes sweeping by, and according to my state of mind, I am with Achilles shouting in the trenches or with Theocritus in the vales of Sicily."

At Large. By Arthur Christopher Benson, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, Author of The Upton Letters, etc. Crown 8vo, pp. 425. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

With the limpid flow of the smooth stream of A. C. Benson's meditative essays our readers are familiar. The subjects in the book before us are such as these: "Contentment," "Humor," "Travel," "Our Lack of Great Men," "Shyness," "The Dramatic Sense," "Literary Finish," "Symbols," "Joy," "The Love of God." A fair sample of style and quality is the beginning of the essay on "Friendship." "'To make oneself beloved,' says an old French proverb, 'this is, after all, the best way to be useful.' That is one of the deep sayings which children think flat, and which young men, and even young women, despise; and which a middle-aged man hears with a certain troubled surprise, and wonders if there is not something in it after all; and which old people discover to be true, and think with a sad regret of opportunities missed, and of years devoted, how unprofitably, to other kinds of usefulness! The truth is that most of us, who have any ambitions at all, do not start in life with a hope of being useful, but rather with an intention of being ornamental. We think, like Joseph in his childish dreams, that the sun and moon and the eleven stars, to say nothing of the sheaves, are going to make obeisance to us. We want to be impressive, rich, beautiful, influential, admired, envied; and then, as we move forward, the visions fade. We have to be content if, in a quiet corner, a single sheaf gives us a nod of recognition; and as for the eleven stars, they seem unaware of our very existence! And then we make further discoveries: that when we have seemed to ourselves most impressive, we have only been pretentious; that riches are only a talisman against poverty, and even make suffering and pain and grief more unendurable! that beauty fades into stolidity or weariness; that influence comes mostly to people who do not pursue it, and that the best kind of influence belongs to those who do not even know that they possess it; that admiration is but a brilliant husk, which may or may not contain a wholesome kernel; and as for envy, there is poison in that cup! And then we become aware that the best crowns have fallen to those who have not sought them, and that simple-minded and unselfish people have won the prize which has been denied to brilliance and ambition. That is the process which is often called disillusionment; and it is a sad enough business for people who only look at one side of the medal, and who brood over the fact that they have been disappointed and have failed. For such as these, there follow the faded and jaded years of cynicism and dreari-

ness. But that disillusionment, that humiliation, are the freshest and most beautiful things in the world for people who have real generosity of spirit, and whose vanity has been of a superficial kind, because they thus realize that these great gifts are real and true things, but that they must be deserved and not captured; and then, perhaps, such people begin their lifework afresh, in a humble and hopeful spirit; and if it be too late for them to do what they might have once done, they do not waste time in futile regret, but are grateful for ever so little love and tenderness. After all, they have lived, they have learned by experience; and it does not yet appear what we shall be. Somewhere, far hence—who knows?—we shall make a better start." In the essay on "Contentment" reference is made to the rigid asceticism of Ruskin's childhood which helped to make him the man he became: "A bunch of keys to play with, and a little later a box of bricks; the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress and Robinson Crusoe to read; a summary whipping if he fell down and hurt himself, or if he ever cried. Yet no one would say that this austerity in any way stunted Ruskin's development or limited his range of pleasures; it made him, perhaps, rather submissive and unadventurous, but who would have preferred him to be loud, contradictory, and self-assertive?" From another essay we take this bit about the Greeks: "I think it was Goethe who said that Greek was the sheath into which the dagger of the human mind fitted best; and it is true that one finds among the Greeks the brightest efflorescence of the human mind. Who shall account for that extraordinary and fragrant flower, the flower of Greek culture, so perfect in curve and color, in proportion and scent, opening so suddenly, in such a strange isolation, so long ago, upon the human stock? The Greeks had the wonderful combination of childish zest side by side with mature taste; χάρις, as they called it—a perfect charm, an instinctive grace—was the mark of their spirit." In one essay the author writes of the pleasure which memory finds in recalling the scenes visited in travel. As the author sits musing he seems to himself to be sitting once more on the balcony of a house on the height above Naples looking off toward Vesuvius: "It is late; the sky is clouded, the air is still; a grateful coolness comes up from acre after acre of gardens climbing the steep slope; a fluttering breeze, that seems to have lost his way in the dusk, comes timidly and whimsically past, like Ariel, singing as soft as a far-off falling sea in the great pine overhead, making a little sudden flutter in the dry leaves of the thick creeper; like Ariel comes that dainty spirit of the air, laden with balmy scents and cool dew. A few lights twinkle in the plain below. Opposite the sky has an added blackness, an impenetrability of shade; but what is the strange red eye of light that hangs between earth and heaven? And, stranger still, what is that phantasmal gleam of a lip of crags high in the air, and that mysterious, moving, shifting light, like a pale flame, above it? The gloomy spot is a rent in the side of Vesuvius where the smoldering heat has burned through the crust, and where a day or two before I saw a viscid stream of molten liquor, with the flames playing over it, creeping, creeping through the tunneled ashes; and in the light above is the lip of Vesuvius itself, with its restless furnace at work, casting up a billowy swell of white oily

smoke, while the glare of the fiery pit lights up the under side of the rising vapors. A ghastly manifestation, that, of sleepless and stern forces, ever at work upon some eternal and bewildering task; and yet so strangely made am I, that these fierce signal-fires, seen afar, but blend with the scents of the musky alleys for me into a thrill of unutterable wonder. There are hundreds of such pictures stored in my mind, each stamped upon some sensitive particle of the brain, that cannot be obliterated, and each of which the mind can recall at will. And that, too, is a fact of surpassing wonder: what is the delicate instrument that registers, with no seeming volition, these amazing pictures, and preserves them thus with so fantastic a care, retouching them, fashioning them anew, detaching from the picture every sordid detail, till each is as a lyric, inexpressible, exquisite, too fine for words to touch?" Writing about specialists the author says: "The great specialist is never anxious to obtrude his subject; he is, rather, anxious to hear what is going on in other regions of mental activity, regions which he would like to explore but cannot. It is the lesser light that desires to dazzle and bewilder his company, to tyrannize, to show off. It is the most difficult thing to get a great *savant* to talk about his subject, though, if he is kind and patient, will answer unintelligent questions, and help a feeble mind along, it is one of the most delightful things in the world. I seized the opportunity some little while ago, on finding myself sitting next to a great physicist, of asking him a series of fumbling questions on the subject of modern theories of matter; for an hour I stumbled like a child, supported by a strong hand, in a dim and unfamiliar world, among the mysterious essences of things. I should like to try to reproduce it here, but I have no doubt I should reproduce it all wrong. Still, it was deeply inspiring to look out into chaos, to hear the rush and motion of atoms, moving in vast vortices, to learn that inside the hardest and most impenetrable of substances there was probably a feverish intensity of inner motion. I do not know that I acquired any precise knowledge, but I drank deep draughts of wonder and awe. The great man, with his amused and weary smile, was infinitely gentle, and left me, I will say, far more conscious of the beauty and the holiness of knowledge. I said something to him about the sense of power that such knowledge must give. 'Ah!' he said, 'much of what I have told you is not proved, it is only suspected. We are very much in the dark about these things yet. Probably if a physicist of a hundred years hence could overhear me, he would be amazed to think that a sensible man could make such puerile statements. Power—no, it is not that! It, rather, makes one realize one's feebleness in being so uncertain about things that are absolutely certain and precise in themselves, if we could but see the truth. It is much more like the apostle who said, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief." The thing one wonders at is the courage of the men who dare to think they *know*.'" Here is a bit of preaching: "How few of us there are who *make* our lives into anything! We accept our limitations, we drift with them, while we indignantly assert the freedom of the will. The best sermon in the world is to hear of one who has struggled with life, bent or trained it to his will, plucked or rejected its fruit, but all upon some principle. It matters little

what we do; it matters enormously how we do it. Considering how much has been said, and sung, and written, and recorded, and prated, and imagined, it is strange to think how little is ever told us directly about life; we see it in glimpses and flashes, through half-open doors, or as one sees it from a train gliding into a great town, and looks into back windows and yards sheltered from the street. We philosophize, most of us, about anything but life; and one of the reasons why published sermons have such vast sales is because, however clumsily and conventionally, it is with life that they try to deal." Speaking of England's present lack of great men, Mr. Benson says: "Since Lord Beaconsfield, with all his trenchant mystery, and Mr. Gladstone, with his voluble candor, there have been no figures of unquestioned supremacy on the political stage. Even so, the effect in both cases was to a great extent the effect of personality. The further that these two men retire into the past, the more that they are judged by the written record, the more does the tawdriness of Lord Beaconsfield's mind, his absence of sincere convictions appear, as well as the pedestrianism of Mr. Gladstone's mind, and his lack of critical perception. I have heard Mr. Gladstone speak, and on one occasion I had the task of reporting for a daily paper a private oration on a literary subject. I was thrilled to the very marrow of my being by the address. The parchment pallor of the orator, his glowing and blazing eyes, his leonine air, the voice that seemed to have a sort of physical effect on the nerves, his great sweeping gestures, all held the audience spellbound. I felt at the time that I had never before realized the supreme and vital importance of the subject on which he spoke. But when I tried to reconstruct from the ashes of my industrious notes the mental conflagration which I had witnessed, I was at a complete loss to understand what had happened. The records were not only dull, they seemed essentially trivial, and almost overwhelmingly unimportant. But the magic had been there. Apart from the substance, the performance had been literally enchanting. I do not honestly believe that Mr. Gladstone was a man of great intellectual force, or even of very deep emotions. He was a man of extraordinarily vigorous and robust brain, and he was a supreme oratorical artist." Of a certain book, the author says: "I was reading to-day The Irrational Knot, an early book by Mr. Bernard Shaw, whom I whole-heartedly admire because of his courage and good humor and energy. That book represents a type of the New Man, such as I suppose Mr. Shaw would have us all to be; the book, in spite of its radiant wit, is a melancholy one, because the novelist penetrates so clearly past the disguises of humanity, and takes delight in dragging the mean, ugly, shuddering, naked creature into the open. The New Man himself is entirely vigorous, cheerful, affectionate, sensible, and robust. He is afraid of nothing and shocked by nothing. I think it would have been better if he had been a little more shocked, not in a conventional way, but at the hideous lapses and failures of even generous and frank people. He is too hard and confident to be an apostle. He does not lead the flock like a shepherd, but helps them along, like Father-o'-Flynn, with his stick. I would have gone to Conolly, the hero of the book, to get me out of a difficulty, but I could not have confided to him what I really held

sacred. Moreover, the view of money, as the one essential world-force, so frankly confessed in the book, puzzled me. I do not think that money is ever more than a weapon in the hands of a man, or a convenient screening wall." Affirming his faith in the guidance and goodness of God, he says: "I do what I am given to do; I perceive what I am allowed to perceive; I suffer what is appointed for me to suffer; but all with a hope that I may yet see the dawn break upon the sunlit sea, beyond the dark hills of time."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Reminiscences and Sketches. By CHARLES FOSTER SMITH. 12mo, pp. 448. Nashville, Tenn.: Smith & Lamar, Publishing Agents of Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

THIS is an interesting and engaging book by a graduate of Wofford College, a student at Harvard and at Leipsic, giving intimate reminiscences of many notable persons, South and North, some excellent studies of literature and authors, and entertaining descriptions of Southern life, especially among the negroes and the natives of the Great Smoky Mountains, the whole very full of incidents. The first sketch is of a rugged Virginian, Dr. Landon C. Garland, an eminent educator who, in 1836, succeeded Stephen Olin as president of Randolph-Macon College and who was president of three institutions, and professor for sixty years. It is of interest to read that he considered Olin the greatest and best man he ever was intimately connected with, one of the few men who did not seem smaller as he got closer to them. He had never known a man who had such power over an audience; not even Henry Clay or Daniel Webster equaled Olin in this respect. Dr. Garland thought this mysterious and mighty power the direct inspiration and gift of the Holy Ghost, under the spell of which the man Olin seemed absolutely lost. He had none of the graces of oratory, was awkward in person and gesture; but there was extraordinary perspicuity and felicity of expression. In preaching Olin did not quote from or refer to anybody's view or opinion; there was nothing to indicate that his ideas came from any other source than his own mind; but there was a self-forgetting power which enthralled men. He was original and he struck deep. We are told that the Vanderbilt family have put into Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, nearly two millions of dollars. Bishop McTyeire, the father of Vanderbilt University, in his last illness, giving directions concerning his funeral and burial, said to his wife, "Don't buy me new clothes, but bury me in something I've preached in." It is remarked that the greatest statesmen and generals have generally been silent men. Washington was not a talker. In the convention which resolved upon the Revolutionary War, he sat silent for fifty-one days. But Patrick Henry, who was a talker, said: "If you seek solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor." And that convention made Washington commander of the army. Among the silent great men were also Cromwell and Wellington in England; Frederick the Great, Moltke, and Bismarck in Germany; our own Grant and Thomas, as well as Lee and

Jackson; Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Pericles, and Moses. We read with friendly and pleased interest, in this book, the sketch of that delightful rebel, Maurice Thompson, who fought bravely for the South against his judgment, for he believed that "the South was attempting the impossible in behalf of slavery, which was not worth it." He was for years literary editor of The Independent. Soon after coming to this editorial chair we induced him to contribute to this REVIEW. He at first demurred, on the plea of other engagements; but, in reply to our letter with which we persuaded him, he wrote, "You talk to me like my father used to, and I reckon I'll have to do it." Maurice Thompson was a versatile genius, apt at many things, but he wrote best about out-of-doors things and liked to test authors by reading them in an out-door atmosphere where all surroundings were wholesome, fresh, and pure. He once said, "I sometimes read French novels out of doors merely for the antiseptic effect that the sun and air have on the offensive passages; but while reading thus I often feel glad that American birds and flowers do not understand French." Our author considers The Threshold of the Gods Maurice Thompson's best production; but all the magazine editors to whom it was offered declined it. Here's comfort for authors! Rejection by a dozen editors doesn't prove that an article is not first-class. One young author had a book-manuscript declined by publisher after publisher. A literary friend of his induced one house to reconsider its adverse decision and reëxamine the manuscript. The young author's share of the profits on that book was one hundred thousand dollars. Maurice Thompson set more store by his poems than by his prose, and believed they would live longer. Longfellow welcomed him as "a new and original singer, fresh, joyous, and true." That his verse has "a finish equal to Aldrich's," as Whitcomb Riley has said, we cannot quite accept, for Aldrich was a rare lapidary and jeweler. Against what is miscalled "realism" in fiction Thompson waged war. In his books, in magazines, but most of all in The Independent, he smote it wherever he saw it lift its head. For years The Independent was the one periodical that denounced Walt Whitman's coarse indecencies. Maurice Thompson hated with manly hostility the whole brood of blasphemous, infamous, insolent, and accursed things that shelters itself under the name of "art for art's sake." There is scarcely any villainy or dirtiness that has not been perpetrated under cover of that name. His views on such questions are stated by him in Ethics of Literary Art. He insisted that ethical laws have something to say about art in all its forms, as well as about everything else in human action and conduct. He tells what he liked in a story: "Give me almost any tale of bygone days, with the blue of romantic distance in it, a reasonable amount of heroism thrown in, some genuine love, a trifle of mystery, plenty of well-set incidents, and a triumphant ending." He urged young people, especially would-be writers, to study Greek, agreeing with Richard Watson Gilder who said to the students of Vanderbilt University, "The eternal canons of style are in the Greek." In The Independent of January 19, 1893, he said: "The most striking characteristic of lyric art is the pressing together of pregnant words with such force that the quintessence

of blended melody is forced out. It is like the crushing of ripe grapes: you hear the bubble of the juice and catch its aroma. The masters of Greek song had this power of condensed expression in the highest degree. Pindar made phrases which suggest absolute control of language, but the best rendering of them into English spoils them. There are lyrical snatches in the Idylls of Theocritus so enchantingly beautiful that they startle one with a fresh surprise at every reading. . . . This novelty, this dew-dashed freshness, this absolutely alien quality of surprise and this directness of appeal give to the reading of Greek poetry a fecundating power which serves genius a precious turn." Thompson loved the beauties and wildnesses of the outdoor world so much that in one of his poems he expressed the wish that his moldering body might make the sod above it "show a fertile line whence perfect wild flowers leap and shine." Another gifted rebel soldier was Sidney Lanier, whose life was "as brave and sad a struggle as the history of genius records." He was a born musician, but a poet by preference and self-consecration. He was first flute in Peabody Orchestra in Baltimore, and his playing was wonderful. When Badger, of New York, heard him play a big flute he wrote: "Lanier is astonishing. . . . You ought to hear him play the bass-flute. You would then say, 'Let me pass from earth with those tones sounding in my ears.'" In his days of struggle, when encouragements were scanty, Lanier thanked Bayard Taylor for friendly words and deeds thus: "Your praise has given me a great deal of fruitful pleasure. The truth is that, as for censure, I am overloaded with my own; but as for commendation, I am mostly in a state of famine: so that while I cannot, for very surfeit, digest the former, I have such a stomach for the latter as would astonish gods and men." How strong the will to live was in Lanier is seen in his words when a physician intimated approaching death: "He might as well talk to the stars whose light hasn't yet reached us, as try to persuade me to die before I've written my five additional volumes of poetry." But disease is stronger than the human will, and his wife had to write: "His love and immortal will hold off the destroyer until the forenoon of September 7, and then that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God." His last and greatest poem, "Sunrise," was penciled when he was too weak to feed himself and when the fever temperature was 104. Here was a child of genius and of suffering whose artistic temperament consecrated instead of desecrating everything it touched. Hear him: "Whoever has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him, he is not yet the great artist." He was right in declaring that time's judgments are "inexorably moral." He would have some high authority say to every young artist (whether in sculpture, or painting, or music, or the drama, or poetry, or fiction): "So far from dreading that your moral purpose will interfere with your beautiful creation, go forward in the clear conviction that unless you are suffused, soul and body, with that moral purpose which finds its largest expression in love, you ought not to meddle with beauty; *unless* you are suffused with beauty do not dare to meddle

with truth, *unless* you are suffused with truth do not dare to meddle with goodness. In a word, *unless* you are suffused with truth, wisdom, goodness, and love, [illegible] *on the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist.*" That is a fair, true warning to the men and women who are demoralizing and defiling, in the various arts, realms which should belong to pure beauty, and who thus challenge the wrath of a moral universe and invoke upon themselves and their works both curse and blight. In the chapter on Richard Malcolm Johnston his Georgia scenes are discussed, and especially his novel, Old Mark Langston, a story of the queer characters and tangled happenings in a Georgia village. One mean character, with nothing in him to admire, is old Jesse Lines. His daughter, Doolana, a noble girl, reads the Bible to him now and then. He doesn't enjoy it, because he finds it, he says, an "onfriendly kind of a book." He stops his daughter's reading one day and frees his mind about the "onfriendliness" of that book: "It may not be onfriendly to you; but to me—well, as fur as I can go to say about that book, it ain't what I call friendly—not to me it ain't. I've tuck her up, time and time ag'in, and tried to read her—as fur as I can understan' her, and which they's a heap in her I can't understan', ner make heads ner tails of—but which, somehow, she always seems onfriendly to me and ag'in me. I ain't no great reader, nohow, as you know, 'special sence my 'fliction. But when I does read, I wants to read in a book which, ef she can't be 'special friendly, and pinted friendly, ain't, at least *on*-friendly; or, ef it actilly ain't a-meanin' o' me by name, and abusin' of me, yit is constant a-hintin' round me—and which I were never a man that had to be kicked down-stars befo' I could take a hint. Now you jes' read out loud, whar you is, a while, and less see how she goes. 'A righteous man hateth lying; but a wicked man is loathsome and cometh to shame.' Thar! [cried he, in undisguised resentment]. Didn't I tell you so? Shet her up. For God-a-mighty's sake, Doolana, shet her up!" The author rates the service of Matthew Arnold to the world considerably higher than we [illegible] old's life was a noble one, his ideals were fine and lofty, his literary rank among the foremost, his critical acumen keen and strong; but he lacked sweetness and magnanimity and the temper of the truly great, and his literary judgments were sometimes neither sound nor fair. He never was quite just to Tennyson. He declared him "far inferior in natural power to either Wordsworth or Shelley or Byron," and "not a great or powerful spirit in any line." George Meredith said that "the beauty of Tennyson's poetry lies on the surface," and in much the same temper as Arnold and Meredith a living critic recently wrote: "Tennyson enjoyed during his lifetime a conventional rank, which, as time goes on, he is bound to lose. He has been compared sometimes with Longfellow, whom he resembles in his triteness and his spirit of compromise. In no way does he resemble that world poet, Goethe, for, indeed, Tennyson is a class poet—a 'middle class' or 'upper middle class' poet who sang not for man but for 'gentlemen' or, rather, for aspirants to gentility. Through the 'Idylls of the King' runs a vein of ill-disguised snobbism which to some extent justified Swinburne's nickname of 'Morte d'Albert or Idylls of the

Prince Consort.' Tennyson's earlier poems, including 'Locksley Hall,' were probably his best. But his inspiration was limited. He never could have written 'The Ode on Intimations of Immortality' or 'Atalanta in Calydon.'" Arnold, deploring the neglect of literature, and especially of the best authors, said: "If I live to be eighty, I shall probably be the only person left in England who reads anything but newspapers and scientific publications." The tendency he deplored was real and regrettable, but his notion that he might ultimately find himself the only really cultured person in England was as characteristic as his notion that he was the one capable critic and competent pedagogue for the Anglo-Saxon world. We quote with pleasure these words from Arnold on the poet's function and duty: "The inevitable task for the modern poet henceforth is, not to preach a sublime sermon on a given text, like Dante, not to exhibit all the kingdoms of human life and the glory of them, like Shakespeare, but to interpret human life afresh and *to supply a new spiritual basis for it*." The value of that sentence is in its emphasizing of the necessity of a "spiritual basis" for human life. But no "new spiritual basis" is needed, inasmuch as Christ and his gospel put under all human life an all-sufficing spiritual basis and into all human action an all-sufficient spiritual reason and motive. Of Arnold as a poet Frederic Harrison has written: "Arnold in his poetry dwells in a higher philosophic ether than any contemporary poet; and he has a wider learning, a cooler brain, and a more masculine logic." A good bit of speech in this book is this by Professor William James, given at Radcliffe College: "The higher education should enable us to know a good man when we see him. . . . The feeling for a good human job anywhere, the admiration for the really admirable, the disesteem of what is cheap and trashy and impermanent—this is what we call the critical sense, the sense for ideal values. It is the better part of what men know as wisdom. . . . The sense for human superiority ought, then, to be our line. . . . Our colleges ought to have lit up in us a lasting reason for the better kind of men, a loss of appetite for mediocrities, and a disgust for cheap-jacks. We ought to smell, as it were, the difference in quality in men and their proposals when we enter the world of affairs." Yes, the colleges ought to do as much as that for their students; for, if they do not, their graduates will find a good many discerning persons out in the world capable of keen insight into character and shrewd estimate of human values, who never were inside a college, but whose moral and intellectual sagacity will make the graduate seem like an infant. They sense "the real thing" in manhood and womanhood when they see it, and can detect and will detest even educated shams. This notice of an attractive book shall end with the following incident related by the author: "In the Sunday morning responsive Scripture reading two voices near me drew my attention. One was the voice of a young, strong, healthy man, a good singer, and it had a clear, metallic ring indicating perhaps a degree of satisfaction with its own sound. This voice did not dwell on any particular words in a way that would hint at a soul-experience. The other voice was that of the man who held the book with me. It surprised me with its quality. I would not have guessed

from his looks that he would read well. It was the thirty-fourth psalm, and when the word 'troubles' was reached his voice unconsciously betrayed that he had suffered and been made sweet by sorrow. 'O taste and see that the Lord is good,' the younger man read with a metallic, bugle-call utterance; but the older man's feeling tones somehow revealed that when sorrow had compassed him about, the Lord had delivered him out of all his troubles."

Famous Stories of Sam P. Jones. Reproduced by GEORGE R. STUART. 12mo, pp. 255. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, with portrait, $1, net.

THESE extracts from a unique evangelist's sermons and sayings are reproduced in his exact words by his sixteen-years associate and coworker. This rough and daring evangelist had his mission and did some effective work. In his way Jones was a genius. Also, he knew the way of the transgressor; he had trodden it nearly to the gates of death. He knew what wages the devil pays; he had been the devil's hired servant for years. He knew there is a hell; he had been there. He was relentless after sinners, knowing their haunts and hiding places, their tricks and turns, their meanness, falseness, and refuges of lies. He was a terror wherever he opened his batteries. He used extreme plainness of speech, as for example: "Some of you society women object to my plainness of speech; and yet you will go to the theater and witness vulgar plays and listen to indecent insinuations till near midnight. I sometimes give slop to the hogs, but I never get down in the pen and eat with them." Again: "If I say a thing that hurts the feelings of a man who prays in his family, and pays his just debts, and hasn't more than one wife, and lives right in the estimation of good men—if I hurt that sort of a man, I will apologize every time. But I will die before I will apologize to you uncircumcised Philistines. I won't do it." "The Lord Jesus never lost a chance to pour hot shot and grape and canister into the scribes and Pharisees, and they are the gentlemen I'm after." Again: "If you lie down with dogs, you'll get up with fleas." When some one says to this evangelist, "Jones, what are you always fighting the theater for? Don't you think Joe Jefferson is a worthy and good man?" he replies: "Certainly, I do; and if you'll kill off all the tribe but Joe, I'll never say another word against theaters." Here is his definition of heaven and hell: "Hell is the center of gravity for wickedness; heaven is the center of gravity for righteousness." To his brother preachers he said: "We do not speak with authority any longer. If I should go into Edison's laboratory and he should tell me not to touch a live wire, I wouldn't touch it; I would know that if I did, I would be an angel in a minute. But preachers tell a man he will go to hell if he keeps on sinning, and he goes out of church saying to himself, 'Shucks, I've heard that before.'" Another plain word: "When a preacher is more concerned about his next appointment than about his present success, he is on the down grade." "You preachers ought to wollop those old deacons in your church that you know are not doing right. Maybe they won't pay you as much as they do now, but the consciousness of duty done beats all the money in the world. . . . It is easier to do your duty than to

find a lie that will answer for an excuse." We know no reason to question the truth of Sam Jones' statement when he said: "As for my personal ministry I have never counted the cost. I have been no respecter of persons. Dudes and bums, millionaires and paupers, gold buggers and silver diggers, when the band begins to play, are all alike to me. I think I owe my success as an evangelist to the fact that I have something to say and say it. I use plain Anglo-Saxon language. I don't say decayed; I say rotten. I don't say penetrate, but pierce. I don't say donkey, but jackass. I don't say pandemonium; but hell. I don't say 'Home of the Good'; but heaven. And I always liken a fellow to the thing he is most like, whether he be like a hog, a dog, a fox, or a skunk. The plain truth plainly spoken is, I think, the most omnipotent thing in the world." This declaration of war sounds like Garrison's in the Liberator: "I have entered the fight against the devil never to give up. I will kick him as long as I have a foot. I will hit him as long as I have a fist. I will bite him as long as I have a tooth; and then gum him till I die." This also he said about himself: "I thank God for the disposition I have to be with the under dog. If you want to find Sam Jones, just scratch under the bottom dog. If I'm not there, I've just gone to dinner and will be back in a few minutes." Jones was a southerner. When a northerner asked him if he believed all negroes would steal he replied: "No, I don't even believe all white folks will steal." For some churches he has a whip: "You pack your preacher in an icehouse and abuse him all the year because he don't sweat. . . . Show me praying pews and I will show you a powerful pulpit. I know of one church where twenty were praying for the millennium and a hundred were playing for the booby prize in a progressive eucher party. Such Christians as those would not be in heaven six months before they would be gambling for each other's crowns." "When a church reaches the point where its services are all formal, where there is nothing but formality, then religion with it is nothing more than what you see represented in a watermelon patch—a scarecrow put up on a forked stick." "I can sort of put up with a fellow in the church that won't do what we call church work, but who'll pay well. There isn't a railroad in heaven or earth that don't charge extra for a sleeper, and you ought to pay it. But these fellows that don't pay any and don't pray any, are the growlers, and you ought to build an addition to every church in this country, and call it 'The Growlery,' and run them in there." He has sharp words enough for preachers and churches, but when men of the world point to hypocrites in the church, he replies: "Yes, we have some hypocrites; we got them out of your crowd, and you can have them back where they belong, if you want them." This evangelist is no fanatic; he is sane, sound, intelligible: "What is salvation? Well, when you sum it all up, here it is in a nutshell: Salvation is loving everything that God loves and hating everything that God hates. What a man loves and what a man hates determine his character." Here is sound sense: "I like the fellow who works just like there wasn't any God, and then trusts God just like he himself couldn't do a thing. . . . I pray for my daily bread, but I have to hunt for my corn pone with the sweat running down the hoe-

handle." We pick out some brief bits: "Heaven is just the other side of where a fellow is doing his level best." "Let's make it fashionable to love God and keep his commandments." "If some of these old money-buggers get to heaven, they'll be out before breakfast digging up the golden streets." "If the devil were mayor of this city, I don't think he would make any changes. I don't see how he could get the gate to destruction any wider open; how he could have any more saloons or gambling-hells or bawdy houses or dirty theaters, or how he could get up a dirtier set of grafting, wire-working politicians to run his business for him. . . . Some people seem to have queer kind of reverence for the devil; they act like they would have me call him Mr. Devil, or Colonel Devil, or Major Devil. I call some of his sons major or colonel, but I just call him plain old devil." "Some of you fellows are so little I could put half a dozen of you in my vest pocket and never know you were there except when you got a-straddle of my toothpick. You mean, stingy, narrow-minded little rascals, a fly could sit on the bridge of your nose and paw you in one eye and kick you in the other. If I should get an order for some of you mean little chaps, I wouldn't send you by express. I'd just put a dozen of you in a matchbox and put a one-cent stamp on you and send you by mail." Sam Jones thus explains why he doesn't always use dainty, urbane language: "When you hear me drop down in style and grammar, you may know I'm just seeking the level of my crowd. I could preach nice if I wanted to, but nice preaching has been tried on you a long time. If nice preaching could have saved this town, you all would have had your wings ten years ago. . . . You complain that I've stirred up this town and raised a muss. The fact is I've let down my bucket a little too deep and stirred the mud. It's your mud and my bucket." "When two men are walking down the road and a dog following them, you can't tell whose dog it is until the road forks. Then you can tell. The dog will follow his master. Next Wednesday night the theater will open and the prayer meeting bell will ring. Right there the road will fork and if your wife will keep her eye on you, she will find out whose dog you are." "If I could only have religion in one place I would have it in my right hand, so that I could go out and do something for God." "I haven't seen a horse race in twenty-five years. Not that I object to fine horses, but I object to the scrubby little devils who are around the race track betting on them. The horses are thoroughbred, the men are scrubs." "The best way to kill an enemy is to love him to death. Then you don't make his wife a widow, and nobody has to bury him, and you won't be punished." "I have seen preachers who looked as melancholy as if their Father in heaven was dead and hadn't left them a cent. . . . Many a man imagines he has got religion because he's solemn, when it's only liver-complaint." "Going to the theater to reform it is like drinking a barrel of liquor to get it out of the way. . . . In a Georgia town a number of girls married men to reform them, and now that town is full of little whip-poor-will widows. . . . I have seen wives who set wine around on their table in the first years of their married life, and cut up a big shine according to the latest fashion of society—I have seen such

a wife with streaming eyes and with a face that God must pity to look at, begging me: 'O, help me to save my husband! He's gone forever.'" "The devil can get into anything. I have seen him get into a horse, and he wouldn't pull a hen off of the roost. I have seen him get into a baby, and it would squall enough to break up a meeting. I have seen him get into a man, and he would fuss and fume and cuss a blue streak. I have seen him get into a woman, and—Well, I never waited to see what happened." Here is a bit of reasoning: "The fact that I want to live forever is a strong proof that I shall live forever. God never made a fish with fins until he made an ocean for it to swim in. God never made a bird until he made an atmosphere for it to fly in. And God never put the longings for immortality in a soul until he had made a grand heaven to satisfy these longings." Sam Jones was not a complainer against life. He says: "This world is a thousand times better to me than I have been to it; I have no kick or complaint. I don't kick any way. I am like the fellow that got both legs cut off by the train. They gathered around and began condoling with him. He looked up and said, 'Gentlemen, I am not kicking.'" Speaking of God's promise to provide for his own, he says: "I tell you, God Almighty will take care of an honest man if he has to put the angels on half-rations for twelve months." Urging gratitude for the divine goodness, he goes after the ungrateful thus: "Twenty-four years ago I looked at God's love to my wife, to my child and to me, and in gratitude I said: 'O, God, what dost thou ask of me?' And all that he asked was that I should love him in return. Now, I am as frail a man as lives. I have my faults, I have my weaknesses, but I have won the love of my dog. When I go home from a trip my dog Hero runs to meet me. He climbs up on me and kisses me like a dog kisses a man, and says: 'If you want to hunt to-morrow, I will go with you and find birds as fast as you can shoot them.' I say: 'Hero, why do you love me so?' He wags his tail and looks up and says in his way: 'Because you are so good to me.' I have won the love of my horse. I go down to the stable and he lays his face against mine and talks to me in his language, and says: 'I am so glad to see you back. If you want a horseback ride, have Joe put the saddle on me and I will give you every gait that a horse ever went.' And I say to him: 'Dexter, why do you love me so?' And he says: 'Because you are so good to me.' My brother, if you do not love God, who has been so good to you all of your life, you are lower down than my dog or my horse. God's goodness to you is enough to melt a rock." Jones went to hear a lecture on sociology, and gives the following description of the lecture and what he said to the lecturer afterwards: "He told us all the ologies—biology, geology, and zoölogy—and how he did capture that crowd. This was his peroration: 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, in view of these facts of biology and geology and sociology, the man that believes that God created this world just six thousand years ago, and that on the finishing day of creation he picked up a little piece of mud and blew on it, and a living, perfect man walked off and stumbled over an apple and fell in a barrel of whisky, and is reeling off to hell—a man who will believe that now will believe anything. Why, rather, I believe that the world

has existed for millions of years, and God created man away down among the lower animals, and he has come up higher and higher and higher, and some day he will reach the stature of a full man.' He bowed himself off the platform, and the platform and the people whooped and hollered. He walked down, took my arm, and walked off with me, and I said: 'Hello, Bud. You dug up more snakes to-day than you can kill the balance of your life. It is a sin and a shame for a minister of God to dig up snakes and throw them on the crowd, for you can easily unsettle the beliefs of the weak these days, but it is mighty hard to settle them back again.' 'Well,' he said, 'Jones, I think there is less harm in the promulgation of truth than in the suppression of truth.' 'Yes, but,' I said, 'you don't know but that everything you stated was a lie. Now,' said I, 'will you, the next time you deliver your great sermon on sociology, will you slip in a parenthesis for me?' He promised that he would, and then I said: 'Tell the people I heard your lecture, and that I didn't like it. I don't like a joke on God; and tell your neighbors that I didn't know the *modus operandi* of creation, whether God on the finishing day picked up a piece of mud and blew upon it, and a living, perfect man walked away and stumbled over an apple and fell into a barrel of whisky and then into hell. I don't know what that means. But I do know, for I was right on the spot when the thing happened, that the good God did come down to Cartersville, Georgia, nearly thirty years ago, and picked up the dirtiest piece of mud in the town, called Sam Jones, and blew upon it, and a living man for God and right has been walking forth from that day to this.' And I believe the breath of the Almighty is omnipotent!" This evangelist once said to a crowd: "I don't believe we came from monkeys, but when I look at some of you fellows I feel sure that some of us are headed that way." Here is one of Jones's finest sayings: "This is a great world in which you and I live, brother. There may be larger worlds, and grander and better worlds than this, but this is a great world. Its mountains are God's thoughts piled up; its prairies God's thoughts spread out; its rivers God's thoughts in motion; its flowers God's thoughts in bloom; its harvests God's thoughts in bread; its dew drops God's thoughts in pearls; and, whenever we look about us, every object smiles back upon us, and says, 'I am but the gift of a gracious Father to his wayward children.'" Here is a gentle rap at the Eddyites: "There is one consolation in being a Christian Scientist; if you ever get in the water over your head you need not be scared, for your head will swim all right. It is light enough to float. Just lift your handkerchief for a sail, and you will come in with the first favorable breeze."

The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. By Robert William Rogers, Ph.D. (Leipsic), Litt.D., LL.D., F.R.G.S., Professor in Drew Theological Seminary. 8vo, pp. 235. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, illustrated, $2, net.

These five lectures were delivered at Harvard University in 1908. That Dr. Rogers is conspicuously qualified to speak with authority in the department of Assyriology is recognized by the world of scholarship. He

is, without doubt, in the front rank among American scholars. America knows this; England knows it; Germany knows it. He is so reckoned by such men as Friedrich Delitzsch of Berlin, Karl Marti of Bern, and A. H. Sayce and C. F. Burney of Oxford. The qualified readers of his books on this and the other side of the ocean know it. Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, author of Italy and Her Invaders, says Professor Rogers is "one of the most learned Assyrian scholars of the day." The book before us has been commended to Oxford students. Great scholars in any department of learning are not many; but still fewer are those who are able to reduce their learning to order, to communicate it to the less learned in intelligible, lucid, and cogent form; and yet more exceptional is the scholar in ancient things who has the genius to kindle his pupils and hearers into enthusiastic interest in matters which usually seem dusty and musty to the unlearned. That Dr. Rogers has this rarest of gifts is testified to by successive generations of students in his classroom, and by the great audiences to whom his brilliant and fascinating lectures have been delivered in hundreds of places. He makes these dry bones live. To popularize Assyriology is a triumph. And he succeeds in doing it. The special topic of these Harvard lectures is the religion of Babylonia and Assyria in its relations to Israel. No comprehensive summary of such a volume can be given here. We can only commend it as, doubtless, the best, the clearest, most compact, and most satisfactory presentation of its subject. It deals with a difficult and formidable theme in a sane, wise, careful, and unexceptionable way. And, as one intelligent reviewer says, "It is so arranged and digested that it is readily comprehensible by the merest tyro in the study of comparative religion. It is a fine example of lucid exposition and of intelligent portrayal." "By way of introduction Dr. Rogers tells the story of the excavations, since 1811, at Nineveh and Babylon, by means of which an ancient civilization has been plucked from oblivion. The work of the engineers at the mounds—Rich, Botta, Layard, Hassam, and Jules Oppert—was matched in patience by the efforts of Grotefend and other scholars who set themselves to deciphering the cuneiform inscriptions, bricks that seemed at first determined not to testify. Comparing the Babylonian sacred literature with the Hebrew writings, Professor Rogers does not see how a casual reader could fail to discern a dependence of several Old Testament passages on the older mythology. The influence dates from the occupation of Canaan by the Israelites. Even the name 'Jahweh' was an inheritance from Babylon. That name only, however, for the Hebrew people had a conception of God to which the great thinkers in Babylonia never attained. It was ethical monotheism that gave Israel its spiritual supremacy, and the origin of that superior faith can be found, says the author, in nothing short of a personal revelation of God in human history." For twenty-six years Professor Rogers has been a diligent and ardent student in Assyriology as well as an eminent teacher of Hebrew and the Old Testament. He says: "Almost from the beginning my studies were carried chiefly into the historical side of Assyriology—a great field and full of surprises. From an unsympathetic narrowness I have been delivered by the calling which bade me teach the

Old Testament in Hebrew to successive companies of young men. The history of the Babylonians and Assyrians played well into the teaching of those Hebrew prophets, whose preaching has Babylonian, Assyrian, and Chaldean kings and armies for a background. The Old Testament religion also early quickened my interest in the religion of the great peoples of the Tigris and Euphrates, with whom Israel had so many common experiences. With sympathetic interest, therefore, both in history and in religion, among the Assyrians and Babylonians on the one side, as also in the Old Testament on the other, I have, for years, lived daily in an ever-fresh readjustment of my views concerning their mutual relationship." Of these Harvard lectures the author says in his preface: "They were written and delivered in a white heat, and represent all that I can now do in helping others to a vivid picture of Israel's religious association with Babylonia, or in solving the extremely difficult problems which recent research, critical, archæological, and religious, have put before us. That the solutions which I here offer are *final* I do not dream for a moment; that they are worth consideration I firmly believe; that they have helped me I know. . . . To all who would fain secure some help from another in this difficult field I offer this little book, knowing well its limitations, and desiring only to serve the cause of truth. The happy people who have found no difficulties in the Old Testament while they surveyed it in the light which now shines upon it from Babylonia and Assyria need not trouble themselves to read it; not for them was it written, nor was it delivered, in the first instance, to such as they."

METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1909

Art. I.—THE PREACHER AS EVANGELIST

The Church of Christ is an organization for ministering to the community in his stead and in the things for which he cares, and chiefly for leading men into that fellowship with God through Christ which constitutes the genuine Christian. Let us think of the work of the preacher as it is related to these ideals and this ministry. The pastor is to have the larger social vision, he is to encourage social service through the church and by the individual members; but the supreme task of the church and the pastor, not to be deputed, not to be smothered by any other, is leading men home to God. If the church is to be true to this duty and this opportunity, the pastor must first, in spirit and in practice, be an evangelist.

At the outset it is of the utmost importance that the false ideals of preaching and the preacher's work which prevail in many cases should be discarded. It is possible, for example, for a preacher to fall into a mere ministry of routine. There is real danger for many that they shall be satisfied with something less than doing the work of an evangelist. We need frequently to be reminded of the errand on which we were sent. Suffer me to quote from Mr. George Jackson's recent book on The Fact of Conversion:

> Let us remind ourselves that conversion is the great end of preaching. "Your business," said Wesley, "is not to preach so many times, and to take care of this or that society, but to save as many souls as you

can." This is a great saying, and, provided it be not too narrowly interpreted, it is worthy of all acceptation. But all converts do not register themselves in an inquiry room at the close of a Sunday evening service, nor are the methods of the revivalist the only means by which men may be saved. Indeed, in this matter, all methods are wholly secondary. The first question for the preacher, like the first question in the old Scottish Shorter Catechism, is concerned wholly and solely with "the chief end": What am I here for? Till that is settled nothing is settled; when that is settled other things settle themselves. "*To this end was I born, and to this end came I into the world, that by all means I might save some*"—when that conviction burns like a fire in a man's soul we may safely leave him to himself and to God. "The Salvation of the Hearer the Motive of the Preacher" is the title of one of Newman's famous sermons, and when that thought guides the preacher's pen as he sits down to the preparation of his sermon, and moves his lips as he stands up to deliver it, he will need little instruction about methods: he has seen the true goal; he will not miss the way thither.

That is it. When we have preached so many sermons, and held so many meetings, and made so many calls, and raised so many dollars, we have made the wheels go round, it is true; but has any grain been ground? Are we content to go through the motions, with no power and no product? Our object is not to use certain methods but to accomplish certain results. The daily duties of study and parish and church are for a specific purpose, and the largest item in that purpose is effectively to convey to men "the word of reconciliation." This ideal somewhat discredits also the mere ministry of edification. By this I mean a ministry of intensive gardening, of developing more closely and fully the fertile possibilities of a small patch of ground, when all about it are wastes which have not yet been brought under cultivation. It must be admitted that the notion is all too prevalent that the preacher is sent to minister primarily to the church itself. He is called, he accepts, he is appointed, and then he is claimed as *our* preacher. His business is to preach to us, to call on us, to comfort and counsel us. We are very delicate hothouse plants, and our preacher's business is to keep up the temperature so that the saints shall not be frozen. And here in our sheltered spot we shall flourish if only he diligently digs and waters and prunes and trains. God forgive us! And here about us in every community are the hundreds who know not Christ. We have found him. We should

know how to take to him our troubles, to draw from him and his Word our inspirations; we should, if indeed we are his, have independent sources of life and joy and strength; the water that he gives us should be in us a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. We should be asking of our pastor, not "What will you do for us?" but, "What can we do with you?" We must come to understand that the minister is to be not only a minister to his people but a leader of his people in ministry to the world. Small wonder that red-blooded men query whether the ministry is a calling virile and commanding enough to compel their best, and use them to their utmost, unless we make clearer the magnitude and the majesty of the minister's place as the leader of God's host. He is not the sutler, peddling cheap provisions to sustain harmless Christians on their feeble march to Canaan, but the captain summoning them to conquest. It should be true, if it is not already true, in the words of another:

> Both ministers and people are becoming more and more dissatisfied with the exclusive prosecution of what may be termed ordinary church work—work which deals only with the claims of church members and their families. The longing exists for aggressive movements on the mass of religious indifference and open wickedness abounding on all sides. Our larger duty and privilege in relation to the unsaved, both at home and abroad, is receiving more attention.

"Our business," as Hugh Price Hughes put it, "is not to coddle the saints, but to collar the sinners." Instruction there must be, the development of the Christian life that has been begun. The means of Christian growth must be explained, the wide ranges of Christian truth must be pointed out, the mysteries of Christian suffering must be enlightened; but preëminently the church service must become a council of war. The soldiers are gathered. Where is the enemy? What is the plan of campaign? What is my part in the enterprise? What victory has lately been won? What weakness has been discovered? Then the sermon becomes a failure which does not make men cry, "Let us go and fight Philip!" It ceases to be an "effort," a performance whose object is to win the approval of a congregation, whose success is measured by the number of people who speak to the preacher at the close of the service.

They may speak or not; that is an insignificant question. The preacher with the devout spirit of Kipling says when he preaches,

> "Great Master, at thy feet I lay
> My wares ere I go forth to sell;
> The long bazaar will praise—but thou,
> Heart of my heart, have I done well?"

He has a message, an appeal, a summons. He stands as the representative of a higher court to speak for his King. He is not the hired man of the church, brought there to do its religious chores and anxious to please his masters. One is his Master, even Christ, and all these are his brethren, to whom he talks in love and frankness and simplicity. A great intellectual sermon may be nothing but a great failure. "Preaching," as Ruskin said, "means a half-hour to raise the dead." One question determines the success of the sermon: "Has any resurrection taken place?" The best way to nourish the saints is so to preach that sinners will be awakened and converted. The business of just feeding the saints is overdone. Multitudes of them live to eat instead of eating to live. Many a church might well be called "The Church of the Religious Gluttons."

The same objection that lies against a mere ministry of edification—a teaching ministry in its narrow and bad sense—lies against a ministry whose object is popularity rather than real success. A few months ago the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, talking to the ministers of Boston soon after the marvelous revival which so deeply moved that city, had this to say:

> My dear friend Major Whittle, while waiting to pass through the gate at a Chicago railroad station, was interested in hearing the complaints of the people who were having their tickets punched by the gate-keeper. They were finding all sorts of fault with him when, as the Major passed through, he said, "You are not very popular to-night." "No, sir," he said, "not very popular with this crowd, but quite popular with the superintendent."

The presence of the crowd proves neither the genuine worth nor the practical usefulness of the sermon. The crowd is by no means to be despised. Happy the man whom God has so endowed with the preaching gift that the throngs will hang upon his words! But

let him beware! Fluency is not the preaching gift, glittering rhetoric does not insure it, emotional effects do not prove it. "Success in gathering the crowd," to quote a recent utterance, "may be a triumph of organization and advertising, meaning comparatively little real gain to the kingdom of Christ. The question, 'Do the people come?' must always be followed by the far more important one, 'What do they get when they come?'" The true preacher is concerned with his congregation rather than with his sermon as a literary or rhetorical production or even as the vehicle of truth. When Dr. Dale confessed that for a time his interest was in the truth rather than in the people, he showed that to that extent for that time his preaching was inefficient. The sermon, the truth, is nothing but a tool, and the condition of the tool is of value only in its relation to the material to be worked upon. But while the preacher's thought is upon his congregation rather than upon his sermon, the imperative question recurs, "What is to happen to the people when they *do* come?"

The great French preacher Ravignan said once to Lacordaire, "I hear that you had such a crowd at your last sermon that the people were sitting even on the top of the confessionals." "Ah, perhaps," said the other; "but you managed to make them go into the confessionals."

Great preaching is preaching that brings men into the confessionals; and many a man, to preach to that end, has been compelled to forego a triumph of another sort. The daughter of Hugh Price Hughes has written:

My mother, on being asked what she considered the greatest spiritual triumph of my father's life, replied, after several minutes' meditation: "He was willing not to be a great preacher in the usual acceptation of that term. He had the power to be one, the force and the intellectual equipment, but he was willing not to be—to make himself of no account, so that men should hear not him, but Christ." The magnitude of this sacrifice will be better realized by the ministry than the laity—all that it signified to a man of his powers. Indeed, it was a fairly widespread opinion among the ministry of his own communion that he could not preach, but the laity who went to hear him thought that he could. A friend of his said that he most admired him on an evening when Lord Rosebery came to hear him preach. On handing in his card he was shown to a front seat, and was a listener to one of the simplest of my father's expositions. In order to let power go from him he had to obliter-

ate something in himself, to lay himself on the altar, so that the fire was kindled.

Mr. Samuel Chadwick has recorded a somewhat similar experience, when one day he stood face to face with his work in a new light:

I realized that God's kingdom is a spiritual kingdom, and the weapons of our warfare are not carnal; that the church is Christ's body, entirely at his disposal, possessed by his indwelling presence, the medium of his manifestation and the instrument of his will; that preaching is the delivery of a message received at first hand from the lips of the Eternal; that conversion is the supreme miracle of divine grace, the end of the church's labor and the most effective advertisement to the world; that the work of Christ is accomplished only in the power of the Holy Ghost. That vision revolutionized my life. It brought my soul into a new relationship with spiritual realities, gave me new ideas of Christian service, baptized with a new power, and made me a missioner. Seven years I had preached and seen no conversions. I did not seek them. In my ignorance I adopted the opinions of those who spoke lightly of evangelists. The secret desire of my soul was to be a preacher, and it was commonly reported in those days that evangelists "were no preachers." How paltry it all seems through the distance of years! But God forgave me and honored the day of unreserved surrender with the conversion of a soul for each of my barren years.

And so with others. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan in a conference of preachers told some of his difficulties. He said:

A second experience was his wrestling with the peril of ambition, desiring to be a great preacher. He felt he had perhaps even now not entirely renounced the ambition, but he had been flung back upon the principle of abandonment to God's will, ready for either failure or success, content to be in God's will, not his own. The whole character of his ministry was determined by the question, "What are you going to be—a preacher or my messenger?"

The Rev. Thomas Champness, of the Joyful News Mission, is reported once to have spoken to preachers of the failure through overdevelopment in some special line, as in the case of a two-hundred-dollar prize pigeon with admired points excessively developed till, for example, its bill became too short to feed its own young, and for this function, so essential to permanence of the stock, the services of the common blue-rock pigeons, at fifteen cents each, were required. So he says some of the most admired preachers are overdeveloped in a few things at the cost of soul-saving power, and for conversions they have to suffer the humiliation of calling in

"the help of a fifteen-cent pigeon like me." The ambition to be a great preacher, the lust for intellectual distinction or for popularity, is one of the subtlest and most perilous temptations of the minister of Jesus Christ. He who can always remember that it is better to be a messenger than to be an orator, better to save men than to astound them, may thank God for his deliverance from a real danger.

I have sometimes thought that no better training for the minister could be devised than to put him at field preaching or street preaching, where he must have something to say, something to grip and move men—or be lost. If this general view of the preacher's work is right, it will then be evident that his success as an evangelist will not depend chiefly upon a correct theology, upon intellectual strength, upon culture or upon oratorical gifts. Some qualities he evidently needs more than these. These are such qualities as conviction, prayerfulness, a sense of dependence, holy boldness, the belief that he is doing God's work and shall have God's help. Just because his work is winning men, and not driving them, he will find many whom he cannot reach. Discouragements will arise. Hardships may be met. But let him endure hardness as a good soldier. What a glorious privilege it is to preach! Even when disappointments come, instead of good appointments, even when the field is hard and unpromising, even when opposition is encountered, how glorious a thing it is to preach! The great Paul had his reverses, his imprisonments, his long journeys, his persecutions; and as the Rev. Erskine Mason read again the story of the apostle's life, he cried, "Great God! what a salary for a Christian minister!" But what joy it was to the apostle to be counted worthy to bear the message of reconciliation. If one has within him the deep persuasion that it is bad, infinitely bad, to be without Christ, and that it is infinitely good to have Christ, some of that passion that was in the apostle's heart, and that has been in the heart of every true minister of the gospel since, will take possession of him. He will be "so anxious not to go to heaven alone." To him, perhaps, some such tribute will be paid as Matthew Arnold paid to his father, Thomas, standing before his picture in Rugby Chapel:

But thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
. . . . . .
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

Or, as Samuel Rutherford so sweetly sang:

O, if one soul from Anwoth meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven shall be two heavens in Immanuel's land.

This is the spirit of the true shepherd; the spirit that means yearning and self-sacrifice as well as the mastery of the easier tasks of the kingdom. Mr. Myer, in his poem on "Saint Paul," has put that yearning into unforgettable phrase:

Oft, when the word is on me to deliver,
Lifts the illusion and the truth lies bare:
Mountain and plain, and city and the river,
Melt in a lucid paradise of air.
Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly contented with a show of things.
Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet call:
O to save some, to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all.

The thing, then, which I have been trying to say is this: that the propagation of that religion which gathers within its generous sweep education, ethics, philanthropy, reform as well as belief and experience, is the chief duty and privilege of the church and its leaders in these modern days. The only form of religion that is safe is that which is progressive and aggressive; the self-contained individual or church is on the edge of destruction. The life which is simply received and cherished flickers and dies out; only that which seeks to reproduce itself in another can survive. We have long believed that the soul that sins shall surely die; we must also add that the soul that sits still shall die as surely. Evangelism

is the condition of religious survival. Into that work of evangelism—the transmission of the divine life, the leading of men home to God, the pledging of new citizens to allegiance in the kingdom of Jesus Christ—there is nothing in modern conditions which should keep a preacher from throwing himself with enthusiasm and without reserve. A man can be a scholar and a social worker, and all the better evangelist for being both. He can sympathize with the temper and feel the crying needs of his own peculiar time, yet above them all can hear the call of the human heart for its heavenly Father. Every pastor, then, should be an evangelist; every pastor should seek to fill his church with the evangelistic spirit. Each in his own way, each by the means fitted to his own field, should in Christ's stead beseech men to be reconciled to God. Like the shepherd searching for his sheep, and the housewife for her coin *until she find it,* so with unwearied patience may we seek the strayed and bewildered and willful until, by the very compulsion of our love and our eagerness, they shall yield themselves to the good hand of our God.

Herbert Welch

Art. II.—MODERNISM IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

To conserve a mediæval system in the midst of a modern world is in the nature of the case a troublesome task. So the Roman Catholic Church is discovering. In spite of the formidable enginery provided by the Vatican Council for the perfect maintenance of doctrinal integrity and unity, a movement of a specially radical and innovating type has crossed the borders of that church, a movement so distinctly antithetic to the mediæval system as to earn the name of "Modernism." Our purpose is to present as authentic a view of the nature of this movement as can be given in brief terms.

1. The Representatives.—Naturally we look for these, in the main, outside of the higher official circles. The bishops in their theoretical and practical subordination to the pontiff could not be expected to give open countenance to a movement that is under the pontifical anathema. It is stated, indeed, that a number of the bishops sympathize with the Modernist cause,[1] but their sympathy probably does not extend to the entire Modernist platform, and, in any case, does not come to open manifestation. Genuine advocates of the new movement are to be found among representatives of education, journalism, and literature, rather than among the bishops. A following of these representatives, scanty enough in some quarters, but appreciable in others, is found in the younger generation of priests and cultured laymen. France and Italy have been thus far the most fruitful fields of Modernist propagandism. In the former Loisy has figured as a writer of extraordinary energy and productiveness. Laberthonnière, proceeding from the point of view of the immanence philosophy of Maurice Blondel, has also been prominent. Edouard Le Roy ranks likewise among eminent French representatives. The influence of Loisy's writings has been felt in Italy, and along with other causes has wrought for a rather active propagandism of Modernist tenets. The ground

[1] Paul Sabatier, Modernism, The Jowett Lectures, 1908, p. 42.

had been prepared here in a measure by the theories of a reformed Catholicism put forth by Mariano, Labanca, and Chiappelli. As distinctly affiliated with Modernism may be mentioned Minnochi, Fracassini, and Fogazzaro. The name of Romolo Murri may also be added, though it is not apparent that in respect of dogma he has diverged very far from the old basis. As a leading spirit of the National Democratic League he is brought prominently into view. In Italy a number of periodicals have served as vehicles for the dissemination of Modernist principles. Here belong, among others, the *Rinnovamento,* published by a group of laymen in Milan, and the *Nova et Vetera,* which is inspired by a Roman group made up chiefly of ecclesiastics. In the German domain affiliation with Modernism has been placed to the account of Professor Ehrhard, of Strassburg, and Professor Schnitzer, of Munich, has been subjected to censure. But, generally speaking, German Catholicism has given rather scanty manifestation of the presence and action of the Modernist leaven. Since its surrender to the Vatican decrees and its assumption of a political role in the Party of the Center, it has been inclined to take a conservative path and to march hand in hand with Roman administration. There has been, to be sure, in Germany within recent years a species of liberal Catholicism of which Herman Schell was the most noted exponent, but in its standpoint this went little beyond what is known as "Americanism." In its doctrinal bearings it had no such revolutionary import as belongs to the scheme of those who are commonly ranked as leaders among Modernists. A distinguished champion of the Modernist cause has been furnished by England in the person of George Tyrrell. In the same quarter the liberal Catholicism advocated by Baron von Hügel gives him a certain association with Modernism. It is, however, a small company of representatives that appears in this field, at least to one taking a surface view. Doubtless it is easy to surmise that in the country of John Henry Newman there is an undercurrent of aspiration for a more liberal Catholicism than has been put on exhibition in Roman administration for the last half century. Still, judged by open expression, Modernists in England make an insignificant showing. The same is true of the party in America.

In our vicinity the current of the new views, if there be such, takes a prudent underground course.

2. The Antecedents.—As general causes of the rise of Modernism it is proper to name the scientific and critical movements of the age. Here were forces too powerful and aggressive to be barred out by ecclesiastical proscription. Coöperating with these general causes, modern philosophy has wrought to undermine the ascendency of the scholastic system, and thus to prepare for a new tone and trend in underlying conceptions. The Modernist leaders, it is true, have attempted very little in the line of formal philosophical disquisition. Laberthonnière is said to be the only one of the theologians of his party who has made himself at all conspicuous in this respect.[1] Still the later philosophy, versus the scholastic Aristotelianism, is recognized as one of the generating forces back of the Modernist movement. The adversaries of the movement are very free to charge its agents with a deep infection of Kantian premises.[2] Like Kant, say these objectors, Modernists appeal to a subjective ground or criterion of religion, to the feelings and needs of the individual, as opposed to any objective basis or standard. Comparison is also made between their platform and that of Pragmatism; at least one critic finds occasion to comment on their combination of the Kantian stress on the practical reason with the Pragmatist emphasis on experienced value as the one test of truth.[3] Among the more specific antecedents of Modernism a place must be assigned to Newman's theory of doctrinal development and to the scheme of ecclesiastical administration styled "Americanism." As respects the former, it would not suit the demands of historical sobriety to make Newman fully responsible for the sweeping application which has been given by foremost Modernists to the principle of doctrinal evolution. But that Newman's teaching in this matter gave impulse and direction to their thinking is not to be disputed. The appeals of Loisy and Tyrrell to the great Anglican convert afford an indubitable token that they found in him a prominent source of suggestion. "Americanism"

[1] Kübel, Geschichte des Katholischen Modernismus, pp. 102, 103.

[2] Ferrari, Rassegna del Modernismo, p. 11; Norbert Jones, Old Truths, Not Modernist Errors, pp. 2, 3.

[3] Joseph Rickaby, The Modernist, pp. 14–19.

is a term which gives expression to the demand for a degree of flexibility in ecclesiastical administration for the purpose of more effectually meeting the needs arising out of the peculiarities of different nations and races. It is not indicative of any wish or purpose to transform dogma, though, naturally, in being carried out it would modify the stress on various dogmas in different quarters, and so have ultimately somewhat of dogmatic significance. Americanism goes back to the American convert, the founder of the Paulist brotherhood, Isaac Thomas Hecker.[1] In 1891, three years after Hecker's death, the publication of his life by the Paulist father, Walter Elliott, prepared for a wide diffusion of his views. Translated in 1897 by Felix Klein into French, it circulated rapidly, four editions being exhausted in a few weeks. Interest in the subject had been awakened by the addresses given in France by Archbishop Ireland in 1892. At that date the archbishop figured as the foremost advocate of Americanism. It claimed, however, other distinguished friends among the American clergy in the years immediately following. Cardinal Gibbons spoke good words for it, as did also Mgr. Keane. In 1897 O'Connell, shortly before rector of the American College in Rome, later at the head of the archdiocese of Boston, gave it favorable mention before the Catholic Congress at Freiburg. All these advocates were silenced by the adverse encyclical of Leo XIII in 1899, and the way in which O'Connell, among all American prelates, responded to the blast of Pius X against Modernism has suggested to a German historian of our theme that he must have undergone a genuine conversion.[2] Americanism thus became a closed chapter after a very brief period, so far as specific and open advocacy is concerned. It may be credited, however, with having ministered some impulse to the more radical movement which has been given the name of Modernism.[3]

3. The Basal Points of View.—It would not savor of historical accuracy to construe Modernism as a perfectly uniform

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[1] His distinctive views appear in his book, The Church and the Age.

[2] Kübel, Geschichte des Katholischen Modernismus, pp. 13, 194. The conversion, if it can be called such, would seem to have taken place as early as 1898, according to a testimony given in the book of Maignen, Le Père Hecker, Est-il un Saint? p. x.

[3] See Houtin, L'Américanisme, for a specially full exposition.

fact, and to rate as indubitably belonging to it all the teachings of any one exponent. At the same time it is possible to specify certain characteristic contentions. Very few, we judge, of those who are in any wise willing to be classed as Modernists would not confess their acceptance of the following points: (1) The legitimacy of according considerable scope to the idea of doctrinal evolution, and the consequent liability of a demand, if not for changing doctrinal formulas, at least for modifying the interpretation of them. (2) The propriety of emphasizing the thought of the divine immanence and of conceiving of the process of revelation in harmony with this thought; in other words, of stressing the inward working of God upon man's heart and conscience as a means of illumination rather than his communication of a message by any form of external agency. (3) The necessity, in deference to the results of recent biblical criticism, of taking up with a less technical theory of the Bible than has prevailed in past times. (4) The need of conceding to the laity a larger function in the life and management of the church than has hitherto been accorded by the hierarchy. (5) The demand for conducting church administration on broader lines, so that while the whole framework of Roman Catholic polity shall be retained, less restraint shall be placed upon individual thought and action, and the church shall have the benefit of a much larger body of subjects whose religious action shall spring from conviction rather than from mere external prescription. Put in other terms this specification might be made to read: The demand for uniting a larger element of individualism with the characteristic collectivism or solidity of the Roman Catholic system. In still emphasizing the latter feature Modernists, whether with proper right or not, regard themselves as maintaining a position which is in notable contrast with that of Protestantism.

4. Dogmatic and Critical Tendencies as Illustrated by Loisy. —In naming Loisy we name the representative of Modernism who has wrought most industriously in the field of biblical criticism, and whose conclusions in that field are of such a radical nature that it is no matter for surprise that in the censures which have been issued by Pope and Inquisition against Modernist teachings he

is more largely contemplated than any other individual. The critical work of Loisy, which began to come to public notice in 1892, covers both Testaments, but is much more largely devoted to the New Testament than to the Old. In the latter field, so far as we have discovered, he did no more than to appropriate results which have claimed a wide consensus in recent Protestant scholarship. We may therefore omit this part of his work from special consideration, and confine our attention to books which give his general point of view and his critical conclusions relative to the gospel history. While Loisy is free to claim, from his own standpoint, that he does not assail any Roman Catholic dogma, it is quite undeniable that in his New Testament criticism he does assail very seriously the commonly recognized basis of various dogmas. His retrenchment from the historical character of the Gospels is very broad—quite as broad, it strikes us, as that made either by Strauss or Renan. He finds the fourth Gospel as good as empty of all trace of historical intention. "In its entirety," he says, "it is nothing else than a great theological and mystical allegory, a work of learned speculation, which has nothing in common, as respects form, with the preaching of the historical Christ." It is a book of symbols rather than of facts. The miracles are symbols; the discourses themselves are symbols, figures of invisible truth. The evangelist not merely chooses that in the tradition which suits his end but he corrects and completes the tradition without scruple to meet the requirements of his allegorical pictures. Wherever he conserves history it is not in consequence of any proper historical design, but only because he can make it serve his ends. His entire chronology is subordinated to his symbolism, and his geography is compelled to pay a measure of tribute to the same interest. So exclusive is his concern for ideals that we cannot be sure that "the disciple whom Jesus loved" is to be construed as a historical figure at all.[1] Loisy accredits to the synoptical Gospels more of historical purpose and substance than he discovers in the fourth Gospel. Yet the discount which he places upon their historicity is by no means slight. Of Mark's Gospel he says: "So far as its object and its character are concerned, it is a work of faith much

[1] Le Quatrième Évangile, pp. 75ff.

more than a historical testimony." It is probable that its story of the baptism, as also of the temptation of Jesus, was generated by the idea of the Messianic consecration. What Matthew adds to Mark in his report of these events has the appearance of legendary developments. The Baptist's expression of a scruple about baptizing Jesus and the alleged response of Jesus belong to the category of fiction. The narrative of the nativity as given either by Matthew or Luke is wholly destitute of historical foundation. It is doubtful whether the anecdote about the appearance of Jesus in the temple at the age of twelve has any ground in authentic reminiscence. Interpretive and supplementary matter has been intruded into the reports of the miracles and the parables. The scene of the transfiguration, whatever it may have been in itself, has been turned in the gospel version into a means of symbolizing Messianic conceptions. The reputed language of Christ about the reciprocal knowledge of Father and Son is not likely to have proceeded from his mouth. The prediction of Christ at Cæsarea Philippi relative to his death and the remonstrance of Peter belong to a fictitious province. The thought of Christ giving himself as a ransom was very likely borrowed from Pauline dogmatics. Also, in the account of the Last Supper, the words of institution were rather derived from Paul than transmitted from the lips of Jesus. As respects the resurrection of Jesus the gospel narratives afford no adequate basis of historical confidence. If the fact is accepted, it must be by the way of faith, rather than on the basis of historical attestation.[1] In general, the criticism of Loisy leaves a question as to the warrant for the New Testament portrait of Jesus as Son of God and Saviour of the world. Viewed in the light of the historical data which remain after the critic's retrenchment, Jesus seems to be reduced to a purely Jewish Messiah, distinguished only by singular holiness, special sense of harmony with God, and a spiritual interpretation of the Jewish faith. If, then, Loisy accepts the Catholic formulas respecting the transcendent personality and divine relationship of Christ, it would seem that he must give a very peculiar interpretation to the formulas, or else must grant

[1] Les Évangiles Synoptiques, I. 84, 107, 138–140, 169, 181, 184, 909; II. 20, 798; The Gospel and the Church, p. 129.

that Christ was more and other than he is shown to have been by the authentic record of his life. To accept the former alternative amounts to saying that Loisy takes an indirect way to reject the Catholic Christology. If the second alternative be chosen, we are presented with the conclusion that the theologizing additions to the gospel history, though false in detail, are true in their general suggestions as to Christ's person, work, and office. A conclusion of this kind will strike most sober-minded people as being rather vapory, fantastic, and in need of a better justification than is discoverable in the writings of the Modernist critic. As respects various points of specifically Romish doctrine the criticism of Loisy has an appearance of contrariety to the acknowledged standards. Take the subject of the episcopal hierarchy and of the papal monarchy. Loisy finds neither the one nor the other of them in primitive Christianity. He makes Christ the founder of them only through the medium of an historical evolution which is assumed to have been according to his will—an assumption which evidently can be denied with as much facility as it is posited. How far his position is from the common Roman orthodoxy may be seen in the following statements:

> It is certain that Jesus did not systematize beforehand the constitution of the church as that of a government established on earth and destined to endure for a long series of centuries. . . . The organization of the body of elders, the affirmation of their rights, the preëminence of the bishop in the body, the preëminence of the bishop of Rome among the bishops—these changes are only defined and established in the course of time, according to the needs of the evangelical work.

It was the exceptional importance of Rome which led the apostles thither.

> We may imagine, also, that when they died they little thought that they were bequeathing a master to Cæsar, or even that they had given a supreme chief to the church. The thought of the great advent was too strong in their minds, the questions of creed and of government too little familiar for them to see in Rome and the Roman Church anything but the providential center of Christian evangelization.[1]

Take, again, the sacramental system. Loisy finds scarcely more of a specific warrant for this in the New Testament than for the later Roman polity, and he has no other basis of faith in its legiti-

[1] The Gospel and the Church, pp. 149–166.

macy than his belief in the legitimacy of the evolution which brought it about. The latter faith, too, seems not to be above doubt at every point. "It is easily seen," he says, "in the New Testament that the church has not been founded and the sacraments have not been instituted except by the glorified Saviour. It follows that the institution of the church and of the sacraments by Christ is, like the glorification of Jesus, an object of faith, not of historical demonstration." Referring to the Tridentine specifications on the eucharist Loisy remarks: "These are views of faith, and of a faith which is defined according to the philosophical conceptions of the Middle Ages." In what follows he intimates quite plainly his suspicion that on the basis of a philosophy more eligible to the modern mind it might not be possible to make such easy work as did the Tridentine fathers in conceiving of a substance without appearance and of an appearance without substance. Also in regard to points which have been defined as belonging to the sacrament of penance Loisy challenges the possibility of finding a warrant for them in the gospel records, or apart from the supposition of a divinely guided historical evolution.[1] Take, further, Loisy's exposition of the cult of the Virgin. In contrast with orthodox Romanism, he makes it a relatively late importation into the church. "Primitive evangelical tradition," he remarks, "was entirely filled with the memory of Jesus; the mother of Christ is barely mentioned in one situation where her intervention had no favorable significance. Later thought centered on Mary in consideration of the origin of Jesus. . . . It has been remarked that Mary occupied in theology later than the Council of Nicæa the place that Arius assigned to the Word of God. The substitution, though unconscious, was not therefore accidental; it arose from a kind of unseen necessity, as though Catholic piety could not dispense with this intermediary power that the heresiarch desired to personify in Christ and orthodoxy actually personified in his mother. Again, it was popular or monastic devotion that initiated the later progress of the worship of Mary and what may be called Maryology. It is known that the festival of the Conception preceded, and in a manner provoked, the doctrine of the Im-

[1] Autour d'un Petit Livre, pp. 227–250.

maculate Conception."[1] Take, finally, Loisy's assertion of an element of relativity in the doctrinal definitions of the church. How remote are the following sentences from the usual dialect of the Roman Catholic dogmatist!

> Though the dogmas may be divine in origin and substance, they are human in structure and composition. It is inconceivable that their future should not correspond to their past. Reason never ceases to put questions to faith, and traditional formulas are submitted to a constant work of interpretation wherein the letter that killeth is effectually controlled by the Spirit that giveth life.[2]

5. Dogmatic and Critical Tendencies as Illustrated by Tyrrell.—George Tyrrell, who was converted to Romanism at the age of eighteen, and who figured later as a scholarly representative of the Jesuits, has not been engrossed, like Loisy, in the task of biblical criticism. His introduction to the general public came in the first instance through books of religious reflection which won appreciation by their wealth of thought and fineness of spirit. As a Modernist he has produced several writings which serve to define his ideal of the church and of church administration. Here belong "A Much-Abused Letter," "Through Scylla and Charybdis," and "Mediævalism, a Reply to Cardinal Mercier." In the last named his grounds of dissatisfaction with recent Roman policy are brought to specially sharp and forceful expression. The assumption of an element of relativity in all theological formulations, and of a consequent opportunity for a continued doctrinal evolution, is strongly asserted by Tyrrell, and described as a characteristic Modernist contention. "Whereas the Mediævalist," he says, "regards the exposition of Catholicism, formed by the synthesis between the faith and the general culture of the thirteenth century as primitive and as practically final and exhaustive, the Modernist denies the possibility of such finality, and holds that the task is unending just because the process of culture is unending."[3] As regards the Bible, Tyrrell concludes that the high technical theory of its inerrancy is defeated beyond possible restitution, and along with it not a little of the theological construction of the past. He remarks: "The dogmatic conception of the Scriptures as verbally dictated by a divine voice has been driven forever off the field, and

[1] The Gospel and the Church, pp. 255–257. [2] Ibid., pp. 210, 211. [3] Medievalism, pp. 146, 147.

the claims of miraculous inspiration have been narrowed and altered out of all recognition. Needless to say, the claims of ecclesiastical infallibility, so far as they rest on, and are implicated with, those of such a scriptural inerrancy, must suffer a corresponding and even great enfeeblement."[1] Holding this point of view, Tyrrell is free to speak of the scholastic theology as badly shattered.[2] The Roman theory of the papal monarchy, according to the English Modernist, lacks confirmation in the earlier chapters of Christian history. "Peter confirmed and supported, but he did not rule, his brethren, or call them his sons or his servants. His supremacy was spiritual, not juridical."[3] The modern system which reduces the bishops to the status of delegates of the Pope was foreign to the early church. "Of this system there is not a trace in the first six centuries."[4] If it be said that the Pope, infallible and supreme, is necessary to secure certainty of doctrine and stability of ecclesiastical unity, the logic of facts discredits the assertion. Certainty of doctrine cannot be built on a proposition about infallibility which was itself uncertain for nearly two thousand years; and as to the demands of unity, "Is it not the Popes who with the sword of theological omniscience in the one hand and that of juridical omniscience in the other have hacked the whole body of Christendom to pieces? And all this under the pretext of securing a sterilizing, insignificant, external uniformity."[5] Such a vigorous impeachment of the existing Roman Catholic constitution and administration might seem to imply that Tyrrell would prefer to reckon himself outside of the Roman communion. But this was not his position at the time of writing. Like other Modernists, he places a large stress upon the idea of collectivity in religion, and thinks of the Roman Catholic Church as, on the whole, best realizing this ideal. But at the same time he is insistent upon the need of a great transformation in the spirit of administration. Instead of having everything passed over to hierarchical and papal autocracy he would have a good degree of consideration shown to the laity, and keep dogma within the limits of the warrant afforded by the collective experience of Catholic Chris-

[1] Through Scylla and Charybdis, p. 225.
[2] Medievalism, p. 108.
[3] Ibid., p. 68.
[4] Ibid., p. 61.
[5] Ibid., pp. 76, 77.

tians. The following statements will serve to illustrate his position:

> What we really bow to is a divine tradition of which the entire church, and not merely the episcopate, is the organ and depository. . . . Modernism does not believe in the religious independence of every isolated individual; nor does it believe in the absolute subjection of all to the private will and judgment of a privileged individual who can impose theological definitions upon the rest under pain of eternal damnation. . . . The Modernist demands not greater freedom but absolute freedom for science in the widest sense of the term. He will not have it fettered except by its own laws and methods and by the experience which is its subject-matter. He will not allow even theology to be tied down to any revealed and stereotyped statements, but only to religious experiences of which certain statements are the spontaneous, self-chosen, but at most symbolic expressions.[1]

As might be judged from these citations, and as appears elsewhere, Tyrrell advocates a peculiar kind of broad-church theory. Retaining the general framework of Roman Catholic polity and worship, he would grant within these limits wide liberty in belief and practice. Some of his statements imply that his syncretism is broad enough to provide a place for what many would reckon as downright superstitions. Thus he remarks:

> Paradoxical as it will seem, we find in a great many obvious paganisms, and even moral and spiritual corruptions of Catholicism, no reason whatever for surprise or scandal, but, rather, another evidence of the character as a religion that has been shaped by God, working through the laws of human personality and using the natural in the service of the supernatural.[2] If one is not edified by these cruder features in the Catholic conglomerate, he simply needs to pass them by. "It is only the fantastic notion that we must eat everything on the table that makes the banquet seem burdensome to us."[3]

6. Dogmatic and Critical Tendencies as Illustrated by the Statements of Italian Modernists.—The most representative expression of the views of Italian Modernists is that published under the title, The Programme of Modernism,[4] in reply to the encyclical *Pascendi Dominici Gregis,* issued by Pius X for the suppression of the Modernist movement. The unnamed authors of this document frankly affirm their acceptance of the revised view of the Bible dictated by modern criticism. Though declaring for

[1] Medievalism, pp. 54, 116, 117, 152.
[2] Through Scylla and Charybdis, pp. 43, 44.
[3] Ibid., p. 78.
[4] Translation by Tyrrell, 1908.

the fact of inspiration, they make room for errors both in matter and form. Indeed, their qualification of the historical character of the biblical books must strike the reader as being quite in line with the radical procedure of Loisy. "Theology," they say, "has to learn that in the New, as in the Old Testament, there are, strictly speaking, no historical books, but only sacred narratives shaped in great part by the faith in whose service they were written. The original sources are amplified by the successive writers and receive a new form and a new content," in accordance with the "peculiar religious tendencies of each writer." Again, the authors of the "Programme" indicate their conviction that theology must have liberty to pass out of the bonds of mediæval scholasticism and to make alliance with the more recent philosophies. The precise substitute which is to take the place of the scholastic Aristotelianism they do not attempt to define. In this field they are proceeding as inquirers, and have no ready-made system to offer. They make it plain, however, that their predilection is on the side of a strong doctrine of divine immanence. "Immanentism," they remark, "is not that terrible evil which the encyclical seems to suppose, but is the method followed by the best Christian tradition in quest of the divine." In harmony with their stress upon the divine immanence the writers of the "Programme" profoundly emphasize the inner experience as a fountain-head of religious intuition. Theology they consider as but the imperfect and, therefore, necessarily progressive formulation of the truth implicit in this experience. Argumentation and the various forms of external evidence they rate as relatively indifferent means of religious certainty. "We recognize," they say, "in ourselves other powers of divine knowledge; we find in ourselves that inferential sense, of which Newman speaks, by which we can be assured of the presence of higher and ineffably mysterious powers with which we are in direct contact." As would naturally be expected, these respondents to the encyclical *Pascendi* plead for the concession and use of a larger liberty in the ecclesiastical sphere. "Through a series of causes," they complain, "Catholics seem to have lost every elementary sense of responsibility and personal dignity. Instead of being met with a service of reasonable and, therefore, discerning obedience, the acts of their

supreme rulers are received with the unconscious acquiescence of irresponsible beings." In relation to church polity the authors of the "Programme" assert their conviction of the desirability of the separation of church and state. Their response to the charge of the encyclical on this point is an open admission and an emphatic justification. Some tokens of ways of thinking kindred with those just outlined are discoverable in the widely circulated novel, *Il Santo,* from the pen of Fogazzaro. But though as a means of propagandism the novel was very potent, its statements are not sufficiently explicit to make any material addition to the exposition of Modernism. We notice only the novelist's valuation of the function of the laity. He makes his hero, Benedetto, say to those who have invited him to address them: "You have appealed to me because you unconsciously recognize that the church is not the hierarchy alone, but the universal assemblage of all the faithful, *gens sancta;* that from the bottom of any heart the living water of the spring itself, of truth itself, may gush forth."

7. Attempts at Repression.—Preliminary attempts were made in barriers set up against liberal scholarship in the closing years of the preceding century and the first of the present. Here belong the exclusion of Loisy from his chair of instruction in 1893; the strictures visited upon LeRoy in 1895, and upon Zahm in 1899, on the score of their favorable attitude toward the scientific doctrine of evolution; the placing of books of Professor Schell in the Index of Prohibited Writings in 1898; the enforcement of the traditional view of the Bible by Leo XIII through the encyclical *Providentissimus Deus* in 1893; the disapproval of "Americanism" by the same pontiff in the encyclical of 1899; and the condemnation of writings of Loisy and Houtin in 1903. These administrative acts prepared the way for the decisive onslaught against Modernism which was made, in 1907, through the syllabus *Lamentabili,* issued in July by the Inquisition with the approbation of the Pope, and through the elaborate encyclical *Pascendi* which appeared in September. The former enumerates for condemnation sixty-five propositions, many of which were taken from the writings of Loisy. The latter attempts an exposition of Modernism, commenting quite fully on its conception of the basis of

dogma, its doctrine of immanence, its theory of evolution, its interpretation of biblical inspiration and authority, and its demands respecting education and ecclesiastical administration. On all these lines it is pronounced profoundly heterodox. Indeed, it is declared to be manifestly on the straight road to atheism. "The error of Protestantism," says the encyclical, "made the first step on the path; that of Modernism makes the second; atheism makes the next." The measures enjoined by the pontiff against the new movement are of the most drastic nature. As summarized with sufficient exactness in the "Programme of Modernism" they run as follows: "All the young professors suspected of Modernism are to be driven from their chairs in the seminaries. Infected books are to be condemned indiscriminately, even though they may have received an *imprimatur*. A committee of safe censors for the revision of books is to be established in every diocese. Meetings of Modernizing priests and laymen are to be forbidden. Young ecclesiastics who seem anxious to follow the movement of contemporary thought are to be prevented from so doing. Every diocese is to have a vigilance committee to discover and delate Modernists. Finally the bishops are to inform the Holy See periodically on the condition of their respective dioceses in regard to the spread of Modernist ideas." The stalwart spirit which dictated this list of regulations has come to manifestation in administrative details. Sentence of excommunication has been freely visited upon those neglecting to make a full submission. Loisy and Tyrrell are among those who have been consigned by the Pope to the outer darkness.

8. Estimate of Modernism.—The estimate may properly be made from two different points of view, Modernism on the one hand being regarded in relation to Roman Catholicism, and on the other in relation to Christianity at large. Viewed in the former relation, Modernism cannot be described as anything short of attempted revolution. However much of the framework of the old dogmatics, polity, and worship it may profess to leave standing, it overturns the old foundations and opens the way to an incalculable amount of change in the superstructure. Infallible authority, competent rightly to grasp and inerrantly to teach the unimpeachable content of revealed truth—that has been for centuries the proud

claim of Romanism. In virtue of this authority she has contrasted the constancy of her system with the unstable lot of all outside parties, cast out, as they are said to be, upon the waves of shifting opinions. Therefore, in shattering the claim to infallible authority, in denying the fact of an inerrant Bible, in questioning the finality of conciliar and papal decisions, in disallowing the existence of any compendium of dogmas giving certain and adequate expression to the truths of the spiritual kingdom, Modernism renounces and assails what is most characteristic of Romanism. Grant that it finds good warrant for its renunciation and assault, it does not find it within the system of Romanism itself. It gains the warrant by resort to forms of criticism to which Romanism concedes no independent right, no function to deny or to correct a single item of dogma which has once been made obligatory and so received the stamp of infallibility. In short, Modernism undertakes to make over the Roman Catholic Church into something new, something unheard of in the acknowledged maxims of that church since the consolidation of its system in the Middle Ages. In the light of this fact we may judge of the prospects of Modernism within the Roman Catholic communion. Were that communion on the verge of despair as respects the possibility of maintaining its characteristic system, were the greater part of the hierarchy and a majority of its subjects convinced that the situation has become so desperate that complete wreckage in the sight of the world can be escaped only through a radical metamorphosis, then there might be some chance of a trial of the Modernist program. On the contrary supposition, Modernism is likely to go down under the powerful and persistent opposition to which inevitably it will be subjected. Something might survive from it as material for a future reaction, but in its present form it would suffer defeat. Which of the two suppositions best corresponds to the actual facts of the situation? For our part, we find no authentic evidence that the Roman hierarchy has reached the point of such deep despair of its system as to be ready to treat conspicuous portions of the Tridentine or Vatican decisions as old rubbish, and to adopt the Modernist or any other substitute for the traditional platform. Never can it be brought that far while it claims a great

and relatively passive constituency. We do not anticipate, therefore, that Modernism as an open and distinctly defined movement will make any great showing.

In estimating Modernism from the standpoint of its relation to Christianity at large, we notice that, alongside of much that invites commendation, it affords occasion for certain criticisms. It is chargeable, for instance, with a species of unjustifiable provincialism. There is a general assumption, on the part of its advocates, that Roman Catholicism, whatever reforms it may need for its perfecting, has the right of way in the world, being in a special sense the agent and representative of Christ, and containing within itself all the essential means of spiritual satisfaction and nurture. What warrant do they give for this assumption? We do not find that they give any substantial warrant; neither do we believe that they can in consistency with their premises. When once the definite establishment of the Roman hierarchy by Christ is brought into doubt, and a sweeping application is given to the notion of evolution, it becomes exceedingly difficult to fix the sphere of ecclesiastical validity. Who is qualified to say offhand that one great product of evolution, namely, the Roman type, is true and valid, to the exclusion of other great products of evolution, such as the Greek and Protestant types? Who is authorized, in advance of a proffer of very substantial reasons, to dismiss the question whether in the course of evolution the adequate type is not to be wrought out by the interaction of all these great historic systems? Clearly, for the Modernist, after having virtually negatived a basis for Romanism in the New Testament revelation, to treat Greek and Protestant Christianity as negligible quantities is to proceed in a much too easy-going fashion. Again, we judge Modernism to be open to criticism in the extent to which it retrenches the historical and intellectual basis of Christian conviction and directs the emphasis to a hazy, subjective, and essentially sentimental basis. Here the question of proportion is of large importance. Representative Modernists, it strikes us, do not observe the right proportion. They underrate the historical basis of Christianity and sacrifice it on inadequate grounds. In the New Testament criticism of Loisy, as was noticed, sweeping negations are asserted

against the historicity of very significant portions of the New Testament content, and the New Testament doctrinal structure itself, in respect of fundamental features, is left suspended on little besides tenuous, speculative threads and subjective imaginings. Of course, if there were compelling grounds for the critic's negations, we should be constrained to travel with him and to do our best to keep up religious breathing in spite of the vacuity into which we might be thrust. But the compelling grounds are not made evident by the critic. Many of his conclusions are obtained simply by turning general points of view into tests of facts. That Loisy is chargeable with this cardinal vice of intemperate criticism is more than hinted by a reviewer as friendly toward him as Newman Smyth.[1] It is fair to observe that Loisy's critical conclusions have not been indorsed in detail by the Modernists; still, as the citations which have been made indicate, there is a tendency among them to a slack hold on the historical basis of the biblical system. A broader view and a more judicial spirit would advise them, not, indeed, to eschew historical criticism, but to be on guard against underrating the historical basis of Christianity, and against sacrificing it to a negative dogmatism which unjustifiably claims the name and the merits of historical criticism. A purely abstract religion has never yet had the necessary force for survival or propagandism. In proportion as the historical basis of Christianity is surrendered, it is turned either into an abstract religion or into a self-convicted mythology. A kindred failure to observe the just proportion belongs to the Modernist position relative to the symbolical character of Christian doctrines. That symbolism has a place here is not to be denied. In the deeper ranges of religious truth there are things which we cannot bring to complete expression, and our best attempts to formulate them must result in statements which have more or less the character of adumbrations or symbols. But it is quite possible to push the supposition of symbolism so far as to land in a Spencerian agnosticism, and to leave only sentimental grounds for preferring any definite forms of doctrinal statement. Now, we do not charge the Modernists with any intention to proceed to this extreme. We cannot overlook the

[1] The Gospel and the Church, introduction to new edition.

fact, however, that one and another of them have given expression to very broad propositions on the symbolical nature of Christian doctrines, and that as a party they have not been duly careful to call attention to necessary qualifications on the notion of doctrinal flux. In spite of a very free use of critical judgment on theological questions in various connections, they move much in points of view that logically leave to doctrines little besides a sentimental basis. It is not, perhaps, quite accidental that in the broad-church theory of Tyrrell the cruder features of popular Romanism should receive so tolerant a consideration. In a scheme which retrenches, whether by deliberate choice or not, the force of historical and rational data the sentimental nature of the individual and the crowd would seem to have a title to full liberty. The faculty and the right to rebuke wild growths presuppose the assured possession of a fairly definite and self-consistent system.

We credit the Modernists with a good measure of keen insight into the defects of the traditional Romanism, with a commendable courage to face the grave issues which have been raised in the religious world by modern scholarship, and with a worthy compendium of enlightened views. But we think that, in the hasty construction to which they have been urged forward, they have given to certain points of view an expression that is one-sided and compromising to important Christian interests. Let it be hoped that the sober second thought will apply the needed corrective to questionable phases in their teaching, and that these gifted and earnest-minded men will be able to win a good report among all discreet friends of a pure Christianity.

Henry C. Sheldon

Art. III.—HAMLET—THE TRAGEDY OF INACTION

Life is part reality, part dream, and so is Shakespeare. He was real, for he was born in the year the Thirty-nine Articles were published; the year John Calvin died; when Cervantes, his only rival in humor, was seventeen; when De Soto had been hushed in the Mississippi for twenty-two years; yet so vague is he that no letter written or received by him remains; so unsubstantial that careful men say that he did not write the plays which bear his name. He was born seventy-two years after the New World was discovered. The little earth had in a day grown vast; the narrow horizon had widened of a sudden. The imagination of men had been touched and kindled by discovery. One effect of the world's awakening was William Shakespeare. He is, therefore, like the dreams and vague mists that float above the unknown and unexplored. Galileo was born the same year. He read the sky and marked the stars that are imaged in its face. Shakespeare read the secrets of the human heart, projected upon the charts of thought all the islands of hope that lie amid the seas of life, set up lights along all the cliffs of doubt, discouragement, and despair, and left a warning bell ringing on every shoal of hate and passion.

The plays of Shakespeare show the varying circumstances of the author's life. They are his best biography. An immeasurable distance in tone of mind separates his early from his later work; and, as beginnings are always interesting, we do well to search with care for the genesis and watch eagerly for the development of his genius. The lower the point of its departure the more marvelous its soaring flight. Henry VI, Taming of the Shrew, and Titus Andronicus he probably collaborated with Marlowe. Love's Labour's Lost, The Comedy of Errors, A Midsummer Night's Dream, and Two Gentlemen of Verona belong to the period of gay buoyancy that characterizes early manhood. The man deepens as he grows, and ten years later come the Merchant of Venice, Henry V, and Julius Cæsar. During those years he began to realize the aspirations of his life; it was not for fame as a poet nor for reputation as an actor, but for financial prosperity as a

means of social advancement. It is not often remarked, but there can be no doubt that Shakespeare was eager for money. He was passionately bent on restoring the sunken name and fame of his family. Like Scott and Tennyson, Wordsworth and Whittier, Shakespeare exemplifies financial genius of the highest order. Following this period of intellectual life on its very highest level, we reach the plays full of tempestuous passion and intense realization of life's insoluble mysteries. Before this time he has struck the notes of seriousness and raillery, passion and tenderness, and has blended laughter and tears in each one of his plays. Twelfth Night is like a symphony in which no star can be dispensed with, or like a picture veiled in a golden haze into which all colors resolve themselves. But when we enter the period in which Measure for Measure, Othello, Macbeth, Lear, and Hamlet were composed we feel that Shakespeare's joy of life has culminated. He had bade farewell to mirth and entered upon melancholy. Somewhere and somehow he had been disappointed and disillusioned. The iron of trial had entered his heart. His soul was in the heat and glare and dust of the Valley of Baca. Some think that his affections had been betrayed, and that it is to the feelings thus evoked we owe the atmosphere of lurid mystery and titanic emotion which overhangs these great tragedies. Each play heaps up, concentrates, and illumines the soul catastrophe of some one great vice. Measure for Measure teaches the disintegrating effects of self-indulgence upon the mind of a youth whose birth and training would, but for this evil bias, have made him capable of nobler things. In it he has set the stage with a soul rotting and sapping away with self-indulgence. Othello makes you think of Father Mathew's temperance sermon, "Through drink I have seen the stars of heaven fall and the cedars of Lebanon laid low." In Macbeth an evil suggestion roots itself in the king's soul and goads him to irreparable crime. It sounds like a voice calling across the centuries, "Beware the beginnings of evil"; "Guard well thy thoughts, for thoughts are heard in heaven."

When we first look at Hamlet we are bewildered by it. Hamlet has as many meanings as there are readers. It seems to reflect the meaning of the man who reads rather than of the man who

wrote. Like some eyes in pictures, they look straight at you wherever in the room you stand. In Hamlet there is a mirror that is held up to all nature. It reflects what looks therein. The title of the German play calls it Fratricide Punished. Canon Farrar suggests that Hamlet is a tragedy because of its lack of redeeming love. Johnson says that lack of equilibrium between the real and the imaginary is the solution of the play. Another great expositor, Very, proposes that Hamlet was written to raise the question, "Is there another life?" Bishop Quayle believes that the play is centered about the mystery of unrequited evil. He was bewildered, the eloquent bishop says, at the sight of his uncle sitting there on the throne which he himself should have occupied, married to his mother. That brings you to the very heart of the play; but the question still confronts us, Why did not this Hamlet snatch a sword and hack his way back to the throne? Why will a man abide evil and not raise his arm, however puny, against it? While all of these teachings may be found in Hamlet, two things make it all but certain that its great teaching is somewhat else. One is the relationship of the play to that of Julius Cæsar. Hamlet and Brutus are as much alike as twin brothers. They are both idealists; both forced by events to take prominent part in a world of action. Brutus is vehemently urged by Cassius to place himself at the head of a conspiracy against Cæsar, his benefactor and friend; upon Hamlet the ghost of his murdered father imposes the duty of becoming an assassin. Each finds a conflict between his duty and his situation; Brutus shrinks with horror from the task, and Hamlet is racked by doubt and uncertainty. Brutus touched with humor and sagacity would be Hamlet. Hamlet plus the will to act would have been Brutus. Both are high-minded, generous, brave. Hamlet is a student; it is from college that he is summoned to his father's funeral; Brutus has a mind enriched by the best extractions of philosophy. Each lacks the superb sagacity to see that the kingdoms of the practical and ideal lie often in different zones and on opposite sides of the world. The other fact which to my mind discloses the true meaning of Hamlet lies in Shakespeare's incomparable knowledge of Scripture. Mul-

titudinous speeches and articles comparing Shakespeare and the Bible have been made. In Shakespeare the eternal verities of revelation are scarcely ever out of sight. A Dean of Conterbury once said, "The Bible and Shakespeare have made me Archbishop of York." Shakespeare not only wrote on religious subjects but his lines are instinct with the life of Christianity. The Bible was one of the few books to which he had access, and so in hundreds of passages he illustrates with unparalleled power its deepest lessons. The heart of the New Testament is in the Sermon on the Mount and the lash to that discourse is in its closing words. The words are, "He that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them," and "He that heareth . . . and doeth them not." The great noun of life is *duty;* the great verb is *do.* And Shakespeare, canny as any old Scot in psychology, if I may expound a widely accepted theory of Hamlet's meaning, is setting before the race the vice of an inactive will. He is saying that action reacts upon the actor and produces character; that failure to act when duty is plain, and persistence in nonaction, make us finally incapable of refunctioning—that is, re-forming—the nerve centers in our brain that become the centers of volition. The will atrophies. The physical basis of action, according to modern psychology, is to be sought in the sensation, feeling, or volition resulting from nerve action. Impulses are discharged upon the brain through the efferent or motor nerves. The repeated discharge of the same impulses collects little nerve cells and establishes what we may call nerve paths. Habit is largely the expression of established brain paths. Walking was an effort at first, a little bit of engineering, but the nerve centers perfectly coördinated by oft-repeated discharge of the same impulse permits you to walk involuntarily. Thus the lines of a familiar tune are embodied in a brain and the lockstep of a prisoner goes with him through all the rest of his life. This is why the thoughts of to-day become the dreams of to-night, the action of to-morrow, the character of the future. The centers of normal action increase by use, decrease by disuse. In Hamlet emotion, affection, the sense of honor and courtesy are all present; the nerve paths are free, full and constant; he has humor and sagacity, but he lacks an achieving will. The nerve paths of volition either

have never been formed or they have been so long disused as to be valueless; he is ready to weep, to love, to jest, to delay, but he cannot act. The magnificent monologue on suicide and doubt which has passed from proverb to byword in our English speech is eclipsed and distanced on philosophical and poetical grounds by the later soliloquy on reason and resolution. It is found in Act IV, Scene 4. The play is rising to its culmination. Little by little the will has lost the energy of the first thrill given to his purpose by the appearance of the ghost and the love for his father. Hamlet meets Fortinbras, a man of action at the head of twenty thousand men. All through the play he is put into contrast with Hamlet. His captain, having been asked why the campaign is made, replies,

> We go to gain a patch of ground
> That hath in it no profit but a name;
> To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it.

This answer touches Hamlet to the quick, opens up his own weakness, and shows him his besetting sin. He sees his ultimate; it is crowded upon him that he has been recreant to his father's commands, to the high behests of the underworld or overworld. Thus aroused, he breaks out into a soliloquy that millions of the race have in like hours of awakenment been stung with:

> How all occasions do inform against me
> And spur my dull revenge! What is man
> If his chief good and market of his time
> Be but to sleep and feed? A beast; no more.
> Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and godlike reason
> To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
> Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
> Of thinking too precisely on the event—
> A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom
> And ever three parts coward—I do not know
> Why yet I live and say "this thing's to do"
> Since I have cause and will and strength and means
> To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me.
> Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
> Led by a delicate and tender prince
> Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
> Makes mouths at the invisible event,

> Exposing what is mortal and unsure
> To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
> Even for an eggshell. . . .
> How stand I, then,
> That have a father killed, a mother stained,
> Excitements of my reason and my blood,
> And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
> The imminent death of twenty thousand men
> That for a phantasy and trick of fame
> Go to their graves like beds;
> O, from this time forth
> My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth.

He purposes, but too many thoughts crowd in upon him; "resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,"

> And enterprises of great pith and moment,
> With this regard their currents turn away,
> And lose the name of action.

He hears the sayings and does them not; he knows his duty; he "resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same." Thousands of individuals, maps full of nations, whole races of men, have seen themselves reflected in that mirror. Everybody is ready for action but Hamlet. The play is full of action. Laertes, when first we meet him in the presence of the king, is asking permission to go back to France. Things are to be done in France, therefore he would go back. He came to Denmark to show his duty at the coronation—that over, another duty calls. Garrulous old Polonius calls to Laertes: "Yet here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for shame!" Voltimand we first see reporting his embassy to Norway; young Fortinbras is marching for an attack on Poland; Ophelia is a lady in waiting to the queen; Rosencrantz and Guildenstern busy themselves in the pleasures of Hamlet at the command of the king. When Laertes hears of the death of Polonius he snatches a sword, rouses an insurrection, and is knocking with rebellion at the castle gates of Elsinore. Hamlet alone meditates, thinks, considers. Fortinbras at the head of his force shames him; Laertes brawling at his father's death shames him; the play shows his writhing under conscious impotence of will. Everybody is ready for action but Hamlet; to point the moral, the ghost is silent to all but him. No man can do your work nor become your vicar in life's pressing

duty. You must preach your own sermon, sing your own song, run your own errand. Elisha sent his servant when he should have gone himself. Horatio tries to get a command from the ghost:

> Speak to me:
> If there be any good thing to be done,
> That may to thee do ease or grace to me,
> Speak to me.

Horatio, Laertes, Fortinbras, grave diggers, courtiers would—any one—have done it for him could they have known his incapacity. Its tragedy was hid.

The incidents of the play gather about action by Hamlet. Hamlet is told of the ghost when it will not speak to Horatio. This spirit, dumb to us, says Horatio, will speak to Hamlet. It surely will. It is Hamlet, not Horatio, who must act. And the ghost does speak. In all the pageantry of nature's setting it comes at midnight, when ghosts "did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets." Till "morn, in russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill," the messenger from the other world warns and instructs. The command of the father was laid upon the son. The love in fatherhood calls to the affection of the son and says, "Avenge." Moreover the ghost brings the command of God. It was so understood in Denmark, in London. The century of Shakespeare said that a ghost brought the command of the Eternal. The crime committed against the father calls from the underworld for vengeance. Some small part of the mystery of evil man may correct. Hamlet understood it and took oath on his sword, the instrument of action, to avenge him. When Hamlet seemed to the ghost to delay, the visitor came again, Act III., Scene 4, and out of the silence the voice calls,

> Do not forget; this visitation
> Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

And Hamlet means to do it—like ten thousand men before and since, the duty lies plain, is understood, and in easy moments and generous mood he intends to do his duty. He draws away from Ophelia from the moment he feels that he is commanded to do this act of justice. He does not wish to blacken her life with his own ghastly duty. He feels himself appointed as the minister

of a sacred revenge. He is to requite some evil in the world. He intends to keep his oath. He only delays, and delays are dangerous. Given all the elements that go to make up a decision, and then make it; wait until they are all in your mind, and all the cords of destiny are safely gathered to your hand, then act. Thus do not many; thus did not Hamlet.

Some say he delayed because he hated to kill; that can hardly be true; besides, he promised to do it. He runs Polonius through in hot blood when he catches him spying on his interview with his mother. He reads the secret instructions which the king had given to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, shrewdly substitutes their names for his own before his return by the pirate ship. This he knew would send these companions to their death. He is ready to fight Laertes, run an old man through, steal a death warrant and substitute the names of others. If done to accomplish the commands of the dead father, we would have justified it; only when it is done to conceal his own lack of resolution do we revolt against it. No; he could kill without compunction. He lacks the settled purpose to kill his uncle the king, who occupies his own throne. He could not heat himself to the moment when on the anvil of opportunity he shall hammer out an axiom. Like Balaam trying to curse Israel, he moves his altar from rock to rock and from hill to hill so as to find an elevation from which he can catch a view of the people that will make a curse legitimate. Again it is said that he delays because he is not sure. He waits until he doubts even the ghost. So do many. They wait until even revelation seems questionable. So he hires a company of strolling players to remove his doubt and make assurance doubly sure. He arranges the scene and rivets Horatio's eye as well as his own on the king. The guilty fratricide starts, shrinks, and hastens from the room. Now he knows. The one friend he has at court confirms his opinion. Now he will act. The king is saying,

> My offense is rank; it smells to heaven;
> It hath the primal curse upon it.

The pallid brow, the beads of perspiration, the hunted look in his eyes, say, in voices unmistakable, "I did it," "I did it." And

Hamlet saw, and knew, and the tragedy of his inaction grew. And still others say he could not prove it, and the Danes would not believe it. That is good for a court of justice, and good to remember before you start a slander on your neighbor, but it is of no avail here. Could he have proved it, he could call the king to court and ask justice; but besides being the king, and therefore above law, it is not law that was wanted; it is evil that he is to requite. He could challenge his election and claim the throne if he could prove it; then there is no need of Deity intervening to put the commission of vengeance on him. Because the murder had been so skillfully done there was no evidence; therefore by law he should be allowed to escape. But God does not mean to let him escape —as many times in this day he means to avenge public crime and private injury. He arms Hamlet to mete out punishment. He does not give him evidence that he can take into court, but he makes him sure; ghost and the trembling king cry out, "He did it," "Kill him." And still he apologizes to himself that there is no opportunity. He is daily in the presence of the king; he sits at table with him. Why not whip out his sword and have at him? Find a way or make one—and then, to answer even that, he finds the king at his prayers; why not then? He explains that he killed his father, giving him no space for repentance, and that to kill him at prayers might serve only to send him to heaven, and for fear he will go to heaven he delays; it all sounds like the old Scotchman preaching from the famous text about the men who, invited to the feast, could not come. The piece of ground, the yoke of oxen and the wife—they are all, said the Scot, "only excuses."

He feigns madness to gain time; like a great fountain the sands of time run on and the opportunities pass unused; madness will not make the king delay to protect his person and throne, it will, rather, secure the crime. Then he starts for England, his vengeance unaccomplished. He is self-condemned. His observation is keen, his inductions logical, his powers of fence and thrust superb. The play halts to tell in the private interview of the king and Laertes that Hamlet is a sure winner in a sword bout if he but attack; some swordsman has gone down before

him—he is famous; the laugh and jeer and sarcasm of Shakespeare are all lurking in those lines. Here is a man who can but will not. He lacks volition. He is harmless. Bismarck said of Lord Salisbury—"A painted lath." So says this play of Hamlet. He looks like a man—candid, trusting, loving, frictionless mind, big size—but he will not fight. The man who took his throne would; Laertes, just a common fellow, would ; Fortinbras would; and any Irishman at the Donnybrook fair would—but Hamlet would not. That is what it means—a house built on the sand, great will be the fall of it. There is pardon for all sins, but no hope for a man who will not claim the pardon; God's condemnation is upon those who will not act; and thus Robert Louis Stevenson, "God has forgiveness for all sins, but there is no hope for a man who will not fight."

From Hamlet, the man who cannot, we turn to Fortinbras, the man who *can*. All through the play he is put in contrast with the studious-faced prince; the man of action is set over against the man of reflection; the captain paralleled with the student. News from England is at the gates even as Hamlet dies. With his expiring breath he prophesies the succession to Fortinbras, and gives his dying voice for his election to the throne. And the man of action at first knowledge speaks out; he summons the nobles, and presuming, not asking, his election, on the word, with the deference of sorrow and with the determination of action:

> With sorrow I embrace my fortune;
> I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
> Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Before one syllable of dissent can rise he commands, "Let four captains bear Hamlet like a soldier"—captains, the men who can, bear him who should have been one but for his weakness of will; and for his passing they give him soldier music and rites of war. The man of inaction is dead—the king who *can* has come to the throne.

And Hamlet is pathetic. All Hamlets are. He is frequently, as in Shakespeare, profound to the point of paradox, highly poetical, mentally overwrought. There is infinite sarcasm in his lines, "Let's choose executors and talk of wills"—they cannot

execute them; only write them. And here is Hamlet, whose business it is to kill a king, wishing to sit around and talk about it:

> For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
> And tell sad stories of the death of kings;
> How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
> Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
> Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed.
> All murdered; for within the hollow crown
> That rounds the mortal temple of a king
> Keeps death his court.

Regicide is his allotted work—philosophizing on the way kings die his occupation. Of all life's tragedies this is the most frequent. A man without capacity for action is an awful ruin.

This tragedy of inaction is set on many a stage. Many a man plays Hamlet who would not knowingly break the rule against amusements. His emotions never become acts. His will is never harnessed. They cry easily, love easily, promise readily —like an aspen leaf that flutters the whole day, and is in the same place at night that it was in the morning.

> One ship goes east, another west,
> By the self-same winds that blow;
> 'Tis the set of the sail, and not the gale,
> Determines the way they go;
> Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
> As we journey along through life;
> 'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,
> And not the calm or strife.

Here is a ship with her prow turned toward the harbor, pointed right, and a silvery mist drops down and shuts her in; she casts anchor and waits—till she rots; "till the sun is old and the stars are cold and the leaves of the judgment book unfold." Chief Justice Chase knew his Hamlet when he sat in the case of Aaron Burr and the prosecution asked the court to allow that Burr planned treason, talked treason, thought treason; the Chief Justice thundered back: "You must go to the act, sir; treason, like murder, is an act; you cannot think treason; you cannot talk treason; you cannot plot treason; you can only act it." "The Lord let the house of a beast to the soul of a man" and made us keepers of the animals. We must insist on obedience from these

servants. We may whip them, burn them with red-hot irons as sometimes the trainer does, starve them, but command them we must. There is a story preachers much love to tell about a soldier who threw away his sword because it was not a Damascus blade, and a prince found it who had lost his sword and his sword hand by the cut of an enemy and had it bound to his wrist; then with this bloody stump and broken sword he plunged and hacked and cut his way to victory. It is not a question of whether duty is easy —is it duty? Nor is it whether the means are at hand to safely perform it;

What shall I do to be forever known?
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who yet sleep unknown,
Oh never, never!
Thinkest thou that those remain unknown
Whom thou knowest not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is sung;
Divine their lot.

Nations, too, play Hamlet. The late Lord Salisbury called Spain a "degenerate" among the nations. The noble Dons made faces at him for it. But the stalwart old Englishman held to his opinion and found many privately to agree with him. Mexico had the same ghost bespeak her that called and beckoned to Spain. Separate the church from the state, said the ghost; sequester the property of Holy Mother Church, require the priesthood to secure the voluntary support of the people. And the priests blinked and appealed to the Pope. "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide," and Mexico decided. It was not easy to see shrines like that of Mary of Guadaloupe, honored for centuries, deserted—and we who did not quite know the need thought it harsh and, judging by our sympathies, pronounced it anti-Christian. But she pulled down Maxmilian and set up Diaz; in place of the crosses and shrines she established schools; for the confessional she substituted the press, and few there are who doubt that a regenerated Mexico has resulted from it. France, too, is in the mill of the gods. Like Hamlet she had her day of visitation. In that maelstrom which history calls the Revolution the underworld or the overworld called to her.

Like Hamlet she said, "I follow"; "Go on; I'll follow," but Napoleon gave back what the Revolution had taken from Pope and priest. In return, in the guise of Bourbon and imperialist, they have continued to strike at her heart; her bureaucrats robbed the army and navy and left her like a painted doll in the hands of Von Moltke, Bismarck, and William. The world watches her and wonders whether she will play Spain or Mexico, Hamlet or Fortinbras.

Permit me also to raise the question whether modern society has the capacity to follow out the divine order; to punish its corporation looters, execute its Stanford Whites, wave back its strikes and mobs, and with its hands on the throats of protected "infant industries" and whisky lobbies do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with God. Mediæval times could not, and the world went back to anarchy; scooped out the old mediæval blackness we call the Dark Ages; plundered its peasants, worshiped the Virgin, trembled for fear that the end of the world was coming, mocked equality, and preferred life with degradation to death in a grapple with its own ravishers and murderers.

And ghosts still walk the earth, and warn men, and point them to their duty. I have seen them. So has Booker T. Washington—and others of his race; so the Czar and his Grand Dukes. Will they play Spain or Mexico—Hamlet or Fortinbras?

Edwin A. Schell.

Art. IV.—EVOLUTION AND SIN

Evolution is a term used to represent many systems of thought. This leads to confusion and makes it difficult to treat the subject intelligently. We have the extremes of atheistic and Christian evolution, with a variety of modifications between, all included under the one word without the necessary qualifications to distinguish them. Hence much misunderstanding and disputation, with no resultant good.

A book has recently come from the press written from the standpoint of Christian evolution by one competent to state his views intelligently. It is gratifying at last to have a clear statement of the doctrine, as held by a leader of Christian thought, with its proper adjustments to related truths. The work is entitled The Doctrine of God, by Dr. W. N. Clarke, professor in Colgate University. The book is a masterly presentation of the Christian conception of the Deity, with which the writer of this article is in hearty sympathy. For its vigorous and faithful statement of the character and relations of the Christian's God he has only words of commendation. His present concern is wholly with the evolutionary doctrine therein set forth concerning the origin of the race and of sin. In order to do full justice to the author we propose to have him state his views in his own language:

> It has long been believed that God created a single pair, unconnected with other living creatures, to be parents of the coming race. But it is now accepted on sufficient evidence that he brought mankind into existence by long and gradual process, so ordering his world that animal life and experience should develop those powers of intelligence and will by possession of which man came at length to bear God's likeness (p. 139).

The following language fully sets forth this evolutionary process:

> Like every other great thing in the world, humanity is the outcome of a growth. Once the powers of a spirit existed in their typical perfection in God, but elsewhere only in promise and prospect, beginning to be developed through life, but not yet human; later there was incipient man, barely human, becoming gradually more human as experience gave him higher training; to-day man exists in various degrees of likeness to Him

who is above him, and is truly a spirit, still advancing in the development of those powers of personality which he possesses in common with God. . . . Only just now are we beginning to see, and not even yet to feel, how ancient humanity is, and by what course it has come up to its present state. We now think of the race as coming up through unmeasured ages of lower life, and slowly becoming human; as human at length in all its parts, but human in all degrees of advancement; as living to-day in all grades of humanness (pp. 139, 144).

These quotations prove that the author fully accepts the theory that man's mental and spiritual powers are the product of animal experiences. It may be proper to note that the author is given to the almost exclusive use of the indicative mood. In this respect he seems to have imitated the scientific spirit in its extremest manifestations. It apparently never occurs to him, as it did to the woman of Samaria, "that the well is deep" and that he has no visible rope with which to draw up his conclusions; but, weaving a cord out of his vigorous imagination, he drops his scientific bucket into the fathomless depths and draws up all history as if he was contemporaneous with its processes. Thus he essays to tell us just how the human reason came to its present development as a faculty, how the soul with all its powers was begotten out of the travail of animal experiences, and how man came to be first an incipient man and afterward grew to the full-blown proportions of to-day. All this, however, we pass by to consider his statement of the origin of sin, pausing only to call the attention of the reader to an article in the Methodist Review of 1893, by one of the masters of philosophy, Dr. Bowne, of Boston University, entitled "Some Popular Mistakes Concerning Evolution," in which he shows the irrationality of many of these views.

Turning now to Dr. Clarke's statements respecting the origin of sin, we again note the tendency to use the indicative mood. In the following quotations let the reader carefully mark his categorical style and judge whether the conditions of the case warrant such absolute positiveness as he assumes:

To the question whether sin is a part of the system or an alien element, there is only one possible answer, in the present state of knowledge. . . . Through its own method the order of the world has produced beings who do right and wrong. . . . Life has developed into good character and bad. Virtue and sin are natural growths in the

field of the life of humanity. If there is a good God over all, he is a good God who has himself produced a world of mingled good and evil. . . .

It is not difficult to show that this is true. It has already been shown how naturally the moral element came into the human lot. Sensation belongs to the nature of life, judgment between sensations makes life rational, and choice among judgments and sensations makes life moral. Morality comes as soon as men begin to choose, and, consequently, to act, either with or against the worthier appeal. Responsibility comes when the choice or act is intelligent enough to be one's own. It is by a perfectly natural movement that life has moved on through these successive stages. The movement was in progress long before man appeared, or he would never have appeared at all. In fact, the progress of this movement, from sensation to morality and religion, constituted the approach to man. In inferior life the mental process is of the same kind as in man, only less advanced, and the moral quality exists, only less developed. When the movement had proceeded so far as to man there was in him a real, though incipient, personality, to which incipient responsibility belonged. Man came into existence as a being in whom rationality had grown up, and morality had followed, only one stage behind. Both qualities were inherited from the past, but were inherited as germinant gifts whose significance lay in the future. That the virgin of the moral nature was of this kind is certain, and we have no right to consider it in any other light. One inference is plain; coming thus into existence, it was impossible that mankind should start either good or bad, exclusively. Both good and evil had their beginnings already made and their tendencies established. One was as natural as the other. A career of mingled good and evil, right and wrong, is the career to which the human race was born. . . . But the powers that he had were such as the past had bequeathed him and the present was training. The body was old, the soul was new: lower life was ancient, spiritual life incipient. The higher impulses were just struggling into existence; the common life was the soil out of which they must rise, and they had not yet the training that would render them clear and sure. The habits of life, both personal and social, were inherited from periods in which the upward-reaching force was still of inferior grade, reaching up only to the level that had now been attained. Animal impulses were ancient, familiar, and powerful; choice and action were adjusted from of old to the methods of the ages before the soul. Meanwhile the early human outreach in religion was only such as it could be, and grasped the unseen more strongly than clearly. The soul planted in man was like the seed in the parable, cast into the midst of thorns. If the thorns did not spring up and choke it altogether there must have been some good reason why. . . . The mixed character which the moral life of mankind has always borne was the natural consequence of the manner in which mankind came into existence, and is a genuine part of the system or world-order in which human life is included. Sin cannot be reckoned an intruder in our race any more than night can be called an alien element in the affairs of our planet (pp. 450-453).

Much might be quoted, but no more is needed to set forth the system. Here we have the evolutionary philosophy of the origin of sin from the pen of a master in Israel. It reads like a candid description of modern heathenism double-distilled! The picture of man's primeval condition surpasses anything that can be found in the jungles of Africa, and the worst of it all is—God put him there. Dr. Clarke is logically consistent in making God a partner in the introduction of sin (p. 455). Behold the picture! Man is represented as fresh from the hand of his Creator, "barely human," submerged in the cesspool of animalism, and slowly emerging from the sewage of the ages with a soul so tainted with the brutal experiences of the past that he can scarcely discern a glimmering of God's will, and in this sad state of spiritual degradation enters on the struggle with his environment that he may reach his destiny as a race. Surely the boldest advocate of total depravity has never exceeded these delineations of our sad lot by nature. Where are the great-hearted Channings, that they do not cry out against these latter-day imputations on the goodness of God? If this be science, it is even more emphatic than theology in its descriptions of the totality of human depravation.

We are not denying the truthfulness of these descriptions of man's spiritual degradation, but we are questioning the historic accuracy of its origin. The issue resolves itself into this: Did God create man by an evolutionary process, as degraded as herein represented, or did man by disobedience produce his condition? This is a momentous question and involves vast issues for our theological problems. On what ground does Dr. Clarke assert such a philosophy of origins? At the dictum of an unproved scientific hypothesis, one so imperfect that its own advocates cannot agree how it all came to pass. Its history is a repetition of the biblical history of the tower of Babel. It is wisdom to pause long and deliberate with the greatest caution on the evidences that support such a system before embracing it. We should demand of scientific investigators full proof of their ministry before we accept their conclusions. Where are the facts that approximate such transformations as this theory predicates? Such an enormous generalization ought not to rest on vague analogies. Inductive rea-

sonings require very extended observations to give us assurance that we have made no mistake. We want facts so numerous and so potent as to command the conclusion that this was God's method of bringing in a race of responsible beings. We want no unbridled play of a creative imagination in the production of such a theory but abundant data of cold facts that are convincing to sane reason. From the many arguments which might be advanced against this teaching we select two. First, it is contradictory to the universal traditions of mankind. All human history predicates a golden age in the past. The study of comparative religions reveals the existence of a paradisaic age and a purer condition of mankind beyond the horizon of authentic history. Polytheism is a later product than monotheism. The history of the human race is a history downward as well as upward. Evolutionary degeneracy is better established than evolutionary progress. Saint Paul in the first chapter of Romans gives us a truer history of mankind and sets forth a more rational cause of heathenism. The Bible clearly states the moral degeneracy of the race until the fullness of time when the Son of God came to set up his kingdom. Not until that hour did the evolutionary theory of the upward growth of the human race become a glorious fact in history. The assumption of heathenism at the beginning flies in the face of the revelations of history both sacred and profane. Second, this evolutionary theory of the origin of sin is inconsistent with Bible teachings. We credit Dr. Clarke with the spirit of a devout believer in the Bible. Whether the Genesis account of the fall of man be literal or a symbolic and pictorial representation, it has an historic basis, or the whole trend of Scripture is misleading. The eighth psalm would teach a transparent falsehood. Assuming this to be true, we cannot harmonize the circumstances revealed in Genesis with the picture given us by Dr. Clarke. They are as far removed from each other as the abodes of the saved and the lost. Genesis gives us man as beginning his probation in Edenic delights. True, Adam was but an infant in experience; he had developed no moral character, but he had the God likeness and was fitted for dominion. It is inconceivable that his physical nature was infected with the abnormal experience of long ages of dominant

animal propensities. He was placed under a prohibition suitable to his inexperience; a prohibition recognized as directly from his Creator and fully comprehended by himself. There was no vague misapprehension of duty, as must have been the case with a soul "barely human," just emerging from animalism. In these favorable circumstances he sinned, he disobeyed a law that was as clear to his moral nature as a morning sunbeam. By his transgression he initiated, under the laws of heredity, an evolutionary degeneracy that has turned man upside down and brought in a condition of heathenism out of which the gospel of Jesus Christ is destined to rescue the race. This last evolutionary theory we hold to be both biblical and rational, and shall defend it until science shall discover some more convincing facts than have yet been given to the world.

In the meantime we shall listen to the wise words of Dr. Bowne in the article already referred to. He says:

> The term itself has become so vague that it is much to be desired that the distinguished clergymen who now and then make a sensation among the reporters by announcing themselves as believers in evolution would accompany their profession of faith with some interpreting definition. Without this the performance is not altogether unlike expressing a belief in things in general.

D. C. Knowles

Art. V.—BRITISH INFLUENCE IN ARGENTINE

Perhaps there are no civilized countries in all the world of which the people of the United States know less than they do about Argentine and adjacent republics. The reason is a natural one, namely, because the United States has but little direct commercial, and far less social, intercourse with those nations.

Argentine is going ahead commercially and ethically with leaps and bounds that astonish the world. Her foreign trade for the year 1905 was more than $527,000,000 in gold—a sum equal to nearly $100 in gold for every man, woman, and child of the nation, not excepting the uncivilized Indians and the paupers. Her trade for 1906 and 1907 was almost as large, while for 1908 it was larger. But few nations have ever made such a commercial showing. Mexico, Chile, and Brazil are not in the race. As Mr. John Barrett pointed out in one of his magazine articles a few years ago, Japan with her 40,000,000 is not up to this mark, nor is China, with her 400,000,000 of people. Yet the United States is enthusiastic as regards her trade with Japan and her open-door policy for the Celestial Empire, and she would no doubt risk a war rather than be cheated out of her share of trade with those nations, while she is doing little or nothing toward securing her share of direct trade with the South American countries lying at her doorway, countries over which she has placed her strong arm of protection to prevent conquest and, as much as possible, internal strife. That her attitude is a great protection as well as a benefit to South America there can be no question. It gives the nations a chance to live and unfold without the fear of molestation or the dread of being gobbled up by European powers, as were Africa and other parts of the world too feeble to offer resistance. And it is this protection that is largely the source of Argentine's prosperity. But while the United States government is strenuous in her commendable and unselfish purpose of fostering all of the republics of South America in order to give them a chance to unfold and make the most of themselves, "merrie old England" has not been slow to see the joke

of it and to declare that "Barkis is willin'." And why not? Under American protection, "Barkis" is quietly exploiting the nations and reaping immeasurable rewards; far more than the United States or any other country in the world, perhaps more than all of them put together. England, with the bare exception, maybe, of Brazil, where the Germans are strong, is the greatest commercial power in all South America, and so far as Argentine is concerned England is rapidly making a commercial conquest of the whole country; and a commercial conquest is the safest and the most enduring of all. The United States is not in the race. She is almost entirely an outsider. As strange as it may seem to those who have not looked beneath the surface of things, it is none the less true that the United States is in Argentine, in a commercial sense, almost entirely through British representation. This I will try to make plain.

There are perhaps as many as seventy different British and British colonial steamship lines, owning hundreds of vessels, that trade between England and South American ports, and the United States and South American ports. These vessels carry the bulk of Uncle Sam's shipments to Argentine. Vessels sailing under other flags carry some of it, but Great Britain handles the most of it. Uncle Sam has no steamship lines that enter the Plate River for regular traffic. Only three years ago there was a great gorge of vessels in Buenos Ayres during the wheat-shipping season, as there has been to some extent every year since. When this gorge first commenced I saw an authentic report, published in the dailies and afterward confirmed by the consuls, that there were seventy-eight steamers in it bearing the British flag waiting for opportunity to enter the port to discharge and take on cargo. I at once wrote to the American consul at Buenos Ayres, inquiring how many American vessels were there. His reply was that there were none, and that there had been but one during the whole year. At that time I was living at Bahia Blanca, the greatest wheat-shipping port outside of the city of Buenos Ayres, and the same thing was repeated there. There were about fifty vessels in the gorge at that place, most of them carrying the British flag, none of them the American, there having been but one vessel in port that whole year that

floated the stars and stripes. In Rosario, the greatest port outside of Buenos Ayres for all things excepting wheat and, perhaps, wool, it was a little different. During that same year there were in Rosario ten American vessels with a registered tonnage for the whole of 11,212, showing that the ships were all small; while for the same year there were six hundred and eighty-six British ships with a registered tonnage of 1,554,483, showing that the British vessels averaged twice the size of the American, which they outnumbered almost sixty-three to one. This in face of the fact that our imports into Argentine are next to those of Great Britain in monetary value.

During that year the value of the merchandise shipped to Rosario from the United States, as compared to that shipped from other countries, was as follows:

Great Britain	$5,293,001
United States	2,670,781
Germany	1,775,148
Italy	1,415,063
France	1,092,932
Brazil	863,932

The average yearly exports from Rosario for five years tell the same story. I give the average for five years to avoid the possibility of an exceptionally productive year:

To Great Britain and Ireland	$6,083,057
To the United States	3,186,041
To Germany	2,567,931
To Brazil	1,867,593
To France	470,855

This is sufficient to show the drift of things throughout the whole republic. I have chosen Rosario for the reason that more American ships enter that port than any other, more, in fact, than enter all others combined.

But what a story is thus told! We have no ships to represent us. Our consuls have but little opportunity to represent us as our own commercial agents. Nearly all of our exports and our imports from and into the Plate River countries are carried under British flags, with an occasional Danish or Norwegian vessel for variation, and all are reported, on arriving or leaving, to other consuls than

our own. Our consuls have but little to do outside of issuing a few certificates and writing reports to Washington as to what others are doing. In this way the United States is in Argentine in a commercial sense largely through British representation, and in this way our ignorance of Argentine and other South American countries is explained. Englishmen and Scotchmen go there in ever-increasing numbers. As sailing masters and under officers of hundreds of ships, as men before the mast, as visitors, as men of large business interests, they go and see the country as it is, and they report things just as they are to the people at home. As a rule, it is safe to say that the business men of Great Britain are ten times better informed about South America than the same class of men in the United States, taking them as a whole. For a Britisher to see a country is for him to grasp its commercial possibilities and try to make them his own. This he has done in Argentine. The British must have credit for at least seventy-five per cent of all of Argentine's industrial, agricultural, and commercial progress. America protects it, the British plow it, harrow it, and harvest it for all that it is worth. America says, "Hands off." The British say, "Certainly." But they proceed to lay hands on everything, and on all things possible, and they make them their own. The banks, the railways, the street cars, the manufactories, the foundries, the high-class farming, the wonderful improvements in cattle, horses, and sheep, the control of commerce; the manipulation of municipal franchises, such as water, drainage, gas, electricity—all of these are British to such an extent that the habits of the Argentine people are rapidly changing through British influence. Not so very long ago the British method of riding horseback was about the best thing to laugh at that the average Argentine had ever seen. The Gaucho stood still and wondered at what he considered the most foolish bit of riding in the world. When his surprise was over his merriment would begin. He would laugh till he would bend double. But the British rider cared neither for the Gaucho's wonder nor for his laughter. He believed that the proper way to ride was for him to "gallop while the horse was trotting." It was easier on the horse, and to make it as easy as possible on himself he would rise in his stirrups every third

step in order to break the jolt. Besides that, he got double exercise by "walking and riding at the same time," and as he was generally out for exercise, he was entirely indifferent to the fact that dozens of Argentines were being amused. Now, after only a few years have passed away, many of the high-toned Argentines, among them numbers of the officers of the army, ride like that to show that they know what is fashionable. In hundreds of ways the British are slowly but surely impressing the Argentines, and changing them mostly for the better.

Now, if this goes on—and it is not likely to stop for ages to come—how long will it be till British influence will dominate the whole country? Or, to put it another way, how long a time shall lapse till Argentine will be regarded as a sort of British dependency? That seems far off; but, as things are going now, thirty or forty years may suffice to work such a change. What then? Will Great Britain lay down, at the beck of any nation in the world, that which she will have so honestly acquired? Will the United States, now making it so easy for Great Britain to make such an unquestioned conquest, have any excuse whatever for saying, "Get out of this! We have long had a protectorate over South America! We allow no conquests in any part of it"? We all know Great Britain too well to suppose that she, under any circumstances, would take one backward step. Great Britain is ousting Uncle Sam from at least some of the countries of South America, ousting his protection, pretension and all, mostly pretension; and in less than half a century, may be, she can afford to laugh in his face instead of smiling at his back as she does now—to laugh at him as she did at those who a few years ago tried to thwart her control of Egypt. Great Britain is doing this honestly by seizing the great opportunity the United States is neglecting. She does it all in the line of commercialism with much forethought. That forethought consists in making her commercial enterprises a preparation for the possibility of war.

I recently took a trip on an English freight steamer from Bahia Blanca in Argentine to Antwerp in Belgium. There was room for twenty passengers, and myself and family enjoyed every day of the voyage. The vessel was the easiest-going of any we had

ever been on, and we had taken many voyages, some of them in the largest and best steamers afloat. The reason the vessel was so comfortable to ride in was that it did not roll in the least, a fact, as we were informed, that was due to its having been built with an extra deck above the water line so that in case of war it could be used as a transport. Its charter to sail the high seas was based on its obligation to serve the government of Great Britain in times of danger as often and as long as required. Great Britain has many hundreds of such vessels, by means of which she is training a large number of the most efficient seamen in the world. On that voyage to Antwerp we were all most favorably impressed with the ability and the courtesy of British officers and sailors. They understood their work, and were always ready to be useful. The third and fourth officers were young students of the sea, mere boys, twenty and twenty-four years of age, yet they were capable of taking charge of the ship at any time, day or night, calm or storm; and if they could get a glimpse of a star during midnight darkness long enough to "shoot" it, they could take their bearings from it as perfectly as from the sun. On the same vessel were three bright boys who had signed as apprentices with a view of becoming officers in the course of four or more years. In this way Great Britain, through her hundreds of subsidized ships of commerce, has built up an efficient auxiliary naval power such as no other nation possesses. She stands unique among all of the powers; and if, through her splendid system of commercialism, she should reach the point of claiming preëminence in Argentine, she will be in a position to sustain herself in that claim.

J. M. Spangler

Art. VI.—ETERNAL LIFE AS BASED ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS

In its restricted sense eternal life is a distinctively Christian doctrine. Though among various peoples at different periods and of diverse religions much has been made of the idea of a life beyond the grave, and of the difference between the nature and rewards of a good life and those of an evil life, in no case has eternal life been set forth elsewhere in the precise sense in which it is given in the New Testament. It is no part of our present concern to consider whether the words attributed to Jesus by the synoptists and the evangelist were really spoken by him in the exact form in which they are recorded, or whether they are not colored by the personality of the respective writers. We take the words used as the words of the Master, and substantially, at least, in the form given. And inasmuch as the expression in John 17. 3, "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent," seems to constitute the center and circumference, the core and pith, the very essence of Christ's teaching on the matter in hand, we make those words the starting-point and basis of our discussion. As a definition of eternal life the words are unique. They stand alone and in a class by themselves. There is nothing like them, so far as we know, in all the literatures of the world. And yet how simple! How direct! And how profound! Their full import cannot be grasped in an instant. As their meaning unfolds new vistas and new visions appear and new beauties shine forth, charming and entrancing the loyal, yearning soul and pointing to undreamed-of experiences of joy and blessing and glory in the great beyond.

1. We note that Jesus makes eternal life to consist in knowledge. What is the knowledge upon which so much depends? What is meant by knowing the Father, and Jesus Christ, whom the Father has sent? Clearly, in view of Jesus's words to Philip, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," it is not such a knowledge as is implied in mere seeing, a casual or commonplace

acquaintanceship, for many had seen Jesus face to face and yet were not the possessors of eternal life, for he could speak of them as "hypocrites," "white-washed sepulchers," "blind leaders of the blind," etc.; nor is it a knowledge in the sense of being acquainted with Christ as an historic personage, with his life, activities, and pedigree, a mere head-knowledge of historic fact, for here again Jesus could address many, who were doubtless fully acquainted with all these facts, as "stiff-necked," "liars," and as of their "father, the devil"; nor is it, moreover, knowledge in the sense of intellectual assent to the existence of God or to the fact of Christ's incarnation, life and death as the Saviour of men—the mere intellectual conviction of the reality of God and of the divine Sonship of Jesus. It is a deeper, more intimate, and more spiritual knowledge than that. It is the knowing God the Father in his sole supreme majesty as the God of love and mercy, and Jesus Christ as the Revelation of God, as the commissioned Messenger of God to men, and as their personal Saviour; a knowing them in the deepest, truest, fullest sense of a heart-to-heart kinship, a fellowship of spirit with spirit. The distinction between the various kinds or grades of knowledge is often indicated, and rightly so, in our daily conversation, as when we distinguish between seeing or meeting a person—a chance, casual, or superficial acquaintanceship—and really knowing him. Moreover, we all know that it sometimes happens that two persons, for instance, are in each other's company for years without becoming really acquainted with each other. There are subtle workings of the mind and deep-seated movements of the soul in the one which are totally unknown to the other, or at best but partially known. Clearly, in such a case there is not the unburdening or unbosoming, not the community of thought and purpose and the knitting of heart to heart, soul to soul, life to life, implied in the truly knowing God the Father and Jesus Christ his Son. This, in its fullest sense, is verily mystic and divine, inexpressible and inexplicable. Christ's definition, therefore, is largely a reversal of the popular idea; or, if not a reversal, the emphasis is located in an entirely different place. For, though the element of time and quantity is not entirely lost sight of or rejected, the emphasis does not fall on it.

Eternal life in the nature of the case is everlasting, or never-ceasing, but it is everlasting because of its ethical and spiritual nature rather than because of the removal of any temporal limits or the setting aside of any measure. In other words, Jesus shows us that life, in his use of the term, is ethical and qualitative rather than quantitative. In that sense it is irrespective of time, and is eternal because it is qualitative. This truth is well expressed by Shailer Mathews (The Church and the Changing Order, p. 80): "For the eternal life of which Jesus spoke and which he revealed is more than continued existence. It is the present life of God within the human soul—deathless because he is deathless." It is a continued and continual knowing God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. The significance of knowledge in this connection is suggested, too, in part at least, by our maxim "Seeing is believing," when that expression is used in its truest and best sense; or, better still, by the statement that to see (know) Jesus (and God through Jesus) is to love him, and to love him is to obey him, with the result of the possession and consciousness of his love and life within the soul: a statement which is substantiated by the words of Jesus himself in various connections, for he said, John 6. 40, "And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day"; John 5. 24, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (see also John 14. 21, 23). It was by making known to them this God, and thus glorifying the Father, that Christ gave men "eternal life," and "the life he gave consisted in and was maintained by this knowledge. But to the knowledge of the Father the knowledge of 'him whom thou didst send, Jesus Christ,' was necessary also," as is shown by John 1. 18, and 14. 6, respectively: "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him. . . . Jesus saith unto him [Thomas], I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

An illustration of the kind of knowledge seemingly implied

in Jesus's teaching is found in Socrates's doctrine as to the relation between knowledge and the right, or virtue. He taught that to know the good or right was to do it freely. Of course he did not mean knowledge in the sense of a mere passing glance, a simple recognition of the right, or a bare intellectual assent thereto, but in a truly vital and realizing sense of the right. At any rate, it is only in that sense that we could accept the teaching. And, whatever on general or specific principles may be said against Socrates's teaching on this point, we regard it as a fairly adequate illustration of that knowledge of God the Father and of Jesus Christ which constitutes eternal life; a knowledge which issues in a close personal realization of God in his Fatherly character and attributes and in his kingly glory and sovereign majesty; in a consciousness of Jesus as Friend, as Elder Brother and Redeemer; and of the Holy Ghost as Guide and Comforter. It is the loving contemplation of, and the free participation in, the divinely natural but supreme manifestation to man of the divine life and love—the key to the whole redemptive economy and the prompting motive of all the blessings that come to man in this world and the world yet to be. And on man's part it is his love to God which, so to speak, reëchoes the divine love to him, constitutes his most vital bond of union with the Eternal One, and leads to and prompts that obedience of heart and life which is the proof of love's existence and of man's sonship and heirship to eternal life.

2. Secondly, to differentiate a little further this realizing knowledge as a means or process, we see that eternal life, as taught by Jesus, is a life of eternal relationship. That is, eternal life is relative and not absolute, dependent and not independent. It is in no sense an entity or substance that may be divided or parceled out. The idea of lumpishness is utterly foreign to the true idea of eternal life as qualitative and spiritual, as is also the notion that it is anything in abstraction from its Author, Giver, and efficient Sustainer. Moreover, to change the point of view somewhat and yet retain essentially the same content, never will it come to pass that those who through their knowledge of God, and their personal vital mystic union with him by Jesus Christ, have become the blessed possessors of spiritual life will become independ-

ent of God. The finite can never become infinite; the dependent will never be independent. This truth is strongly put by Dr. Borden P. Bowne (Metaphysics, p. 342): "No finite thing has its existence in itself. A finite thing has its existence only in dependence on the infinite, and in relation to other members of the system. . . . The full and complete notion of existence is realized only in the absolute and infinite intelligence." And precisely so is it of finite beings as such. To suppose otherwise would be an obvious violation of the law of the sufficient reason and utterly contrary to our rational demands for unity, for in the case supposed we should ultimately have a vast number of infinites and a great multitude of independents. But this violation cannot be allowed on the grounds of reason any more than on the basis of Christ's teaching. Hence neither the possessor of spiritual life nor the life possessed can ever be anything apart from him who is their origin, their consummation, and their crown. Eternal life, therefore, implies the eternal perpetuation of the spiritual relationship indicated above between the Infinite and the finite, between God and man, between the Saviour and the saved. To suppose that relationship to cease is, in the light of what Jesus has taught and of what the reason of the case demands, to suppose the total cessation of spiritual life in the case of the human soul. This relative character of eternal life is set forth under two aspects, the human and the divine, in the teaching of Jesus. On the divine side its relative character is shown by the use of the various figurative titles which Jesus assumes, and by the distinctive claims in regard to the matter which he makes for himself in conjunction with the Father. Thus he speaks of himself: (1) As the True Vine, the source of both spiritual life and fruitfulness (John 15. 4-6): "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered." (2) As the Living Bread, by the eating of which we "shall live for ever" (John 6. 51, 57): "I am the living bread which came down

from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever. . . . As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me" (see also John 6. 35, 50, 58). (3) As the Light of the World, by walking in which men "have the light of life" (John 8. 12): "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (see also John 9. 5; 12. 35, 36). (4) As the Door to Life (John 10. 9): "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture" (compare also 10. 2, 10, 11, 14). (5) As the Way and the Life, without which men could not come to the Father (John 14. 6): "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." (6) As the Resurrection and the Life, living and believing in whom, man shall never die (John 11. 25, 26): "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." (7) As the Giver of Life (John 10. 27, 28): "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life" (see also John 5. 25, 28, 40; 6. 27, 68; and 17. 2). (8) As the One whose mission was to bring to men the more abundant life (John 10. 10): "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." On the human side the relative character of eternal life is indicated in the teaching of Jesus, in connection with faith, love, and obedience, as the expression of the attitude of men to the Divine Being. Thus (1) it is by the exercise of faith that men come into the possession of eternal life (John 3. 14, 15): "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life" (see also John 3. 16; 6. 40; 11. 25, 26; and 12. 36, 44, 45). (2) By man's love to the Father and Son there is insured to him the love of both the Father and the Son—the source and inspiration of Eternal Life to frail, sinful mortals—and their abode with him. And while man's love for God is but the return of God's love to him (for "we love him because he first loved us"), in a sense it is the appropriating condition and means of eternal life, if, in-

deed, it is not the vital factor therein. Thus Jesus says (John 14. 21, 23), "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him. . . . If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him"; and again (John 16. 27): "For the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came out from God" (see also John 8. 42; 14. 15, 24; 21. 15-17; Mark 12. 29-31; Matt. 16. 26, compare Luke 9. 24; Matt. 19. 29, compare Mark 10. 29, 30). And (3) by his obedience, under normal conditions, man proved both the existence and sincerity of his love for God. Hence, "obedience is better than sacrifice" a thousand times over, and is most acceptable to the Great Father above. On this point some of Jesus's words are (John 14. 15, 21a), "If ye love me, keep my commandments. . . . He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me," and (John 15. 12-14), "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you" (see also John 5. 26, 29, 40; 8. 51; 10. 27; 12. 35; Mark 12. 29, 30; and Mark 10. 29, 30). So, in view of Herbert Spencer's statement in regard to the conditions necessary to eternal life—namely, environment and a perfect correspondence therewith—and applying it in this connection, we have God as the soul's spiritual environment; and as an ever-improving correspondence with that environment on the part of man, under healthful and normal spiritual conditions, we have his developing faith, love, and obedience. As to the continued function of these in the after life—the life in the other world—there can be no question in regard to the last two, namely, love and obedience, but there may be concerning faith, especially faith in its initial and receptive sense; for we are told that then "faith will be swallowed up in sight," that whereas now we see as through a glass, darkly, then "we shall see face to face and know as we also are known." Nevertheless, in the deeper, if not larger, sense of trust and confidence, faith will still have its part to play

in the soul's correspondence with its spiritual environment, for there will still be a great throbbing Heart to trust as well as a Being to love and a Will to obey. Relative, therefore, must ever be the connection between the Saviour and the saved and, by consequence, relative must be the life possessed by the latter.

3. Arising out of this notion of the relativity of eternal life, and suggested by it, is a third phase, namely, that eternal life implies an eternal appropriation—an appropriation of all the divine life and blessing that make man's spiritual life and its continuation possible. This phase is a vital one and receives in John 17. 3, special stress, according to Plummer, who says "it is the appropriation of the knowledge that is emphasized." Our immediate task, therefore, is to show how far this idea corresponds with the teaching of Jesus, or how far it legitimately grows out of it. In John 4. 14, Jesus says, "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Here the appropriation is expressed by the word "drinketh," and the result by "in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Still more definitely and forcefully is this phase of our discussion illustrated in John 6. 50-51b, and 53-58, which we quote in part, "This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever. . . . Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. . . . He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him. . . . He that eateth me . . . shall live by me: . . . not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live forever." In these words Jesus not only sets forth the claim that he is the bread of life, but also teaches in clear and emphatic terms that it is by eating this bread—his flesh, himself—that men come to an experience of spiritual life, and that without that eating (and drinking) on their part men possess no such life; for, says he (verse 53), "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man,

and drink his blood, ye have no life in you" (see also John 6. 25, 33, 35). Here, again, the appropriative (and assimilative) act of men is indicated by the words "eat" and "drink," "eateth" and "drinketh," as is shown in verse 54, "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life." All this suggests the relation of food to the body and its appropriation and assimilation by us in order to the body's efficiency. It is a mysterious and complicated process, yet absolutely essential for both the existence and maintenance of the life of the body. And as material food is necessary to the body's life, so spiritual food is indispensable to the life of the soul. In either case, without the appropriate food life could neither be nor be maintained. And Jesus, by speaking of himself as the living water and the living bread, and of the necessity of men eating his flesh and drinking his blood in order to have eternal life, illustrates the spiritual process, roughly and imperfectly, it is true, but illustrates it, nevertheless. Thus the process is a present and constantly repeated one in the spiritual sense no less than in the physical. Keeping close to the figure used by Jesus, it is the "eating his flesh" and the "drinking his blood" which insures eternal life to men, while failure to do this results in the loss of eternal life or in its nonpossession; "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." To suppose, then, a cessation of the process of appropriation of this spiritual food involves the loss or nonpossession of eternal life, while the constancy of the process insures a continuance of the life, or life everlasting. Thus is brought to our attention what we have already noticed in another connection, namely, the distinction and relation between the qualitative and quantitative, or between the qualitative and everlasting, aspects of eternal life, both of which are indicated in these words of Jesus—the ethical (by suggestion) and qualitative aspect in verse 54, "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life," and the aspect of everlastingness in 54b, 51b, and 58c, as follows: "And I will raise him up at the last day"; "If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever"; "he that eateth of this bread shall live forever." Thus it is the man who is in vital relationship with Jesus now that possesses eternal life, and it is

this man that Christ "shall raise up at the last day" (verse 54) and that "shall live forever" (verses 51 and 58).

4. This brings us to our fourth point, namely, that, according to the teaching of Jesus, eternal life begins here and now, in this world and in this life, and is but the continuance under better and more favorable conditions, so far as the future world aspect of it is concerned, of man's present spiritual life as dependent upon Jesus Christ and as derived from him through the divine Spirit. This view is voiced by Shailer Mathews (The Church and the Changing Order, pp. 78, 79) as follows: "For eternal life, as Jesus clearly shows, does not imply the injection of any new vital quantum into personality, but, rather, is the emphasis and larger realization of certain elements already in personality. To such a view our present life may become the embryo of eternal life." Again, he says (p. 80), "It is the present life of God within the human soul—deathless because he is deathless." Philosophically speaking, we are, here and now, already in the midst of the Power world, and are having one phase of our life and existence, spiritual and otherwise, and in the hereafter we shall have another phase; but essentially that life will be the continuance of the life we now possess. This is possibly contrary to the prevalent, popular view—that eternal life in its "eternal" sense is something imparted to the soul and is only realized when eternity, as distinguished from time, begins; or, in other words, when man leaves this world and enters the next. Nevertheless, the view herein advocated is clearly and unquestionably taught by the Master, as seen from John 5. 24, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." So also John 6. 47, 54.

5. Finally, eternal life is progressive. This view we reach by inference and analogy rather than by the direct teaching of the Saviour. Thus life—all life—in the truest and best sense of the term is progressive when the conditions are normal and healthful. In that case it is always manifesting itself in various forms of activity, is always cumulative in its experience, and ever enlarging its vision, conception, and assimilation of elements in its

environment. It is never at a standstill. Indeed, it could not be and still be life in the truest, fullest sense. Life is a vital thing, and it is in the nature of vitality to push out and on. And if this be true of life in general, how much more so is it, we may suppose, of that higher order of life which we call spiritual, or, in this case, eternal life! Even in the present world, and in spite of all the hindrances from flesh and world, a persistency in drinking at the Living Well, in keeping in close contact with the Father of Spirits and the Saviour of men, and in appropriating the means of grace, results in clearer visions of truth, of beauty, and right living; in richer, sweeter experiences of the divine life and love, and in an increasingly stable Christian character. This being so here, what may we not expect there, when, as we are led to believe, all the limitations of the body and all the untoward circumstances of an unfriendly world—the hindering influences of world, flesh, and devil—are forever done away? Not that God will be essentially nearer his own there and then than he is here and now, but there will be a clearer apprehension on the part of the saved of God's character and grace and a more consistent, perfect, and uninterrupted devotion to him and his will. Hence, if life in general is progressive, and if, under normal conditions and despite the untoward circumstances and influences already specified, the spiritual life even here is ever advancing, it seems but fair to conclude that, as time wanes and eternity dawns and advances, not only will there be progress, but that, with all impediments removed and with man's clearer vision of the good and great before him, that progress will altogether exceed anything with which we are yet acquainted. And while everything in this world of any real and permanent value, and, indeed, while much in our present spiritual life is slowly and progressively realized, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that the order hereafter will be essentially different. In his System of Christian Doctrine Professor Sheldon has this to say which bears on the point: "Great multitudes of men who may be regarded as possessing the root of Christian character do not appear to have been completely sanctified before death. Therefore, since death cannot be regarded as transforming man's spiritual nature, the reason of the case seems to indicate that the completion of sancti-

fication must be effected by a process covering a greater or less interval. At least, no rational warrant can be found for the supposition that multitudes, whom the providence and grace of God fail to bring to entire holiness during the years of earthly life, encounter means of complete spiritual transformation the moment they pass out of this life." Certainly, there is no reasonable ground for thinking that man will have a perfect spiritual vision and a complete apprehension and comprehension of God immediately he passes into the future world. Though it may not be impossible for God to reveal himself essentially, immediately, and all at once to the "perfected" soul, analogy shows that he does not usually work in that way. Rather is it for us like steadily climbing a hill—all things being equal, the higher we rise the broader in proportion becomes our horizon till our vistas and possibilities of vistas become relatively infinite. So will it be in the future life. Not everything will be known all at once. It will take an eternity to find out God, the essence of all that is good—the very manifestation of goodness because he is the essence of it—and for this discovery eternity will be none too long. It would be preposterous to suppose that the finite mind could immediately grasp, or comprehend, the infinite. Rather there will always be the joys of new discoveries and the incitement and inspiration of new quests. Mathematically speaking, redeemed, saved souls, in their eternal life, will be forever approaching the limit, yet never reach it.

To sum up, then, eternal life is the vital realizing knowledge of a personal union and communion between God and the soul—a knowledge, by the way, which is ever increasing in its depth and fullness. It is an eternal correspondence between the soul and its spiritual environment, an unceasing appropriation of God's love and nature; and, however imperfect, a community of thought, aim, purpose, life, and action, and that as long as the eternal ages roll.

Fred'k W. Harvey.

Art. VII.—THE RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF THE YOUNG: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY IN RELIGIOUS CULTURE CRAFT

The infant in his mother's arms is no great questioner. His world is bounded by the cradle and his mother's eyes. For him the busy, rushing, sorrowing, laughing world outside belongs to another and an undiscovered planet. To all appearances, this mite of humanity lives as the flower lives—content if his simple wants are met, and not caring how they are met. For him there is no question of Ego or non-Ego. His life is a dream, the very outlines of which will soon fade out of consciousness. But the fading dream does not perish because no search of consciousness, however careful and scientific, can rediscover it. Not a single element of it has failed to impress itself upon the very life of the child. The first pang of hunger, the first response to maternal love, and every shade of experienced emotion or impulse has grooved itself into the sensory and motor nerves of this dreaming infant, wrought itself into his soul, and is urging him on to a larger life. His education has begun. One day the little brow will knit in curious thought, and when it grows smooth again the baby days will be gone and the dawn of a conscious existence will have come in their stead. In these few vital moments he has made a transforming discovery. He has found *himself;* not alone, but implicated in a mysterious world of things, within which he is strangely impotent and no less strangely regal. His education has taken a step forward. He is not yet a philosopher, but an exceedingly vigorous experimenter in a world where he and things are wondrously mingled. Just why he and they exist he has not reasoned out. It is such a big world, and he has been so busy just attending to things that he has not had time for philosophizing. He literally does not know what to do with himself. And why should he? He is making a most determined effort to find out what to do with *himself*—and *things*. Of course he will make mistakes. Quite likely his imagination will construct a surprising and utterly

unscientific affinity between the snowball that fairly trembles in his fingers and his neighbor's tall hat; and he will think the windows of an abandoned house were constructed purposely to develop his markmanship. Nevertheless, his education is progressing. Even the caning he receives from his irate neighbor, and the pennies he must take from his little hoard to pay for the broken windows, help him to find out what to do with himself—and things. He is now a questioner. Every sense perception, every utterance of consciousness, is an interrogation point. "Why does it rain?" "Who made the flowers?" "Why does God cause the thunder that frightens little boys?"—these and thousands of like questions betoken his luxuriant curiosity, and, what is more important, express his incipient efforts to adjust himself as a person to the universe. To be sure, he does not know what he is doing. He is not a philosopher. He is only gathering unconsciously the material out of which he may some time construct his philosophy. He is an opportunist, more or less pure, and entirely simple. Yet this effervescent activity and these questionings spring out of his essential being, and are the foregleam of a divine intelligence. He is on the right road. So far as he has gone his method is correct, and the net result for him is cultural. Though the attempt to adjust oneself to the emergencies of the moment may seem to do little more than make one an arful dodger or an expert opportunist, in reality, even in the lowest terms, it must do vastly more. Given time enough and leisure enough from momentary stress to interpret largely the content of environment, and the method is, if not ideal, at least the best we know. It is the path along which the race has passed in its triumphal march of progress. Better a thousandfold follow it, with all its liability to error, than submit to the ancient metaphysic with its exaggerated doctrines of intuitions and necessary truth, or even to that perverted theology whose dogmas must be accepted ex cathedra on pain of death. Our boy is being educated as the race has been. Like the race also, he will pass beyond the age of pure experiment, and become a philosopher. Possibly he will not know a word of technical philosophy, but he will have some theory of life educed from his own experiences and the knowledge he has acquired. Talk with the first hod-carrier you

meet, and you will find that, while he probably has never heard of Plato or Descartes or Kant or Hegel or Hume, he has some sort of a philosophy, crude enough, likely, into which he articulates his daily experiences, his religious and social thinking. To philosophize is as natural to approaching maturity as experiment is to early youth, and marks a third step in the process of education.

Of these three periods of childhood and youth, which may be characterized as the unreflecting, the experimental, and the philosophical, each presents its own peculiar problem of education. To treat them all alike is fatal. The question, therefore, is, How may the teacher make the most of each of these periods? And since the answer to this question is not affected by the kind of education, religious or secular, to be secured, we now confine ourselves to the problems of religious training. But before we enter upon this discussion it may, perhaps, be well to ask what the final outcome of education is to be. To this question modern pedagogy does not hesitate to answer, "Character." This, and this alone, is the end of all true education. Hume's definition of character as a "completely fashioned will" is not inclusive enough. Any adequate definition of character must include the whole man. A completely fashioned sensibility and a completely fashioned intellect are as essential to perfect manhood as a completely fashioned will, though it may be granted that the training of the will is involved in all other training. A man's character at any given moment is the sum total of his entire being at that moment—no more, no less; hence the end of all worthy education is to bring the child through the several periods of his development up to maturity with the largest possible sum total of being; that is, with the strongest and best character. Character, then, is something broader than moral goodness as commonly understood, having to do with the whole scope of experience and action. It is the measure of receptivity and reaction, of apprehension and activity. Analyzed in the light of this broad definition, the character which education seeks to develop comprises self-possession, or the knowledge and control of one's own powers for right ends; self-relation, or the right adjustment of oneself to the total complex which surrounds him, so that he shall both hear its messages and, as far as he ought, work

his will upon it and through it; and self-realization, or that individual maturity in which he realizes as far as possible the fulfillment of the laws of his own being, alone and in relation. Within these three categories lie all that education of any sort can do for any man. The question is how to do this most certainly and most efficiently.

Modern pyschology, through its study of child life, throws a flood of light upon this question by its scientific investigation of the central nervous system, of the varying interests of children at different ages, and, above all, by the emphasis it lays upon the period of adolescence. In the light of this research it is evident that the religious training of children should begin earlier and more vigorously than we have been accustomed to think. In the unreflecting period, comprising, it may be, the first seven years of a child's life, if modern psychology be correct, his whole future is likely to be determined. In this period impressions are made upon the sensory and motor nerves, and associations are established between them, more rapidly and more intensely than at any subsequent time in life. Certain changes are made in the nerve cells then that no later training can wholly obliterate. For example, faults of speech then acquired are seldom wholly lost. When off his guard the scholar is mortified by falling into the infelicities of his childhood vernacular. Halleck declares: "Whether we are speaking of motor or sensory cells, we may agree with Delbœuf, who says: 'Every impression leaves a certain ineffaceable trace: that is to say, the molecules, once they are arranged otherwise, and forced to vibrate in a different way, will not return exactly to their original state.'" This is not a new truth, perhaps, but it is just now receiving a new and well-deserved emphasis which the religious educator cannot afford to disregard. In this plastic and eventful period he must establish in the very nerve cells of the child religious impressions and habits. This is somewhat different from saying that the child should early be taught religious truth, if by religious truth is meant abstract religious doctrine. Religious doctrine, except in very small portions, and inferentially, is precisely what should not be taught to young children. The religion they should be taught is the religion of life. A single illustration

must here suffice for extended discussion. Reverence for religious worship, the church edifice, the Bible, prayer, and the like, is a phase of religious life. To teach a child of seven years this reverence by abstract definition would be quite impossible. But to teach him to remove his hat in the church because it is God's house; to treat the Bible gently because it contains a message from God, his Father, for him; and to be silent and bow his head when another is praying, not merely because it is good manners but because he who prays is talking with God, is to groove deeply into the nerve cells an impression of reverence and call forth a corresponding motor act of reverence that is likely to be far-reaching and potent—all the more potent because it is subtle. Mrs. Susannah Wesley anticipated the psychology of our day when she taught her children at the age of one year to cry softly when they were hurt; and he was a farseeing prelate who said, "Let me have the children until they are seven years of age and I do not care who has them afterward." Both these wise people saw what modern psychology demonstrates—that right habit conditions right thinking and living, and that many of these habits can be established by wise training before the child emerges from the unreflecting period. The teacher's instruments for this important work are oft reiterated precept, example in real life or story, and the frequent repetition of right actions, stimulated and enforced by these examples.

Thus trained, the child is prepared to enter upon the second or experimental period of his life, when he will need much help, but of a very different sort. As a mere child he was docile, tractable, confiding. Now he becomes independent, self-assertive, egoistic. He wants to take into his own hands the apparatus and make his own experiment. And this is right. Every life is a new opportunity, and, in some measure, an attempt to solve anew the problem of being; a new experiment under conditions which have never been quite anticipated. Every man must be more or less of an opportunist, that through those opportunities which are uniquely his he may arrive at length at his own philosophy of life. He must make and interpret his own experiment. Yet uniqueness is not isolation. The individual is correlated with the general, so that his experiment, personal as it is of necessity, may be con-

ducted in the light of former experiences. The more clearly he apprehends what others have done, and the more truly he works out his life experiment according to well-authenticated methods, the more valuable both the experiment and the conclusion will be. To set him at his task without subsidizing for him the accumulated treasures gathered by former generations of experimenters is to relegate him to barbarism; to set him in the midst of these treasures blindfolded or myopic and leave him there unaided, is to mock him; to enforce this wisdom as dogma is to paralyze the very power which created it and effectually stop all new experiment. Here, I think, is the religious worker's golden opportunity—not to preach, but to flood our young experimenter's laboratory with light. He will resent advice, but will welcome a fellow worker who has got a little ahead of him in experience and who knows what other men have done. The most important work for such a youth has been accomplished when, by sheer brotherliness and worth, the teacher has won a welcome into his fellowship. Once admitted, he can take with him the wisdom of all the ages, and, provided he does not dogmatize, he may set it in order before our youth, thus guiding him in his experiments, quickening and correcting his vision, and summoning to his aid the noblest motives. Thus environing child life, he helps to give it the largest opportunity to develop into a normal maturity.

The final stage of child life, the adolescent period, is marked by the maturing of physical powers, the rapid development of reason, the abundance and strength of ideals, chiefly altruistic, and, notably, the strength of religious sentiment. All of these phases are of high value, but we have to do chiefly with the last, the manifestation of the religious sentiment or purpose. A long series of investigations has shown beyond a doubt that during this time, from fourteen to eighteen years of age, by far the largest number of abiding religious decisions are made. It is the time when the will begins to lose its plasticity and finally hardens into permanent form. Evidently, the methods which were adapted to the earlier stages will not do here. In the first stage the end was the formation of habit often unconsciously; in the second the teacher sought to illumine and stimulate for present action; now both these stages

must culminate in a decision, or, rather, a series of rational decisions, that will determine henceforth definitely the character personal and in relation. In these few years the boy settles what he will choose to be and what his chosen attitude toward the world shall be. The appeal is to the will. If the work of the previous periods has been well done, the work of this period is simplified. The appeal to the will is strengthened by habits which now work automatically and by the accepted results of former experiences which now tend to gather into system with accumulating force. The value of this earlier training in this time of turbulence and readjustment cannot be overstated. Often it is the one anchor which holds. Happily, adolescence brings not only peril and stress; it brings also certain qualities which open the way for effective religious teaching. These are a strong sense of duty, of what Kant calls the categorical imperative; a keen appreciation of honor, often perverted, but valuable; a marked altruistic impulse, and, finally, a soul-hunger for the absolute, either as God or as final truth. These as marks of adolescence outline the religious teacher's work. To confirm and ground aright this sense of duty, to correct and focus this sense of honor, to identify altruism and egoism in one helpful life, to interpret this soul-hunger and lead it to a transcendent and immanent God, the last and crowning task of child-culture, will tax the wisdom of home, school, and church, and challenge the use of the most advanced methods.

Charles W. McCormick

Art. VIII.—THE RELIGION OF DR. JOHNSON

When I first suggested the writing of this article to a very learned and godly professor, he caustically remarked that he did not think Dr. Johnson had any religion. In a sense the professor was right; in a sense he was wrong. If religion be understood to mean a definite Christian experience, in the strictly Methodist sense, the *obiter dictum* of the professor must be accepted; but if by religion be meant a genuine spiritual concern, then one may differ with the learned professor, even though that spiritual concern may not have been sufficient to absolutely revolutionize the character of the one thus concerned. By religion, then, is here meant the concern a man has for his soul; those conscious moods which, when expressed in words and actions, reveal a genuine concern in reference to the question of personal conscience, character, and the soul's salvation.

Since this article deals primarily with a striking personality of the eighteenth century, a parenthetical digression in its favor may not be inopportune. American writers are never weary of contrasting the eighteenth century unfavorably with the sixteenth. It is, to them, the age of England's dull and demure respectability, if not, indeed, a period of British decline. The truth is that in some respects it was as great even as the halcyon days of Elizabeth, and in Britain alone—though the American colonies were lost to her—it saw such names as Pitt and Canning, Goldsmith and DeFoe, Nelson and Wolfe, Whitefield and Wesley, and the redoubtable Johnson himself blazoned on the roll of fame; the French were defeated in Canada and at the Nile, the Danes at the Baltic, and the great empire of India was added to British dominions; indeed, so great an historian as Lecky has inscribed eight volumes with its records. But, above and beyond all, it was the century of the Methodist revival, the century of the immortal John and Charles Wesley. Amid such illustrious names, surrounded by such momentous epochs and events, Johnson was born and raised, and in this illustrious age, by a strange coincidence, Wesley produced the greatest autobiography extant and Johnson was the sub-

ject of probably the finest biography ever penned; and the religion of such a one may not be uninteresting. G. K. Chesterton has written that "nothing is important except the fate of the soul; and literature is only redeemed from an utter triviality, surpassing that of naughts and crosses, by the fact that it describes not the world around us or the things on the retina of the eye, or the enormous irrelevancy of encyclopædias; but some condition to which the human spirit can come." This suggestion is as marrow and fatness to one's soul; transplanted to biblical literature, the mind readily seizes on the book of Job and the book of Ecclesiastes. But, to return to Johnson, perhaps the chief value of Boswell's Life of Johnson is that with marvelous insight it reveals the soul of a man, and from its perusal much may be learned which even such erudite essayists as Macaulay and Carlyle have not dilated upon; certainly, the religion of Johnson is, as far as the writer's knowledge goes, a virgin field for the littérateur. Though Johnson's century was the century of the Methodist revival, yet the real fruit of that revival was *ex post facto* and, however brilliant in other respects, England in the eighteenth century was, religiously speaking, a valley of dry bones. It was deistic in theology and profligate in morals. A certain story apropos of this is told of Pitt and Canning. On one occasion the two were entering the House of Commons after imbibing rather freely. "I cannot—see—the speaker," said Pitt. "Can't—you?" said Canning; "I can see—two." Even the saintly Wilberforce commenced life as a gay and not always sober cavalier, and for a party of young gentlemen to get drunk and amuse themselves by throwing a handful of pennies at a London constable in Piccadilly or Pall Mall was considered a fitting climax to a night's inebriate conviviality. In this environment, then, Johnson passed the greater part of his life, and at the most depressing and in some respects the least moral and soul-inspiring of all occupations—namely, that of a Grubb street hack. It is not, therefore, a wonder that Johnson's personal religion was of a somewhat occulting and intermittent nature, but that he had any serious religion at all; that in such darkness and profligacy, in such poverty of pocket and wealth of immorality, any light should illumine his soul.

In theology Johnson was an Arminian, in practice he was inclined to Bohemianism. Mere orthodoxy is frequently overrated. Many a Calvinist is a saint, many an Arminian a willing sinner. But at least Johnson held correct views on free will, and as his was an age of controversy both in the Old England and the New a quotation from the biography may not be irrelevant at this point:

> *Dr. Mayo.* Pray, sir, have you read Edwards, of New England, on Grace?
>
> *Johnson.* No, sir. . . . You are surer that you are free than you are of prescience. . . . But let us consider a little the objection from prescience. . . . If I am well acquainted with a man, I can judge with great probability how he will act in any case without his being restrained by my judging.
>
> *Boswell.* When it [prescience] is increased to certainty, freedom ceases.
>
> *Johnson.* All theory is against freedom of the will; all experience for it!

To many theological students these arguments have become somewhat cut and dried, but because it is necessary to cross the Atlantic Ocean is no reason why the fame of Columbus should suffer detraction. In any case, if there be any virtue in Arminian orthodoxy, Johnson possessed the virtue in relation to personal freedom. Speaking, or writing, as Paul did, Τον τοπον ανθρωπον, after the manner of men, Johnson's character biased him in favor of certain manly religious virtues. He hated lies, shams, and patronage. His decision in a dispute in which veracity was the prime factor was instantly accepted. He knew nothing of subterfuge, or of that subtle skill in argument which may be useful in the case of John Doe versus the people of the United States, but which may be entirely out of place when conscience is the judge. Joshua Reynolds observed that all who were of his school are distinguished for a love of truth and accuracy. The metaphysician may easily account for this trait as an amiable predisposition rather than an ethical or spiritual acquisition, but in this work-a-day world such sterling adherence to principle is acceptable even though it may be somewhat discounted by the acute metaphysician. Johnson loved not only the truth of facts but the truth of

logic and philosophy. His lucid mind and scrupulous conscience forced him to correct doctrinal and ethical conclusions, though his inclinations sometimes led him to act contrary to his convictions. He never defended himself by cant or sophistry, and never failed to blame himself for moral derelictions. The truth is that religion meant more to Johnson than to many sophistical professors, and the difference between his scruples and his actions frequently cast him into fits of gloom.

In spite of the spirit of the age, and the deistic nature of his education, Johnson had genuine moral courage, a moral courage that was the product and sign of a more than passive religion. In the company of the most brilliant wits of his age, of which he was the chief, he never failed to audibly confess his religious convictions; amid the epicurean scoffers he was most reverent and temperate, and, though more of a philosopher than an exegete, yet, in drawing-room and Bohemia alike, he humbly confessed that for such a sinner as he there was no hope of salvation except through the atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This confession alone in many circumstances was in itself a decided, positive expression of religious convictions and of spiritual concern. To refer more particularly to Johnson's education and temperament, many leading facts may easily be considered. An education of the English nineteenth-century type, acting on and in conjunction with a nature singularly predisposed to fits of self-indulgence and periods of inaction, would hardly produce a stoic, much less a Christian martyr. Yet all his life Johnson endeavored to school his vagrant tendencies into respectable Christian habits, and he so far succeeded that, though he was in a world of more or less profligate artists, he certainly was not of it. Witness his abstinence from wine, his chivalry toward suffering women, his devout religious attitude at all times and in all places. Even his sexual purity was much above the average; indeed, except at certain periods, above reproach. In an age when Tom Jones was a true reflection of the times, Johnson never gave verbal countenance to or lent his pen in support of a suggestive or licentious literature. The truth is that Johnson's derelict was of a mental rather than a strictly moral order, and, though this may be a

question for the psychologist rather than the littérateur, yet I venture the conclusion at least. He saw naked truth with the lucidity of a Newman, but he was alike handicapped by nature and education in harmonizing the counter currents of self-inclination in conformity with his ideals; and his audible soliloquies and self-deprecation because he failed to reach his own standard have been seized by school-girl critics as tantamount to a confession of deliberate and willing devilishness. It would seem rather a case of, "And they who fain would serve the best are conscious most of wrong within." But, however Johnson may have failed in reaching his own ideals of life, he had moments of moral concern which are nothing short of sublime, and one wonders why theologians do not seize more readily on this as an illustration for class purposes. With the exception of sufficient facts to point the moral, the story needs no recapitulation here; but one may be excused for suggesting that not all English readers and but few Americans can picture an English market town on market day in the eighteenth century—the center of commerce, literature, art, and gossip for miles around. A Norman church and castle looking down on a street composed of Tudor gables and Stuart houses; the squire, the huntsman and the gentlemen farmers with their buxom daughters in pleasant contrast to the leathern jerkin of yeoman and peasant; in the center the merchants selling their wares, and round about the streets the fashion, wealth, and also the dense poverty of the neighborhood. Amid such a scene, in pouring rain, Johnson stands bareheaded because, years before, a foolish pride had induced him to refuse his father's request to substitute for him at the book stall. Here we have penitence and repentance without the slightest utilitarian motive except that it genuinely expresses the mood of a man's soul, but still it is a sublime picture of moral concern; and when Johnson's Lives of the Poets is forgotten that story and that scene will live. It must be admitted that Johnson failed in religion precisely where Wesley eventually succeeded. He lived too much in the first chapter of John rather than the third. In a sense he walked in the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, but he never seemed to catch the vitalizing spark; he was concerned, like

Nicodemus, but never experienced the new birth. Yet his religious feelings and convictions were sincere, and Boswell thus justly sums up his great master:

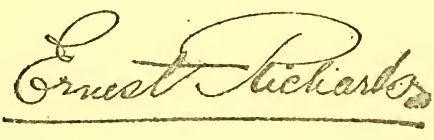
> It is of essential consequence to keep in view that there was in this excellent man's conduct no false principle of *commutation*, no *deliberate* indulgence in sin in consideration of a counterbalance of duty. His offending and his repenting were distinct and separate; . . . who will dare to cast a stone at him?

On the eve of his death, after having received the sacrament, Johnson uttered the following prayer:

> Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate for the last time the death of thy Son Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits, and thy mercy; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance . . . and make the death of thy Son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption.

In spite of the anachronism, and though fully conscious of the weakness of concluding an article with even a mild deviation from its title, I venture to conclude this sketch with an extract from one of Johnson's letters—a letter that expresses the most genuine and the most chaste and dignified manliness, of a degree denied to all but noble souls. In his famous reply to Lord Chesterfield Johnson wrote:

> Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labor, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligation where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.



Art. IX.—FRECHETTE, POET OF LIBERTY AND OF FAITH

With the death of Louis Honoré Fréchette, that occurred in the city of Montreal recently, Canada lost its poet laureate. For more than two generations he had been the leading man of letters of the French tongue among our northern neighbors. To him was it given to sing the praises of Our Lady of the Snows and to make her known abroad among the literary classes. He was the first Canadian to be crowned by the French Academy, and for many years had been a source of pleasure and profit to the many who have come under the magic spell of his muse.

To an American traveling in parts of Canada the dual nature of that country is constantly revealing itself. It is a British people that he visits, and yet as he goes from place to place he cannot but realize how very French it all is. Particularly is this the case in the Province of Quebec, in what might be termed Old Canada. Here two races live together and form one nation. That, to a certain extent, there should be conflict between the two is but natural, yet this is gradually dying away and the two are learning to live together in peace and harmony. To men like Fréchette, singers of the best and loftiest in Canadian character, much of this is due. For, though he was a French Canadian by birth, and spoke in that tongue for the convenience of expression, he belonged to Canada as a whole. He was her crowned poet, and he was loved and honored as such. Fréchette's name is not unknown in the United States. His lines have appeared from time to time in some of our literary journals, while he was also a frequent contributor to the American press on Canadian matters. It was in this country, as a matter of fact, that he began his brilliant career, after having completed his collegiate course and having been admitted to the bar. In the year 1865 he went to Chicago and there entered upon a journalistic venture. He was also connected in a secretarial way with one of the great railway enterprises that centered in that city. An interesting coincidence in relation to

this latter position is that he succeeded in that place Thomas Dickens, a brother of the eminent English novelist. Like that of Victor Hugo, Fréchette's life was twofold—literary and political. In the latter he was prominent in liberal circles, and when yet but thirty-two years of age was made a member of the federal Parliament, in the Mackenzie-Dorion administration. He was a democrat by nature, and even after the fall of his party continued to sing the people's praises. Who can measure the influence of his verse as it interpreted the longings of the masses? Did he not help to prepare the way for that great liberal administration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that to-day is attracting the attention of the world? He was a member of a coterie of brilliant young men who in the early seventies were wrestling with the problems of Canadian destiny, longing for the time when the two races would live together in harmony, devoting their strength and energy to the development of the country.

An American can scarcely conceive the conflict that existed for many years between the French and English on Canadian soil. The French, as the conquered, felt their position keenly. Of a proud race, they did not take their defeat gracefully. Particularly can this be understood when one realizes the classes that made up the immigrants who came to that soil. The French nobility was prominent among the early Canadian pioneers. There is no more romantic page than that which records the settling of Our Lady of the Snows. Religion played an important part in it all, as well as chivalry. Parkman has well caught the spirit of that day in his Old Régime in Canada. It was the dream of France to plant a New France on these shores, with feudal system and the Roman Catholic hierarchy supreme, just as they were then in France herself. Do you wonder that these scions of nobility, these proud sons of Gaul, took hard their defeat? On the other hand, it is barely possible that the conquerors may have been at times a trifle overbearing. And thus conquered and conqueror, not understanding each other, and certainly having little love for one another, failed to get along in peace. Those were trying times for all concerned. Fréchette was a liberal, a champion of his race, but he was a man of vision and insight, a devout Christian soul who

longed for the branch of olive. How his old days must have been cheered as he witnessed the dawn of a new condition of things!

But it is as a poet that Fréchette has a claim for distinction. He was the first of French Canadians to attract the attention of literary France. He sang so sweetly, his French was so pure, his verse was so "spirituel"—as the French call it—that even the Academy listened. There has gone out among the American populations a notion that in Canada no one speaks good French. Often do we hear it asked if one is from Canada or from France, and the conclusion is that if he comes from across the water, he knows his French, otherwise he does not. Now, in fact, nothing could be farther from the truth. It is generally conceded to-day that, taking the average Parisian as a basis, the poorest French in the world is spoken in Paris. One must go to the interior, away from the Parisian "argot" that Victor Hugo describes so well in Les Misérables, if he is to hear good French. In Canada one hears the pure language. Of course one must not compare the non-educated with the educated. It was M. de Présensée, one of the leading literary lights of France, who made the statement in a volume some time ago, that he had listened to Canadian preachers and lawyers, political orators and business men, as well as to private conversations, and, barring a few Anglicisms, which are natural because of the demands of business, the French he heard would have been a credit to any Frenchman anywhere. It is well for us to get this in mind when thinking of the literary achievements of our northern neighbors. If one goes into the back districts of Canada, he may come across what might be called, for the sake of a name, Canadian French. What is it? Nothing more nor less than a survival of the French of Louis XIV. This was the language that his courtiers brought to the New World. After the conquest relations with France were naturally cut off, and, while the French language grew and developed at home, the Canadians continued speaking that which their fathers brought over with them. It is as if there were those in this country who spoke to-day the language of Shakespeare and of Ben Jonson. It would be pure English for then, but not for now. This is all that there is to "Canadian French." If one desires to hear the purest of

French, he has only to visit the salons of Montreal or of Quebec. Fréchette was a cosmopolitan. He loved France. That was but natural. He loved the United States also. It was here that he received some of that inspiration that sent him back to his native land in love with political liberty. He loved our literature also, and gave some of it to his compatriots of the French tongue, translating, among others, Howells's A Chance Acquaintance and Cable's Old Creole Days. In turn, his verse was done into English by several admirers, especially by Sir James Edgar, his college friend. His principal monument is his epic poem, "La Legende d'Un Peuple," in which he has enshrined in dignified verse the great historical events concerning his race in America. Much of his folklore he wrote in the English tongue direct—poems that have delighted and charmed many. His "Christmas in French Canada" is one of the most popular that has come from his pen. It was his intense religious nature, perhaps, that gave to all his works that deep insight in life that has made them so worth the while. He trusted God implicitly, and this trust could not but find expression in his lines. The very last poem that came from his pen was one of supreme trust, like Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." It reminds one also of Whittier when he says,

> I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care.

It was even so with Canada's poet laureate. "Why fear death?" he asks;

> As for me, to Infinite Justice my all I confide—
> Thy Justice, O Saviour, which forever is merciful!
> Hence, assured of thy celestial goodness,
> When the end of my race I shall reach,
> My head I shall bow in quiet sleep
> Without fear, as a child on its mother's breast.[1]

Fréchette was an annexationist. He loved the United States, and he hoped to see the day when the two countries would be one. It is needless to say that that is not the popular idea at this time.

[1] Literal translation.

There was a day when many were of his opinion, and it would not have taken much to bring about a union of the two in so far as Canada was concerned. But it must be admitted that that day has gone by. It is perhaps better so. But the spirit of liberty in things political and religious, which young men like Fréchette imbibed amid the clarified atmosphere of this republic, has worked a transformation in Canada. It is not so very long ago that persecution was rife on Canadian soil. To be a Protestant in certain quarters was to invite insult and even worse. Now all of this has passed away. And in this victory we, as a country, have had our share, inspiring and teaching under God such a rare spirit as Louis Honoré Fréchette, who in turn has sung into the hearts of the people. God sometimes moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, but he performs them.

E. C. E. Dorion

Art. X.—SERVICE IN PLANT LIFE

Is the Christian idea that service should be the guiding principle of life a hazy ideal of a dreamer, or is service a law of all nature? It is generally considered that the theory of evolution proves that this idea of service is a hazy ideal. If, according to nature's laws, the wolf with the longest fangs and the greatest facility in using them survives the other wolves, and if the bull of greatest strength and ferocity must rule the herd, then the argument is advanced that the man possessing great physical or mental endowments should use them for his survival and preëminence. From the theory of evolution, as thus improperly understood, it is argued that, since existing forms in nature have survived through a life-and-death struggle, a struggle in which the best equipped has won, likewise human advancement has resulted from this same savage contest, and that this is the only way in which advancement can come. Consequently, extreme individualism is considered to be the basis of human advancement. As a result the Christian idea of loving service is scouted. It is generally considered to be a harmless conception, partially workable in the lives of ministers, or old women, or "social workers," or others who live in the unexacting world of beautiful dreams, but wholly unsuited and absolutely inapplicable to the workaday world. The man actually engaged in the struggles of this life is expected to govern himself not by the principle of loving service but by that of "enlightened self-interest"—which too often means that one must not hold up another at the point of a revolver, but may rob him by means of watered stock, low wages, discrimination, slighted work, or exploitation. This is "the general law of practical life"; "the law of far-off Utopia is loving service." In recent years, however, a series of investigations has largely removed the undue emphasis placed upon individual struggle in evolutionary advancement. It was proved, first, that among some animals, notably the ant and the bee and the herding animals, the law of service is of far greater importance than that of individual struggle. It was next proved that among all animals service for the

group is very important. Then, following another line, investigation among primitive races has demonstrated that the farther back we go in human life, the more we find that the individual is subordinate to the group; that the "natural rights" of primitive man are nothing when the interests of the group to which he belongs are at stake. The purpose of this article is to show that the law of service extends further back into nature than primitive man or the lower groups of animals; that it is, in fact, operative even in plant life. The object is not full treatment, but, rather, the suggestion of a line of thought that will emphasize the importance of the law of service even in plants.

Until a few years ago the evolution of plants was supposed to be along the line of differences in structure. A plant was high in the scale of evolution if its structure were complicated; low if its structure were simple. On this supposition the science of botany was founded. When scholars tried, however, to work it out on this basis, they found it very unsatisfactory. The science was popular not because it gave one a real grasp of the subject, but largely because it afforded opportunities for mixed groups to have long walks together. Rather recently an hypothesis concerning the line of evolution of plant life was set forth which has revolutionized the whole science. The hypothesis has proved wonderfully satisfactory; interest in the science has greatly increased, and results have been gained that were thought scarcely possible on the old basis. This useful hypothesis is that the evolution of plant life has not been along advance in the structure of the plant, but mainly along advances in the method of propagation. The lowest types of plants are considered to be not necessarily those which have the simplest structure, but those which have the poorest method of propagation. For instance, although the Fucus has a much higher structure than the Leafy Hepaticæ, yet it is considered a plant lower in the scale of evolution because its method of propagating itself is less effective. Now note the significance of this new hypothesis, which accounts for the facts of plant evolution much better than the old one, and, consequently, is the true basis of the science. This means that the plant group survived which provided best for future members of its kind, and not the plant

which, in itself, was best adapted to its environment. The plant whose variations tended to a group advantage survived; the one that tended merely to individual advantage did not. Consequently, this law of service, and not the law of individual struggle, is shown to be dominant through the whole range of plant life. Not only does the evolution of plant life follow the line of provisions for group perpetuation, but also "all the energy of the plant is directed for the propagation of its kind."[1] The wheat plant affords an illustration of this. It grows and develops into a hardy plant, but at a certain stage of development fruit is produced at the end of the main stem with the result that when it matures the stem dies. All growth is stopped; in fact, the whole plant is killed, for the propagation of the species. What is true of wheat is also true of pineapple, oats, corn, bananas, and numerous plants. The individual is utterly sacrificed for the good of the species. All plants do not die as a result of producing their fruit, yet their whole energy is concentrated toward that function. This is manifestly a disadvantage to the individual plant. When horticulturists desire a particularly large specimen of a plant, they pinch off all the flower buds, so that the great amount of energy normally used in the production of fruit goes rather to the individual plant, and the plant gains thereby a tremendous advantage. The fact that usually every year a plant produces hundreds, or more often thousands, of seeds at the expense of its own growth, and to its distinct and direct disadvantage, shows how plant life is subject to the law of service. The individual plant is ruthlessly sacrificed if advantage for the group is thereby gained.

These are arguments of a general nature; we can only hint at a few of the more concrete illustrations of this law of service in plant life. A large number of plants are closely associated with others and are very dependent upon each other. "The majority of our trees are dependent upon certain fungi, at least for such foods as are derived from humus." "The majority of our heaths, evergreens, poplars, willows, beeches, and oaks do not thrive where these fungi are not found."[2] Most of the orchids, the white Indian

[1] Curtis, Nature and Development of Plants, p. 100.
[2] Ibid., p. 59.

pipe, the adder-tongue ferns are closely associated with other plants upon which they depend for food, sometimes entirely, and to which, in turn, they are of service. By far the most interesting of these associated plants are, however, the lichens. In this plant an alga and a fungus have become so closely associated that the reproductive buds contain both algal and fungal cells. This blue-green alga is essentially aquatic; it will grow only in water, and only in water that contains decaying organic matter. The fungus plant must grow where it receives its food already prepared, for it has none of the chlorophyll upon which all plants depend for the transformation into food of the raw material furnished by the leaves and the roots. Both these plants are, then, distinctly limited in their habitat, for very special conditions are required for their welfare. How about the lichen that results from the association of these two plants—an association so close that it is considered a distinct plant? "It is distributed from the equator to the pole, and is associated upon crystalline rocks, baked earth, bark of trees, and other places where no other plant life is possible." It is "able to meet any extreme of temperature and drought."[1] On the bare, topmost peak of the monarch of the mountains and on the sands of the ocean these lichens grow. The spires of the great cathedrals are covered with them. They grow everywhere. Though this association is entirely unconscious, does it not show the service of one plant to another, and suggest the great advantages that result, even in plant life, from mutual helpfulness?

The fundamental Christian precept of loving service is not a fantastic dream, at variance with all nature. Rather it is a principle, the fundamental idea of which is dominant in all nature, thereby meriting the consideration and the authority of a principle that has worked not only among mankind but also throughout the whole range of nature.

[1] Curtis, Nature and Development of Plants, p. 239.

Kirtley F. Mather.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

EMILY DICKINSON: THE HERMIT THRUSH OF AMHERST

In this subject we have a Human Enigma and a Literary Surprise.

On Main Street in the college town of Amherst, Massachusetts, stands a large old-fashioned cupolaed square brick mansion, surrounded by ample grounds with trees and blooming shrubs, in which was born on December 10, 1830, and died on May 15, 1886, at the age of fifty-six, a singular and mysterious woman. During the last thirty years of her life Miss Emily Dickinson withdrew herself from intercourse with the world outside her home into a seclusion more and more complete and impenetrable, until she became entirely unknown except to a few who were mostly friends of her youth; and with them her intercourse was almost exclusively through the post office. For many years she declined to go outside her father's front gate, and finally for several years she refused to step foot beyond the threshold of the house, even to go into the garden to see her flowers. She had moods in which she would not see her dearest friends when they came a long distance to the house. She seems to have so treated Samuel Bowles, editor and proprietor of The Springfield Republican, for one letter to him says: "Friend, Sir: I did not see you yesterday. Perhaps you thought I didn't care, because I stayed out. I did care, Mr. Bowles. I pray for your sweet health to Allah every morning; but something troubled me, and I knew you needed light and air so I didn't come in to darken you. Won't you come back? Can't I bring you something?" Considering her gifts and opportunities, she must be counted about the shyest bit of flesh and blood living in our neighborhood in our day.

The father of this eccentric woman was the Hon. Edward Dickinson, the leading lawyer of Amherst, at one time member of Congress and at another of the Massachusetts Legislature, treasurer of Amherst College, and in other ways prominent in church and in civil affairs. Once a year Mr. Dickinson gave a reception at his house to

the college families and other choice society of the place. On these occasions his daughter Emily appeared and met the local world, doing her part as a hostess in such gracious manner, says one report, that no one would have suspected it was not her usual mode of life; but another account affirms that sometimes at these receptions she sat apart in silence with her face averted from the company or went away into another room by herself; which recalls George William Curtis's description of Hawthorne at the Concord Club sitting gloomily like a dark statue of night and silence off at one side by himself under a portrait of Dante. She undoubtedly shared the feeling of the Harvard professor, who, being approached at the close of an evening reception in his own house by a gushing lady guest with the inquiry, "How often do you have these delightful reunions, Professor?" answered without the slightest prevarication, "Thank heaven, madam, only once a year!" For one mid-June she writes her brother Austin: "I expect all our grandfathers and all their country cousins will come here to spend commencement, and don't doubt the stock will rise several per cent that week. If we children could obtain board for the week in some 'vast wilderness,' I think we should have good times. Our house will be crowded daily with the members of this world, the high and the low, the bond and the free, the 'poor in this world's goods' and the 'almighty dollar'; and what in the world they are after continues to be unknown. But I hope they will pass away as insects and let us reap together in golden harvest time." Here in another letter to Austin Dickinson is another cry in the same key: "The usual rush of callers, and this beleaguered family as yet in want of time. I do hope immortality will last a little while, but if the A—s should happen to get there first, we shall be driven *there.*" These expressions indicate that the young woman of twenty-three already feels distaste for much society.

The queer hermit habits of the latter half of her life make us wonder what sort of a person she was originally, before this strange tendency seized her. When about fifteen she was for two years a pupil in Mount Holyoke Seminary, under that wonderful woman, Mary Lyon. The letters of that time are those of a bright, affectionate girl. To an Amherst schoolmate such natural chatter as this: "Your *beau ideal,* D—, I have not seen lately. I presume he was changed into a star some night while gazing at them, and placed in the constellation Orion between Bellatrix and Betelegeux. . . . I expect I have altered a good deal since I saw you. I have grown tall, and

wear my golden tresses done up in a net-cap. . . . I am growing handsome very fast indeed! I expect I shall be the belle of Amherst when I reach my seventeenth year. I don't doubt I shall have perfect crowds of admirers at that age. Then how I shall delight to make them await my bidding, and witness their suspense while I make my final decision. . . . I have lately come to the conclusion that I am Eve, alias Mrs. Adam. You know there is no account of her death in the Bible, so why am I not Eve? If you find any documents likely to prove the truth of the case, I wish you would send them to me without delay. . . . I love this seminary, and all the teachers are strongly bound to my heart."

The best answer to our query, What was she in youth? is given by her schoolmate, Mrs. Gordon L. Ford, mother of Paul Leicester Ford, who tells of a bright bevy of eight girls in Amherst about 1850, with talent enough for twice their number, of which circle Emily Dickinson was the wit and humorist and by her brilliancy often the center of attraction. These girls took long walks over the lovely hills, made excursions to Mount Norwottock, five miles away, met to discuss books, puzzled over Emerson, read the latest poems by Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, and laughed over O. W. Holmes's wit. They were at the adoring age, fifteen to twenty, worshiped many golden idols, and were full of the literary enthusiasm pervading a college town. When a college tutor presumed on his eight years' seniority to advise them to leave Lowell and Emerson and read Byron, who "had a much better style," Emily Dickinson went into a fit of passionate crying. When it was suggested in a Shakespeare club, composed of young women and young men, that it would be necessary to use an expurgated edition for their readings, she took her departure with a lofty air, saying, "There's nothing wicked in Shakespeare." As a sample of Emily's breezy letters, showing the merry-hearted girl, take this description of an influenza cold and how she got it, written to Miss Strong the winter she was twenty: "I am occupied principally with a cold just now, and the dear creature *will* have so much attention that my time slips away amazingly. It has heard *so* much of New Englanders, of their kind attention to strangers, that it comes all the way from the Alps to determine the truth of the tale. It says the half wasn't told it, and I begin to be afraid it wasn't. Only think —came all the way from distant Switzerland to find what was the truth! Neither husband, friend, nor protector accompanied it, and so utter a state of loneliness gives friends if nothing else." She had

gone out for a walk on a January afternoon too thinly clad, and her yarn about what happened is as follows: "Attracted by the gayety visible in the street, I kept on walking till a little chill-footed creature pounced upon the thin shawl I wore and commenced riding. I begged the creature to alight, as I was fatigued already and quite unable to assist others. It wouldn't get down and began talking to itself thus: 'Can't be New England—must have made some mistake—disappointed in my reception—don't agree with accounts. O, what a world of deception and fraud! Marm, will you tell me the name of this country—it's Asia Minor, isn't it? I intended to stop in New England.' By this time I was so completely exhausted that I made no further effort to rid me of my load, but traveled home at a rapid jog; got into the house and threw off bonnet and shawl, when out flew my tormentor, and, putting both arms around my neck, began to kiss me immoderately and express so much love it completely bewildered me. Since then it has slept in my bed, eaten from my plate, lived with me everywhere, and will tag me through life for all I know. I think I'll wake first, and get out of bed, and leave it; but early or late, it is dressed before me, and sits on the side of the bed looking right into my face with such a comical expression it almost makes me laugh in spite of my misery. I can't call it interesting, but it certainly is curious—has two peculiarities which would quite win your heart—a huge pocket handkerchief and a very red nose. The first seems so abundant it gives you the idea of independence and prosperity in business. The last brings up the 'jovial bowl, my boys.' If it ever gets tired of me, I'll forward it to you; you would love it for my sake if not for its own; it will tell you some queer stories about me—how I sneezed so loud one night that the family thought the last trump was sounding and climbed into the currant-bushes to get out of the way; how the rest of the people, arrayed in long night-gowns, folded their arms and were waiting; but this is a wicked fib. Now, my dear friend, let me tell you these last thoughts are fiction—vain imaginations to lead astray foolish young women. They are flowers of speech; they both make and tell deliberate falsehoods; avoid them as the snake, and turn aside as from the rattlesnake, and I don't think you will be harmed. Honestly, though, a snake-bite is a serious matter, and there can't be too much said or done about it. The 'old serpent' bites the deepest, and we get so accustomed to his bites that we don't mind about them. 'Verily, I say unto you, fear *him*.' Won't you read some work upon snakes? I

have a real anxiety for you. I love those little green ones that slide around by your shoes in the grass and make it rustle with their elbows; they are rather my favorites, on the whole, but I wouldn't influence *you* for the world. There is an air of misanthropy about the striped snake that may commend it to your taste."

In those early days Mrs. Ford remembers no sign of the future recluse; only, once, Emily asked her if it did not make her shiver to hear a great many people talk because, she said, "they take all the clothes off their souls"—indicating that she keenly felt in others a lack of that delicacy and sensitive modesty which were so exquisite in her and so sacred to her. At twenty-two she writes with interest of levees at the president's and of attending receptions at the houses of Professors Tyler and Haven. Yet that very year she writes to a friend of her school days: "You ask me to come and see you. Thank you, but I don't go from home unless emergency leads me by the hand, and then I do it obstinately and draw back if I can. Should I ever leave home, which is improbable, I will, with much delight, accept your invitation; till then, my warmest thanks are yours, but don't expect me. I'm so old-fashioned, darling, that all your friends would stare." The next year there are strong signs of a growing disinclination to mingle in a social mêlée. On the June day in 1853 when the town was all astir with processions and bands celebrating the opening of the railroad into Amherst, she wrote her brother: "Carriages flew like sparks hither and thither and yon, and all said 'twas fine. I 'spose' it was. I sat in Professor Tyler's woods and saw the train move off and then came home again for fear somebody would see me and ask me how I did." This shrinking from observation increases. The next year the twenty-four-year-old young woman writes her brother: "I went to meeting five minutes before the bell rang, morning and afternoon, so as not to have to go in after all the people had got there." The same year dislike for unfamiliar contacts is oddly indicated in one expression when she has to wash and wipe the dishes because Margaret, a valued servant, has seen fit to marry a widower with four children. She says: "I winced at her loss, because I was in the habit of her, and even a new rolling-pin has an embarrassing element of strangeness." That by the time she was thirty-one she was retiring into a very close seclusion which she meant to preserve until life's end, is shown in a letter to her friend Mrs. Anthon, which closes thus: "Inducements for you to visit Amherst, dear Katie, are as they were: I am pleasantly located off here in

the deep sea, but love will row you out to me if her hands are strong; and don't wait for me to land on your coast, for I'm going ashore on the other side."

For her strange withdrawal from the world no more definite explanation is given us than that of Mrs. Todd: "She had tried society and found it lacking." One of the defects she finds in folks is perhaps intimated in the queer question she asked Colonel Higginson: "How do most people live—without any thoughts? There are many people in the world—you must have noticed them in the street—how do they live? How do they get strength to put on their clothes in the morning?" Now this was said by a woman who had the entree of the college circle in a town where the average of intelligence is presumably high and culture saturates society. So there could have been no lack of intelligent and attractive company. Two little verses tell us that she and the squirrel are of one mind; a plausible appearance is not enough in persons or in nuts—the question of the kernel is uppermost for both; and "Meat within is requisite to squirrels and to me." When Higginson writes inquiring what companionship she has, she answers in her odd way: "Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog as large as myself that my father bought me. They are better than beings, because they know but do not tell. I know the butterfly and the lizard and the orchis." When asked why she shuns men and women, she answers: "They talk of hallowed things aloud and embarrass my dog. He and I don't object to them if they'll exist their side. I think Carlo would please you; he is dumb and brave. I think you would like the chestnut tree I met in my walk. It hit my notice suddenly and I thought the skies were in blossom. Then there's a noiseless noise in the orchard that I let persons hear." All we know is that her isolation was as voluntary as it is mysterious. She was not driven from society any more than Thoreau was driven to Walden Pond. She was not embittered by ill treatment like Thomas B. Laighton, Celia Thaxter's father, who, turning his back in passionate scorn upon the treachery of the human race, gathered up his family and left the mainland forever, never to set foot on it again, to be the keeper of White Island light, to make his home, and after many years of stubborn self-isolation, his grave, upon the rocky Isles of Shoals in the great wild ocean's bosom. We are forbidden to think of her as "a stricken deer that left the herd"; and yet—who knows?—there may have been some silent umbrage early taken, some secret indignation at the world, unuttered but abiding, which made

her resolve to part company and have no more to do with it. Or was it simply an intensification and settled submergence into Wordsworth's feeling, "The world is too much with us"? We know that Tennyson all his life had an almost morbid aversion to society; Jowett called Tennyson the shyest person he ever knew. We know that Goethe, dissatisfied with human intercourse, resolved to build a Chinese wall around his inner life; that Matthew Arnold, at thirty-five, wrote to his sister from a place in which he had hidden away: "'Hide thy life,' said Epicurus, and the exquisite zest there is in doing so can only be appreciated by those who, desiring to introduce some method into their lives, have suffered from the malicious pleasure the world takes in trying to distract them till they are as shatter-brained and empty-hearted as the world itself."

For reasons of her own, not divulged by her nor discernible by us, Emily Dickinson deliberately decided to clear a space of privacy large enough to walk around in unmolested and unobserved, to put her days under cover in a seclusion which shut out prying eyes and neighborhood inquisition. She asserted with dignity and persistence her individual right to choose her own way of life, and live it free from dictation and espionage. Whether this right be conceded or not, history has sometimes been made vital and spiritual, as well as picturesque, by certain forsakers of custom's beaten path, non-conformists, rebels against conventionality and uniformity, who were as noble as they were high-spirited. The spirit of the seclusiveness she practiced breathes in her own lines: "The soul selects her own society—then shuts the door," and thereafter notes unmoved whatever chariot pauses at her gate or emperor kneels outside upon her doormat:

> I've known her from an ample nation
> Choose one;
> Then close the valves of her attention
> Like stone.

Of another T. B. Aldrich wrote:

> This is her Book of Verses—wrenlike notes,
> Shy frankneses, blind gropings, haunting fears;
> At times across the chords abruptly floats
> A mist of passionate tears.
> A fragile lyre, too tensely keyed and strung,
> A broken music, weirdly incomplete;
> Here a proud mind, self-baffled and self-stung,
> Lies coiled in dark defeat.

If one should try to use those lines in a description of Emily Dickin-

son, he would find them inapplicable, for we do not catch her weeping, and she is not frightened; we do not see her mind lying in dark defeat like a suicide's body at the bottom of a pool; instead of stinging herself she is enjoying herself; and instead of being baffled she seems to have ways of getting to windward of fate.

As she was a recluse, not a captive, in retirement, not in confinement, her mode of life no way necessitated by ill health, by unsuitable environment, or by lack of sociable and coaxing love outside—so there is no tone of plaintive resignation to hard conditions, no resentment of maltreatment, no morose misanthropy or morbid moping. She nowhere says that life is vanity and vexation of spirit. The woman of forty says to Colonel Higginson, "I find ecstasy in living; the mere sense of living is joy enough." Her letters do not indicate that she breathed a stagnant and unwholesome air. Her privacy is not like that of a cell either of prison, asylum, or convent, but as of a tent pitched on a hillside apart, in sunshine and wind, sweet with odors and bird songs. She is no self-indulgent, self-admiring Marie Bashkirtseff, silly and vain and selfish; no, but a loving and humble and helpful woman, not a romantic, mooning maiden, but a practical, matter-of-fact little body, interested in homely household affairs and often busy with prosaic domestic tasks. Until life's later years she was digging her flower beds and tending her plants with as keen pleasure as Celia Thaxter in her Appledore island garden. The girl of twenty writes Mrs. Strong: "Twin loaves of bread have just been born into the world under my auspices—fine children, the image of their mother." And then she speaks of the good she herself derives from such work—"the genial housekeeping influence stealing over mind and soul." But the influence did not always steal quite so genially. Once, when domestic perplexities got into a vexatious predicament, and dust and dirt were thick, and everything went wrong, she found herself in "great dudgeon at life," and expressed her disgust over kitchen tasks, and then said: "Don't be afraid of my imprecations; they never did anyone harm, and they make me feel so cool and so very much more comfortable." Then she writes that "housekeeping is a prickly art." When a middle-aged woman she tells Colonel Higginson that she makes all the bread for the family, because her father likes only hers, and adds, "And people must have puddings"—this reference, it is said, with a shy and mysterious air, as if puddings were meteors or comets, difficult of capture. She is afraid she might be sentimental, "if it wasn't for broad daylight and cooking stoves and roosters"; but so

sure as she gets to dreaming a shrill crowing from the neighboring yard dissipates illusion and lands her on terra firma. Once when she was making a loaf of cake with Maggie over the red-hot stove, she fainted and was unconscious several hours. No wonder that when Higginson asked if she never felt any want of employment, never going off the grounds and rarely seeing a visitor, she answered, "I never thought of conceiving that I could ever have the slightest approach to such a want in all future time."

That this eccentric and mysteriously sequestered life was producing, in its long silent years, any literary product was known only to a dozen or twenty persons, occasional correspondents, and mostly old friends, to whom with her letters she would sometimes inclose the latest bit of verse she had written. They were mostly literary people. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bowles, Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Holland, Helen Hunt, Mrs. Gordon L. Ford, Mrs. Strong, and a few others like them. Some of them earnestly solicited her permission to put these fragments in print, but were refused. Two years before Miss Dickinson's death, Helen Hunt Jackson, an early schoolmate, wrote her: "What portfolios of verse you must have! It is a cruel wrong to your 'day and generation' that you will not give them light. I wish you would make me your literary legatee and executor." To Colonel Higginson Emily Dickinson wrote that her mind was as much a stranger to any thought of publishing what she had written as the firmament is unaccustomed to be navigated by fins. So far as the public knows, she expressed no wish for even a posthumous publication of her poetry. The nearest approach to an indication that she expected it is found in the two verses which read as if they might have been intended for the place her editors have given them as a prefix to the volume of her verse:

> This is my letter to the world,
> That never wrote to me—
> The simple views that nature told
> With tender majesty.
>
> Her message is committed
> To hands I cannot see;
> For love of her, sweet countrymen,
> Judge tenderly of me!

Many readers of her unique poetry have had curiosity to know how this singular woman looked. Roberts Brothers announced her letters to be accompanied with a portrait, but it proved only a vexatious disappointment, being from a poor daguerreotype of a child eight

years old. The only description of Emily's appearance in girlhood is from Mrs. Ford, who says: "Though not beautiful, she had great beauties. Her eyes were lovely auburn, soft and warm; her hair lay in rings of the same color all over her head, and her skin and teeth were fine. She was exquisitely neat and careful in her dress, and always had flowers about her." To this school friend she sent on request when she was eighteen one of her auburn ringlets with the words, "I shall never give you anything again that will be half so full of sunshine as this wee lock of hair." When Colonel Higginson, puzzled to imagine what sort of a person it can be who is writing him such piquant, evasive, and enigmatic letters, requests her to send a photograph, she answers that she has no picture, and adds this naïve pen-portrait: "I am small like the wren, and my hair is bold like the red chestnut burr, and my eyes like the sherry in the glass which the guest leaves. Would this do just as well?" Inviting him to come to Amherst for an interview, she writes: "You will find a minute host, but a spacious welcome." Higginson, who afterward saw her twice, says her face was "without a single good feature, but with eyes, as she said, 'like the sherry the guest leaves in the glass,' and with smooth bands of reddish chestnut hair." The fact of her own petiteness seems to be in the foreground of her consciousness. She writes that she has a dog as large as herself, and signs herself "your gnome." Her thought about her own person is seen also in this query:

On such a night, or such a night,
  Would anybody care
If such a little figure
  Slipped quiet from its chair?

On such a dawn, or such a dawn,
  Would anybody sigh
That such a little figure
  Too sound asleep did lie

For chanticleer to wake it,
  Or stirring house below,
Or giddy bird in orchard,
  Or early task to do?

Another glimpse of the same consciousness we have in the last lines of the verses which ask, like a child in the dark, whether there is any certainty of morning:

Will there really be a morning?
  Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
  If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

O, some scholar! O, some sailor!
O, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies!

We have called her "The Hermit Thrush of Amherst." The various members of the feathered tribes are by some fancied to have their counterparts in human singers differing in voice, and style, and temper. The garrulous chatter of the bobolink recalls some ballad which is nothing but versified loquacity. The refined trill and warble of the canary suggest the delicate sweetness of some feminine poetry. Even the kingfisher's shrill cry has the harsh quality of some rattling and rasping attempts at verse. To Emily Dickinson the nearest counterpart is probably that shy songster, the hermit thrush, that modest singer of New England woods, whose song is well described as "the voice of solitude suddenly breaking into sound," its notes pathetic, penetrating, almost spiritual, altogether above and apart from "the symphony to which the summer moves." This little bird, "so plainly dressed with robe of brown and spotted vest," hides alone in the forest or in the leafy cloister of some thick foliaged tree, tells with simple art her sincere and solitary tale, and is heard with pleased ears by those who stray into woodland paths, but is seldom seen even by searching eyes. In public places, in the glare and glow, the pride and show of society, where the tanagers, gaudy in dress and jaunty in manners, scold and gossip the livelong day; or on city pavements, where that dirty immigrant, that noisy, turbulent, vicious little street Arab, the English sparrow, quarrels and fights—in such places the hermit thrush is never seen. The hermit thrush, however, is almost a public character compared with Emily Dickinson. If, instead of singing her song, the thrush should write the score of it on a bit of birch bark and leave it to be found in her empty nest after her final departure, she would imitate the shyness and reserve of Emily Dickinson, the hermit thrush of Amherst.

When the miser dies people find his gold hidden somewhere about his house. After Miss Dickinson's death, in 1886, her hoarded treasure was found secreted in certain portfolios which were to her what Coleridge's notebooks were to him, concerning which he wrote

to Wordsworth: "Since I left you my pocket notebooks have been my sole confidants, silent but never-failing friends; confidants who have not betrayed me, friends whose silence was not detraction, and before whom I was not ashamed to complain, to weep, or even to pray." Her sister, Miss Lavinia Dickinson, the sole surviving member of the household, found in Emily's portfolios hundreds of poetic effusions, neatly written and packeted, the furtive work of twenty invisible years. Five years after Emily's death this sister, with the literary aid of Colonel T. W. Higginson and Mrs. Todd, gave to the world a small book of verses selected from the mass, and a second series some time after, both subsequently issued in one volume of two hundred and thirty pages, an edition of which was also issued in London. Three years after the publication of the poems, two volumes of her letters, even more racy and spicy than her verses, were printed. Higginson says the American public has had no equal literary surprise in recent years. No such odd, interesting, and undreamed of "find" has been unearthed as that which came to light from the private portfolios in which, as in a cave, this mysterious and, to the public, almost ghostly woman had buried her thoughts alive.

Schumann, the great musician, in the height of his fame, introduced the young Chopin to the public in a critical notice which opened with the exclamation, "Hats off, gentlemen; a Genius!" Frederick Wadmore says that "William Watson is a genius, a genius with Landorian terseness and dignity." Emily Dickinson has some dignity and more than Landorian terseness and pungency; but whether she was a genius we do not undertake to decide. She herself being once asked by an old servant what the word "genius" means, answered that nobody knows. Bliss Carman characterizes her as the "most original of all American women, with her dark pithy sayings, so oracular and yet so human too." Charles D. Warner, in the "Editor's Study" of Harper's Monthly, wrote: "If nothing else had come out of our American life but this strange poetry, we should feel that, in the work of Emily Dickinson, America, or New England rather, had made a distinct addition to the literature of the world, and could not be left out of any record of it. To the understanding reader," says Mr. Warner, "these poems will form an intrinsic experience." What place ought to be assigned in literature to work so remarkable yet so elusive of criticism is a problem which Colonel Higginson says has not been solved. Dr. Holland, to whom she sent a few verses in her letters, thought them "too ethereal for publication."

They reminded Mrs. Todd of "air-plants that have no roots in earth." Whether they are entitled to be classed as poetry is unsettled, there being no established standard by which opposing opinions on such a question can be subdued into agreement. By the test she herself gave her verses are scarcely poetry. She said to Colonel Higginson: "If I read a book, and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me, I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. These are the only ways I know it. Is there any other way?" Most of us think there are other ways, although powerful poetry does often have some such effect. Mrs. Charles Kendall Adams says that the first time she read Browning's "Luria" her nerves did not get over it for a week. We have all read things which made us feel a tingle of soft lightning on the nerves and a blaze of burning phosphorus in the brain. Whether Emily Dickinson be credited with genius and called, within her limitations, a true poet or not, her portfolio was a phonograph into which a most peculiar voice spoke uniquely original things, and through which a marked individuality bequeathed us verses of virginal freshness. It would not be effrontery in her to say, in the words of Burton, to the poets of the ages: "If I am not of the best, I am not the lowest of you."

When a new pen prints significant prose, or a new singer vocalizes verse, we at once begin to ask, "Of whom does this remind us?" and proceed to ransack literature and our minds for resemblances and contrasts. In such a search nothing is more refreshing than to find that the newcomer resembles nobody, is so unclassifiable as to form a class by herself, as is the case with Emily Dickinson. Whitman's barbaric yawp is scarcely more individual than her unborrowed idiom. One critic of her poems sees something like the "divine simplicity of William Blake," and another thinks he hears a haunting echo of Heinrich Heine, but her nearest congener is believed to be Emily Brontë. Miss Dickinson was familiar with the poetry of the strange woman who lived, and suffered, and died in the low gray-stone English rectory at Haworth: "Gigantic Emily Brontë," she calls her. At Miss Dickinson's funeral, because they were favorite with her, it was deemed appropriate that Colonel Higginson should read Emily Brontë's "Last Lines"—lines "whose stern faith and solemn triumph show how mighty a force upheld her amid the rush of the dark waters." It is true that when we read that Charlotte Brontë accidentally discovering, in the autumn of 1845, some

verses in manuscript written by her sister Emily, of which the author of Jane Eyre says, "They were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine," we think the words equally descriptive of Emily Dickinson's verses. When Charlotte writes, "My sister Emily was not naturally gregarious but had a tendency to seclusion," and when we read that genius or something else made Emily Brontë an isolated spirit; that she never went to the village unless absolutely compelled; that, except to go to church or take lonely walks on the hills or over the desolate moor, she rarely crossed the threshold of home; that though her feeling for the people around was benevolent, intercourse with them was never sought by her nor, with few exceptions, ever experienced; that she always shrank from association with her kind except in two or three instances, and lived somewhat apart even in the narrow circle of her own family; that she labored at homely household tasks, doing all the ironing and most of the cooking, so that passing villagers saw Emily Brontë in the kitchen kneading bread with an open book before her and her mastiff lying at her feet—we are indeed reminded of Emily Dickinson's peculiar disposition and habits. But, after all, there was small similarity in their environment or their lives or their writings. Between the bare, comfortless Brontë parsonage and the spacious, comfortable New England mansion, fragrant with flowers inside and surrounded with the beauty of trees and blossoming shrubs; or between the bleak, ignorant, grimy Yorkshire village, set in a wild and sullen moor, and sweet Amherst, delightful with thrift and culture, set in one of the fairest and loveliest of landscapes—what resemblance? Around Emily Brontë everything was grim and repellent; around Emily Dickinson everything was charming and inviting; though this, to be sure, makes the self-seclusion of the latter the more mysterious. Emily Brontë had a shadowed childhood, an anxious girlhood, a womanhood on which scarce one gleam of sunshine fell, and a desolate life filled with despair of any earthly alleviation; and she was dead at twenty-nine. Emily Dickinson's was in no sense a strangled life, nor did her home or her sphere lack sunlight and cheer; and she lived to near threescore. The woman whose body lies in the little old church of Saint Antest, where under the chancel the Brontë family are buried and tableted, bore little resemblance to the woman who, after a peaceful life, rests peacefully in the green cemetery at Amherst. On the one side Emily Dickinson could never have written a coarse, fierce, vulgar,

brutal book like Wuthering Heights, and on the other, Emily Brontë could never have written the verses, and, least of all, the blithe, breezy, buoyant letters, which issued from the gentle heart of our New England "hermit thrush." Nor is there any sign that Miss Dickinson ever imitated anybody's style. Her work is as scrupulously original as is implied in her own words, "I never consciously touch a paint mixed by another person." The only verses that have reminded us of hers were some from a much younger singer, Helen Gray Cone, entitled "The Spring Beauties," the resemblance being not in the form but in the spirit of the style:

> The Puritan spring beauties stood freshly clad for church;
> A thrush, white-breasted, o'er them sat singing on his perch.
> "Happy be! For fair are ye!" the gentle singer told them,
> But presently a buff-coat bee came booming up to scold them.
>
> "Vanity, O vanity!
> Young maids beware of vanity!"
> Grumbled out the buff-coat bee,
> Half parson-like, half soldierly.
>
> The sweet-faced maidens trembled, with pretty pinky blushes,
> Convinced that it was wicked to listen to the thrushes;
> And when, that shady afternoon, I chanced that way to pass,
> They hung their little bonnets down and looked into the grass.
>
> All because the buff-coat bee
> Lectured them so solemnly:
> "Vanity, O vanity!
> Young maids, beware of vanity!"

If that pretty bit of fancy in a different meter had fluttered out of Emily Dickinson's portfolio, nobody would have suspected that it was not born in the Amherst nest.

It strikes the reader quickly that her poetry is northern and could not have been written under a southern sun. The northern nature is compact and hardy, sinewy and tough, like the evergreen standing unconquered on the edge of snow, of which Emily Dickinson writes:

> The hemlock's nature thrives on cold;
> The gnash of northern winds
> Is sweetest nutriment to him,
> His best Norwegian wines.

The northern mind is keen, incisive, tenacious; the northern will is firm and flinty; the northern speech is sharp, concise, abrupt; the northern face is grim and resolute; the northern life is frugal. The

old Greek rule, "Nothing superfluous," was dictated in the latitude of Athens by chaste good taste in art and literature; in the latitude of Plymouth Rock the same rule is dictated by the severity of earth and sky. Emily Dickinson closes a terse and pithy letter to Colonel Higginson with, "Excuse the bleak simplicity which knew no tutor but the north." So indigenous, so characteristically northern are her three hundred pieces of laconic poetry, none large or long, some only four lines, that fancy has likened them to a row of icicles hanging from the eaves of an old-fashioned Massachusetts mansion, glittering in January sunshine with a trickle of sentiment melting down, cool and pure.

Not only northern latitude but Puritan faith and temperament helped to make this poetry. It is verse which should be able to trace its intellectual lineage back by some circuit to the deck of the Mayflower, or to some one of the colonies camped on the rock-bound snow-bound shores in 1620-50. Some fearless Puritan Priscilla must have dreamed the germinal beginnings of such poetry in white winter moonlights on that frozen coast. What but the stern Puritan demand for sincerity, veracity, reality could ever have inspired such lines as these:

> I like a look of agony,
> Because I know it's true;
> Men do not sham convulsion,
> Nor simulate a throe.
>
> The eyes glaze once, and that is death.
> Impossible to feign
> The beads upon the forehead
> By homely anguish strung.

Carlyle would have liked that. Rigid self-restraint, repression, and economy are reckoned Puritan traits. In old England, Puritanism, from the reign of James I to the restoration of the Stuarts, subdued the emotional fervor of the Elizabethan era, so that passionate utterances almost ceased in literature. In New England Puritanism, aided by the pinching hardships of a vigorous climate and a grudging soil, continued its effects on letters as on character. Years ago George William Curtis said of one of Hawthorne's articles in the Atlantic Monthly: "It is pure intellect, without emotion, without sympathy; as unhuman and passionless as a disembodied intelligence." Hawthorne himself once told W. D. Howells that the apparent coldness in the New England temperament was real, and that the suppres-

sion of emotion for generations, if it went on, would extinguish it at last. George W. Cable says that the best word he can find to express the difference between the Northerner and the Southerner is the word economy in its large sense. "The New Englander economizes himself at every turn. In the long run he has the advantage. He gets more out of life, just as he gets more out of the use of money, than the Southerner does." So thinks a Southerner resident now for some years in New England. Yankee frugality is parsimonious even of utterance; language as well as life is austere, compact, incisive, sententious. The habit of economy and the file of a sharp criticism reduce fine expression to its lowest terms, dispense with superlatives and superfluities and give to literature a close grain and a hard finish.

In addition, it is plain that Emily Dickinson holds a favorite New England doctrine that volubility and gush are not signs of deepest emotion. Hear her:

> Speech is a prank of Parliament,
> Tears a trick of the nerve,
> But the heart with the heaviest load on
> Steadies itself with reserve.

"Why the fullest heart is speechless is one of the great wherefores," she says, but so it is.

But neither a stern ancestry nor the nipping and eager air of a shrewdly biting climate had quenched emotion or diminished sensibility in our Amherst poetess, for her verse, so pale and frosty on the surface, is often warm with a deep underglow; at its brightest it is all acrackle with electric sparks that dart from a surcharged but rigidly repressed intensity. The dull leaden surface of a loaded Leyden jar is no evidence against the fiery force stored up within, saved and reserved against the necessary expressive moment. The heroic Puritan spirit which glories in silent endurance speaks in her lines upon "The Martyrs":

> Through the straight path of suffering
> The martyrs even trod,
> Their feet upon temptation,
> Their faces upon God.
> A stately, shriven company;
> Convulsion playing round,
> Harmless as streaks of meteor
> Upon a planet's bound.
> Their faith, the everlasting troth,
> Their expectation fair;
> The needle to the north degree
> Wades so, through Polar air.

The habit of endurance and the benefit of discipline are heard in these lines:

I can wade grief,
Whole pools of it—
I'm used to that.
But the least push of joy
Breaks up my feet,
And I tip, drunken.
Let no pebble smile,
'Twas the new liquor,
That was all.

Power is only pain,
Stranded through discipline
Till weights will hang.
Give balm to giants,
And they'll wilt like men.
Give Himmaleh,
They'll carry him!

Certain it is that Emily Dickinson was a child of the north star and of the Mayflower.

(Of Walter Pater also it has been said that his ideals were Spartan; austerity in clear, lucid, wind-swept thought, even when wrought by it to the white heat of creative emotion, but an austerity that came from reserve force and from no timidity or coldness or sterility of deep feeling. He too lived far from the equator, and was as different from its children as pine from palm, as Puritan from Cavalier, as snow from orange blossoms.)

Readers of Emily Dickinson's verse may be some time in discovering that this eccentric and evasive being, this *sepolte vive* nun, is not an unnatural feminine, but genuine womanly; that *Das ewig weibliche* is recurrent and fluent in her. So strong upon her is the habit of studious self-concealment that we seldom get a sure straight sight at her inmost nature. Thus, for the most part, she hides her woman's heart with more than womanly sensitiveness and reserve, but now and then betrays it unawares. It is detected as dark eyes are caught peeping through from within the lattice of the pasha's house. The passer-by at the right moment can swear that inside that window, behind vines and veils, is a living, moving woman. The first poems we chanced to read seemed austere, bloodless, unimpassioned; and we were on the point of calling her "Our Lady of the Snows," but, preparing so to christen her, we detected under this marmorean opalescence the flicker of a lambent tongue of flame and a glow as of a

hidden bed of coals. At first a line from somewhere came to mind, "Her breast is fit for pearls if I were but a diver"; but before a successful diver could have found his pearls we knew they would not suit—they are too pale and mild; nor diamonds either, for they are incapable of reticence; they expose themselves too much, display their light and publish all that's in them; nor rubies, for they are too surface-red, too openly aflame. The opal is her only proper jewel, the opal with its pearly surface and its burning core, trying to hide a heart of fire under a show of being mild and colorless and cold. This woman should have dressed in simple white and worn a large fire-opal at her throat. Discovering this cryptic fire in her poems was a surprise like seeing a silent flash of lightning dart down a slope of winter moonlight; and instantly we said, "Ah, Emily, we know you better now." In her northern bosom this Puritan maiden bore no lump of ice, no pulseless stone, no burned-out cinder, no dead ashes, but a true woman's pure, warm heart, looking into the great lovingness of which one must whisper reverently, "O the depth of the riches!"

One thing which her biographers tell us about Emily Dickinson is somewhat difficult of belief. They say there was in her life no love sorrow, no blighted affection, no disappointment in love. If this be true, then she had no love experience. It may be so, but the thirty-five poems classified by her editors under the head of "Love" certainly show a deep capacity and an imagination familiar with the theme. However free and unentangled her affections may have been, her spirit is on intimate terms with the eternal masculine. Did she merely dream abstractly without ever tasting love in reality, or are there shy and veiled or unintentional confessions in and between the lines? Unless nearly two score poems are all make-believe, love was an Eden to this woman's soul. Was it an Eden never entered, or was it a Paradise Lost?

Look at her picture of a woman's way with the letter she gets—running away to her room with it lest somebody see it, and locking the door to read it: then she reads in it how infinite she is to—well, never mind to whom—to "nobody that you know," and then she "sighs for lack of heaven, but not the heaven the creeds bestow." In the poem entitled "Renunciation" there are two who met, passed the sacramental hour of self-revelation which "maketh all things new," then parted because their lives led opposite ways; two who now look beyond crucifixion to a resurrection and a "new marriage justified

through Calvaries of love," to find after long parting a heaven in "the privilege of one another's eyes," and in a bridal "before the judgment-seat of God" with cherubim and seraphim for the familiar guests. Other verses also dream of the bliss of claiming one another there by right of the soul's white election, with heaven's royal seal upon a charter which can never know repeal while the long ages steal. And here is what one says who is too impatient to endure the postponement of the hoped-for celestial reunion,

> What if I say, I will not wait?
> What if I burst the fleshly gate
> And pass escaped to thee?
> What if I file this mortal off,
> See where it hurt me—that's enough—
> And wade in liberty?

And elsewhere adds that if she were sure of finding him at once in the other world, she would toss this life away like a rind and taste eternity. Does not this recall what she wrote Colonel Higginson—"I had a friend who taught me immortality; but venturing too near, himself, he never returned"? And who was the man of whom she wrote, "I found one more, but he was not contented I be his scholar, so he left the land"? When Professor Fowler's daughter had married Mr. Gordon L. Ford and gone away, Miss Dickinson writes her thus about her feelings in witnessing the ceremony: "Dear E., when it came, and, hidden by your veil, you stood before us all and made those promises, and when we kissed you and went back to our homes, it seemed to me translation, not any earthly thing, and if, a little after, you'd ridden on the wind, it would not have surprised me." Again and again in her verses her imagination lives through the transition from girl to wife in a vivid and realistic way. In "Love's Baptism" a woman contrasts her christening with her marriage, each ceremony being the giving of a name. In the first her baptismal name given by parents was dropped by the minister upon her face with water in the country church. Of that name, given without her choice, the bride says she has finished using it,

> And they can put it with my dolls,
> My childhood, and the string of spools
> I've finished threading too.

Marriage is the baptism with a new name, received by a man's gift, yet consciously chosen also by one who stands erect and adequate with power to choose or to reject and who chooses just a throne and

takes her name supreme, as life, hither only crescent, rounds now to its full and existence's whole arc is filled up. In verses entitled "The Contrast" speaks the woman who, knowing the step means mutual risk, it may be mutual gain, knowing she may be disappointed in him, or herself prove poorer in herself than he suspects, yet makes the venture and says:

I gave myself to him,
  And took himself for pay.
The solemn contract of a life
  Was ratified that way.

Here is the musing of a woman who has ceded herself, finished her girlhood and become a wife:

How odd the girl's life looks
Behind this soft eclipse!
I think that earth seems so
To those in heaven now.
This being comfort, then
That other kind was pain;
But why compare?
I'm wife! Stop there!

Once or twice the thought is suggested that if Emily Dickinson had no actual love experience, perhaps she was in sight of one. Take these lines,

Within my reach!
I could have touched!
  I might have chanced that way!
Soft sauntered thro' the village,
  Sauntered as soft away!

And put them along with these:

At least it solaces to know
  That there exists a gold,
Although I prove it just in time
  Its distance to behold;
Its far, far treasure to surmise
  And estimate the pearl
That slipped my simple fingers through
  While just a girl at school.

But whatever she has lost or missed she is not soured and embittered. She makes merry in more than one letter over her sister Vinnie's story of a breach-of-promise case in which the whole evidence consisted of a letter which the girl herself had written in answer to one she always expected but never received. She was not an acidulous spinster, an unnatural man-hater, a cynic about love, but a sweet-hearted,

true, and wholesome woman, immensely capable of the noblest of all affections, and not without deep and holy dreams of it floating about in her most secret soul among the subtle blisses of her conscious might-have-beens; these she now and then whispers, in sly self-betrayals, to the only confidante she has—her portfolio—to which she sometimes uncovers what is kept covered from all the world besides.

The quotations we have made by no means exhaust the love-dream materials she gives us. The two verses named "Apotheosis," about "the fainting bee reaching late his flower," are too dearly sacred to quote, and the same is true of the half-coquettish wholly womanly verses about "The Letter," and the others called "Surrender," as also of the eight lines on "Possession," which we dare not recite. But think of this shy woman living them out in her thoughts and writing them! For a last quotation on this point take a woman's description of the lordly manner of the man who is proud as Lucifer that she is his:

> He put the belt around my life,
> I heard the buckle snap;
> And he turned away imperial,
> My lifetime folding up.
> Deliberate, as a duke would do
> A kingdom's title deed.

We are aware that all these love poems may be proof not of fact but only of possibility. If she could write of marriage as she did, though she lived and died unwedded, then she could write of love without any real love chapter in her history. Others have done like things. Hawthorne could depict the emotions of the guilty without having felt such guilt himself. His wife said, "He has always seemed to me in his remote moods like a stray seraph who had experienced in his own life no evil, but by the intuition of a divine intellect saw and sorrowed over all evil." Miracles of insight and creation are possible to the mind. We are told that when Anthony Hope wrote The Dolly Dialogues he had never met a grande dame, and his knowledge of the world of women was confined to his mother's quiet rectory drawing-room, and the companionship of several demure elderly sisters. The gay scintillating butterflies in his book, like delicious Lady Dolly, were simply creatures of his vivid fancy, unassisted by either experience or observation. For ten long years he sat in his poor shabby little law office forgetting all about his profession, spinning airy romances of social intrigue that breathe the very bouquet of aristocratic frivolity. Never having come in contact with

a moudaine, he divined her by instinct, gauged her capacities, and knew precisely what she would say and do under any given circumstances. It seems scarcely credible that imagination alone supplied each detail with this infallible accuracy.

Yes, it is possible, in spite of her love poems, that Miss Dickinson had no love experience. A situation may be best understood and most glowingly portrayed from the outside. The joys of a farmer's life may be most beautifully depicted by an unagricultural person; the pleasures of early rising magnified by a poet fond of lying late in bed; and the dearness of "Home, Sweet Home," sung most touchingly by a homeless man. Nevertheless, reports persist in private circles that there was an affair of the heart in Emily Dickinson's life.

It is time to turn to some of her poems. Our first taste of her quality was from seeing quoted here and there such bits as this:

> Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn
> Indicative that suns go down;
> A signal to the startled grass
> That darkness is about to pass.

And these noble lines:

> If I can stop one heart from breaking,
> I shall not live in vain;
> If I can ease one life its aching,
> Or cool one pain,
> Or help one fainting robin
> Unto his nest again,
> I shall not live in vain.

And this:

> Belshazzar had a letter—
> He never had but one;
> Belshazzar's correspondent
> Concluded and begun
> In that immortal copy
> Which the conscience of us all
> Can read without its glasses
> On revelation's wall.

And this:

> The pedigree of honey
> Does not concern the bee;
> A clover, any time, to him
> Is aristocracy.

And this, in which she imagines what a blind person might feel and say about the privilege of sight. Says the blind person:

Were it told to me to-day
That I might have the sky
For mine, I tell you that my heart
Would split, in spite of me.

The meadows mine, the mountains mine,
All forests, stintless stars,
As much of noon as I could take
With my two finite eyes?

The motions of the dipping birds,
The lightning's jointed road,
For mine, to look at when I liked?—
The news would strike me dead!

And this about the snake, and that instant shiver, that shock and constriction, that sense of suffocation we have all felt at sudden sight of one:

A narrow fellow in the grass
Occasionally rides;
You may have met him—did you not?
His notice sudden is.

The grass divides as with a comb,
A spotted shaft is seen;
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,
A floor too cool for corn.
But when a child and barefoot,
I more than once, at morn,

Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash
Unbraiding in the sun—
When, stooping to secure it,
It wrinkled, and was gone.

Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;

But I never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing
And zero at the bone.

And this description of the railway train:

I like to see it lap the miles,
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks,
And then prodigious, step
Around a pile of mountains,
And, supercilious, peer
In shanties by the sides of roads;
And then a quarry pare
To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while
In horrid hooting stanza,
Then chase itself downhill,
And neigh like Boanerges;
Then, punctual as a star,
Stop, docile and omnipotent,
At its own stable door.

Keen was the joy of Emily Dickinson in nature, in the eternal pageant of the seasons, and not inconsiderable was her power of apt and novel description. The sense of beauty is so precious a thing that no one is nobler by lacking it, richer by losing it, happier by repressing it, or injured by cultivating it. Forth amid the infinite charm and wonder of the world God has sent some souls so sensitive and responsive, so capable of rapture, that for them not to feel and in some way utter their feelings is impossible. As well expect the struck bell to give forth no sound; or the taut strings of a Stradivarius to be motionless and dumb when Ole Bull draws the rosined bow across them: as well forbid "the mountain pines to wag their high tops and to make a noise when they are fretted with the gusts of heaven." Gradgrind and Peter Bell, the yellow primrose man, have no better right to standing room upon this prosy planet than have the poets whose delicate senses flush in ruddy response to every pleasure-giving touch and palpitate with instant admiration at every fine achievement of the Maker who is himself the great ποιητης. He who splendors the universe with beauty, and decorates earth and heaven with flowers and rainbows, and softens the grim rocks with vines and mosses, and by the lure of sunsets lifts our eyes above the plowed ground, has created in his own image and likeness some sensitive children whose nerves quiver and whose pulses shake when down in the dell Pan's pipes are sounding and all the creatures of the woods dance to the dainty measures; whose keen appreciation magnifies the smallest things as with a microscope, and whom delight often visits upon tiny wings. When the right season summons, when all nature is

a chorus choir, when on every side rapturous birds sing loud and demure little birds sing low, human singers have no duty to be silent, though their strain be only some short swallow-flight of song, brief and repetitious as Tennyson's little bird which has but one small passage of few notes and sings it o'er and o'er through all the changes of a summer's day. The poet's song is as lawful as that of the lark trying to translate the sky into terms, or the nightingale telling what the evening means, or the overbubbling bobolink explaining what it is to be a winged ecstasy. What means the old myth about Memnon's statue giving forth music when touched by the sunrise, except that the spectacle of morning is glorious enough to make even a graven image sing?

Emily Dickinson paid God the homage of worshiping him through admiration of his handiwork which she interpreted to others. She curiously counts

> How many notes there be
> In the new robin's ecstasy
> Among astonished boughs!
> How many trips the tortoise makes!
> How many cups the bee partakes!
> That debauchee of dews.

She

> Dips the sunset in a cup,
> Reckons the morning's flagons up,
> And tells how deep the dew;
> Measures how far the morning leaps,
> And asks what time the weaver sleeps
> Who weaves the breadths of blue.

She knows the precise time when the bird chorister wakes up his choir and softly starts the morning concert in the leafy loft:

> At half-past three a single bird
> Unto a silent sky
> Propounded but a single term
> Of cautious melody.

She further narrates what happened at sunrise:

> I'll tell you how the sun rose,
> A ribbon at a time,
> The steeples swam in amethyst,
> The news like squirrels ran.
> The hills untied their bonnets,
> The bobolinks begun.
> Then I said softly to myself,
> "That must have been the Sun!"

The departing day seems to her homely fancy like a careless housekeeper who has left things in a litter and is called after to come back and finish her work:

> She sweeps with many-colored brooms,
> And leaves the shreds behind;
> O, housewife in the evening West,
> Come back and dust the pond!
> You dropped a purple ravelling in,
> You dropped an amber thread;
> And now you've littered all the East
> With duds of emerald!

She watched the bluebirds' coming, learned the date of hyacinth and golden-rod, she overheard "the state affairs of birds, the lore of dawn and dusk," all that "the wind said in the treetops—fine, unfathomed things" which set themselves to language and to rhythm in her brain. She thinks the lily, possibly, the most captivating of floral forms, and feels chagrined for Solomon that he could not compare with it in glory: Jesus, it seems, was enthralled by the lily and she herself is so in love with it, she says, that if she were sure no one was looking she might make those advances of which in after life she would repent.

Of one of the earliest and lowliest of summer's harbingers she says: "The dandelion's pallid tube astonishes the grass, and then uplifts a signal bud, and then a shouting flower—the proclamation of the sun that sepulture is o'er." To her the spring is nature's annual reply to Nicodemus's mystification over the new birth; and the robin is a Gabriel in humble circumstances, whose springtime note is a trump of resurrection to buried flowers; his dress denotes him as belonging to the working classes; he has the punctuality of a New England farmer, a small but sturdy residence, and a self-denying household. Compare her descriptive art with that of Aldrich. This is his stanza:

> Hark! 'tis the bluebird's venturous strain,
> High on the old fringed elm at the gate—
> Sweet-voiced, valiant on the swaying bough,
> Alert, elate,
> Dodging the fitful spits of snow;
> New England's poet laureate
> Telling us spring has come again.

And these are hers, far less hackneyed and having a certain breeziness, an informal bluff camaraderie:

Before you thought of spring
Except as a surmise,
You see, God bless his suddenness,
A fellow in the skies
Of independent hues,
A little weather-worn,
Inspiriting habiliments
Of indigo and brown.
With specimens of song,
As if for you to choose,
Discretion in the interval,
With gay delays he goes
To some superior tree
Without a single leaf,
And shouts for joy to nobody
But his seraphic self!

Very apt are her lines about that fearless militant and hardy visitor, the blue jay, playfellow of snow squalls and evergreens;

No brigadier throughout the year
So civic as the jay.
A neighbor and a warrior too,
With shrill felicity
Pursuing winds that censure us,
A February day.
The brother of the universe
Is never blown away.

For a contrast illustrating not only how *en rapport* she is with the vital gladness of nature, but how she catches character and distinguishes quality in nature's various children, take her characterization of "that confiding prodigal, the blissful oriol":

So drunk, he disavows it
With badinage divine;
So dazzling we mistake him
For an alighting mine.
A pleader, a dissembler,
An epicure, a thief—
Betimes an oratorio,
An ecstasy in chief;
The splendor of a Burmah,
The meteor of birds,
Departing like a pageant
Of ballads and of bards.

Of her description of the humming bird in eight brilliant meteoric lines Colonel Higginson says that nothing in literature so condenses into a few words that gorgeous atom of flashing life and fire:

A route of evanescence
With a revolving wheel;
A resonance of emerald,
A rush of cochineal;
And every blossom on the bush
Adjusts its tumbled head—
The mail from Tunis, probably,
An easy morning's ride.

Doubtless those lines express as well as words can the bit of color, blurred by swiftness, the whirr of darting motion, the instantaneous dive and onset which probes and jostles the flowers, and in the twinkling of an eye is gone again; in one same moment visitor and absentee, coincidence of advent and alibi.

The following bit is counted among her best by her chosen critic, because of its "singular felicity of phrase and an aerial lift that bears the ear upward with the bee it traces":

The nearest dream recedes unrealized.
The heaven we chase,
Like the June bee
Before the schoolboy,
Invites the race,
Stoops to an easy clover,
Dips—evades—teases—deploys—
Then to the royal clouds
Lifts his light primace,
Heedless of the boy
Staring bewildered at the mocking sky.

The half-sacred but wholly buoyant merriment, with which she drinks the sunlight and the air, exults in these characteristic verses:

I taste a liquor never brewed
From tankards scooped in pearl;
Not all the vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an alcohol!

Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling, through endless summer days,
From inns of molten blue.

When landlords turn the drunken bee
Out of the fox-glove's door,
When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more!

Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
And saints to windows run,
To see this little tippler
Leaning against the sun!

In her solemn and stately fancy Indian summer is the final sacrament of summer days, the rite of extreme unction to the season, a kind of last communion in the haze, while softly through the altered air hurries a timid leaf. And quickly after come the beclouded days, when

> The sky is low, the clouds are mean,
> A traveling flake of snow
> Across a barn or through a rut
> Debates if it will go;
> And a narrow wind complains all day
> How some one treated him.

In four lines she tersely sketches November's icy advent:

> A few incisive mornings,
> A few ascetic eves—
> Gone Mr. Bryant's goldenrod,
> And Mr. Thomson's sheaves.

She notes that there is no dread or pain in vegetation's end:

> Apparently with no surprise
> To any happy flower,
> The frost beheads it at its play
> In accidental power.
> The blond assassin passes on,
> The sun proceeds unmoved
> To measure off another day
> For an approving God.

She tells us how softly the summer sometimes departs:

> As imperceptibly as grief
> The summer lapsed away,
> Too imperceptible at last
> To seem like perfidy.
> And thus without a wing
> Or service of a keel,
> Our summer made her light escape
> Into the beautiful.

And this is her account of the dead summer's obsequies:

> It was a short procession—
> The bobolink was there,
> An aged bee addressed us,
> And then we knelt in prayer.
> We trust that she was willing;
> We ask that we may be.
> Summer, sister, seraph,
> Let us go with thee!
> In the name of the bee,
> And of the butterfly,
> And of the breeze. Amen!

Nature's wilder and rougher moods shook all her nerves and shocked her with a kind of awful pleasure. This is her "Thunderstorm":

The wind begun to rock the grass
With threatening tunes and low;
He flung a menace at the earth,
A menace at the sky.

The leaves unhooked themselves from trees
And started all abroad;
The dust did scoop itself like hands
And throw away the road.

The wagons quickened on the streets,
The thunder hurried slow;
The lightning showed a yellow beak
And then a livid claw.

The birds put up the bars to nests,
The cattle fled to barns;
There came one drop of giant rain,
And then, as if the hands

That held the dams had parted hold,
The waters wrecked the sky
That overlooked my father's house,
Just quartering a tree.

Not unlike this is another "Storm":

It sounded as if the streets were running,
And then the streets stood still.
Eclipse was all we could see at the window,
And awe was all we could feel.
By and by the boldest stole out of his covert,
To see if time was there.
Nature was in her beryl apron,
Mixing fresher air.

Religion in Emily Dickinson's poetry and letters fills a considerable space. Her childhood was under that regime of which Lowell said, "New England was all meetinghouse when I was growing up." The church and its services held a central place and dominated the life of the town. Interest in preaching was great. In womanhood she writes of her memories of the old meetinghouse where she used to fall "asleep with the bumblebees and the Lord God of Elijah." From Mount Holyoke Seminary the boarding-school miss of seventeen writes her brother: "Professor Smith preached here last Sabbath, and such sermons I never heard in my life. We were all charmed with him and dreaded to have him close."

From Amherst, at twenty-one, also, in a letter to Austin Dickinson: "We had such a splendid sermon from Professor Park: I never heard anything like it, and don't expect to again till we stand before the great white throne and he reads from the book, the Lamb's book. The students and chapel people all came to our church, and it was very full, and so still the buzzing of a fly would have boomed like a cannon. And when it was all over and that wonderful man sat down, people stared at each other, and looked wan and wild, as if they had seen a spirit, and wondered they had not died." The young woman of twenty-three one autumn Sunday afternoon wrote Dr. Holland and wife: "The minister to-day—not our own minister—preached about death and judgment, and what would become of those (meaning brother Austin and me) who behaved improperly; and, somehow, the sermon scared me, and father and Vinnie looked very solemn, as if the whole was true, and I would not for worlds have them know that it troubled me; but I longed to come to you and tell you all about it, and learn how to be better. He preached such an awful sermon, though, that I didn't much think I should ever see you again until the Judgment Day, and then you wouldn't speak to me, according to his story. The subject of perdition seemed to please him. It seems very solemn to me." One sermon about this time appears to have taken practical effect on this young woman, for on Monday morning she solemnly resolved she would be sensible, so she "wore thick shoes, and thought of Dr. Humphrey and the moral law." Another letter says: "The loveliest sermon I ever heard was about the disappointment of Jesus in Judas. It was told like a mortal story of intimate young men. I suppose no surprise we can have will be so sick as that one." One or two allusions make us think she heard some preaching about as dry and innutritious as that of O. W. Holmes's father, of whom one of his deacons said, "He fed us sawdust with a spoon." Occasionally we have a glimpse of the religious life of the village like this: "There is what is called an 'awakening' in the church, and I know of no choicer ecstasy than to see Mrs. —— roll out in crape every morning, I suppose to intimidate antichrist; at least it would have that effect on me." She did not always go to meeting; in the last twenty years of her life she went nowhere. Some time in those years she wrote:

> Some keep the Sabbath going to church;
> I keep it staying at home;
> With a bobolink for a chorister,
> And an orchard for a dome.

God preaches—a noted Clergyman—
And the sermon is never long;
So instead of getting to heaven at last,
I'm going all along.

Sometimes she criticises the preachers:

He preached upon "breadth" till it argued him narrow—
The broad are too broad to define—
And of "truth" until it proclaimed him a liar—
The truth never flaunted a sign.

Simplicity fled from his counterfeit presence
As gold the pyrites would shun.
What confusion would cover the innocent Jesus
To meet so enabled a man!

Her own religious life is indubitably real, and no more eccentric than the rest of her. Her mind is independent and her attitude fearless but deeply reverent. The girl of sixteen says: "I have perfect confidence in God and his promises, and yet I feel that the world holds a predominant place in my affections." The girl of twenty: "God is here, looking into my very soul to see if I think right thoughts. Yet I am not afraid, for I try to be right and good; and he knows every one of my struggles. He looks very glorious, and everything bright seems dull beside him; and I don't dare look directly at him for fear I shall die." Here is one of her struggles. She was disappointed in some dear wish by a duty which she was tempted to put aside for the sake of a pleasure, and she writes: "O, I struggled with great temptation, and it cost me much of denial; but in the end I conquered—not a glorious victory, where you hear the rolling drum, but a kind of helpless victory, with faintest music, weary soldiers, no waving flag nor long, loud shout. I have read of Christ's temptations, and how they were like our own, only he didn't sin. I wondered if one was like mine, and whether he got angry. I couldn't make up my mind; do you think he ever did? . . . What shall we do, my darling, when trial grows more and more, when the dim lone light expires, and it's dark, so very dark, and we wander and know not where, and cannot get out of the forest. Whose is the hand to help us and guide us forever? They talk of a 'Jesus of Nazareth'—will you tell me if it be he?"

At twenty-one she writes a schoolmate: "We are very small, A——. I think we grow still smaller—this tiny insect life the portal to another; it seems strange indeed. I'm afraid we are all unworthy, yet we shall 'enter in.'" And then follows this enigmatic confession: "The shore is safer, A——, but I love to buffet the sea. I can count

the bitter wrecks in these pleasant waters, but O, I love the danger! You are learning control and firmness. Christ Jesus will love you more. I'm afraid he don't love me any!" Speaking of her friends, she says: "I hope no change or time will blight these loves of ours. I would bear them all in my arms to my home in the glorious heaven and say, 'Here am I, my Father, and those whom thou hast given me.' If the life which is to come is better than dwelling here, and angels are there, and our friends are glorified, need we fear to go when spirits beyond await us?" She believed, she said, "the love of God could be so taught as not to seem like bears." Dr. Holland's prayer at family worship gave her a feeling of sunshine and warmth, and made her think "that God must be a *Friend;* that is a different God." Perhaps she was thinking of the prayers of some people who, as she described it, "address an eclipse, which they call father," meaning, we judge, that there seemed nothing near, direct, or intimate in it, no face-to-face communion. She was impressed that Dr. Holland was on simple, confiding, childlike terms with the Father in heaven. In a brilliant letter to Samuel Bowles (of the Springfield Republican) she refers to the somewhat oppressive stateliness of the resurrection life as described by the clergy, thus: "To the natural man bumblebees would seem an improvement, and a spicing of birds, but far be it from me to impugn such majestic tastes. Our pastor says we are a 'worm.' Do you think we shall 'see God'? Can you think of Abraham strolling with him in genial promenade?" "They say that God is everywhere, yet we always think of him as something of a recluse." Mrs. Bowles sent her one Christmas a little book containing selections from Theodore Parker. Emily, sending her thanks, adds: "I never read before anything that Mr. Parker wrote. I heard that he was 'poison.' I like this poison very well. Brother Austin stayed from service yesterday afternoon, and I found him reading my Christmas gift. I wish the 'faith of the fathers' didn't wear brogans and carry blue umbrellas." As life goes on she learns something of its tragedies, and sometimes doubt, like a mosquito, buzzes around her faith, but there is nowhere even a momentary approach to the feeling of poor Teufelsdröckh's words in Sartor Resartus: "I ended by living in a continual indefinite pining fear—tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I knew not what. It seemed as if all things in the heavens above and the earth beneath would hurt me; as if the heavens and the earth were but boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I, palpitating, lay waiting to be devoured."

Living a sheltered life, believing in good and not in evil, she had the fearlessness of an innocent child. The woman of forty tells Colonel Higginson: "When much in the woods, as a little girl, I was told that the snake would bite me, that I might pick a poisonous flower or goblins kidnap me; but I went along and met no one but angels, who were far shyer of me than I could be of them, so I haven't that confidence in fraud and expectation of evil which many exercise." She doesn't seem to be much troubled by the devil. She had been warned of his attacks, but writes her cousin: "I read in a tremendous Book about an 'enemy,' and armed a fort to scatter him away. The time has passed and years have come, and yet not any 'Satan.' I think he must be making war upon some other nation." She says her heart is a place "where the wicked cease from troubling." Sometimes without the least disposition to distrust, she wishes for greater certainty:

> This timid life of evidence keeps pleading "I don't know."
> The house of supposition,
> The glimmering frontier
> That skirts the acres of perhaps,
> To me shows insecure.

To Miss Whitney, an old friend, she writes: "You are like God. We pray to him, and he answers, 'No.' Then we pray to him to rescind the 'no,' and he don't answer at all. Yet 'Seek and ye shall find' is the boon of faith." She has spiritual certitudes enough. She is sure that when it is too late for man to help us it is early yet for God, and when creation is impotent we still have prayer, which

> Is the little implement
> Through which men reach
> Where presence is denied them.
> They fling their speech
> By means of it in God's ear;
> If, then, he hear,
> That sums the apparatus
> Comprised in prayer.

She cannot doubt the perpetuity of existence: "The only home we know is consciousness"; and "no vacillating God ignited this abode to put it out." One poem says:

> I cannot see my soul, but know 'tis there;
> Nor ever saw his house or furniture
> Who has invited me with him to dwell.

But she consults what raiment will honor him the most when she

becomes his guest, desiring to "be adequately dressed," to have the wedding garment on. Another poem has this similar utterance:

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

Some of her thoughts about heaven are given in a letter which the woman of twenty-six wrote on a summer Sunday evening: "Don't tell, dear Mrs. Holland, but, wicked as I am, I read my Bible, and in it as I read to-day, I found a verse like this, where friends should 'go no more out'; and there were 'no tears,' and I wished as I sat down to-night that we were *there*—not *here*—and that wonderful world had commenced, which makes such promises, and I were by your side, with the 'hundred and forty and four thousand' (chatting pleasantly, yet not disturbing us). And I'm half tempted to take my seat in that paradise of which the good man writes, and begin forever and ever *now*. My only sketch of heaven is a large, blue sky, bluer and larger than the *biggest* I have seen in June, and in it are my friends—all of them, every one of them—those who are with me now, and those who were 'parted' as we walked, and 'snatched up to heaven.' If roses had not faded, and frosts had never come, and one had not fallen here and another there whom I could not waken, there were no need of other heaven than this one below, and if God had been here this summer and seen the things I saw—I guess he would think his upper paradise superfluous. Don't tell him, though, for the world; for, after all he's said about it, I should like to see what he *was* building for us with no hammer, and no stone, and no journeyman either. Pardon my sanity, Mrs. Holland, in a world *in*sane, and love me if you will, for I had rather be loved than to be called a king in earth or a lord in heaven."

Patient submission and trust have place in various verses such as these:

I reason, earth is short,
And anguish absolute,
And many hurt;
But what of that?

I reason that in heaven,
Somehow, it will be even,
Some new equation given.

I shall know why, when time is over,
And I have ceased to wonder why;
Christ will explain each separate anguish
In the fair schoolroom of the sky.

He will tell me what Peter promised,
And I, for wonder at his woe,
I shall forget the drop of anguish
That scalds me now, that scalds me now.

Another day, in a naïve mixture of playfulness and trust, she intimates her willingness to have God keep the secrets of the skies till he sees fit to reveal them:

The skies can't keep their secret!
They tell it to the hills,
The hills just tell the orchards,
And they the daffodils.

A bird, by chance, that goes that way,
Soft overheard the whole.
If I should bribe that little bird,
Who knows but she would tell?

I think I won't, however;
It's finer not to know.
So keep your secret, Father!
I would not, if I could,
Know what the sapphire fellows do
In your new-fashioned world.

Here is the voice of holy aspiration. Among the flowers that turn their faces ever to the sun—daisies, sunflowers, heliotropes—she looks up to whom but God?—and says:

We are the flowers, Thou the sun!
Forgive us if as days decline
We nearer steal to thee!

In the lines prompted by the stories in the Book of Martyrs, beginning:

Read, sweet, how others strove,
Till we are stouter,

we have a glimpse of a strenuous spiritual life. And an intensity as of a hunted and helpless soul is in this abrupt, breathless, and exigent appeal:

At least to pray is left, is left.
O Jesus! In the air
I know not which thy chamber is—
I'm knocking everywhere.

Thou stirrest earthquake in the South,
And maelstrom in the sea;
Say, Jesus Christ of Nazareth,
Hast thou no arm for me?

She speaks of "that sheltering passage, 'who loved us and gave himself for us,'" and believes that death and resurrection will carry us past midnight, past the morning star, past sunrise to the day when we will be identified and know as we are known. At the end of our route Eternity waves a white flag, signaling us to come on, and from the excellent heaven "the face of our old neighbor, God," smiles hospitable welcome. We add three verses on "Immortality":

This world is not conclusion;
A sequel stands beyond,
Invisible as music,
But positive as sound.

It beckons and it baffles;
Philosophies don't know,
And through a riddle at the last
Sagacity must go.

To prove it puzzles scholars;
To gain it men have worn
Contempt of generations
And crucifixion borne.

If we had not her letters, but only her verses, some things in them would make us feel that, whatever else she may have been, a normal and healthy human being she surely was not. For one sign, she interviews grim things with unnatural composure. She would shake hands with a skeleton as calmly as if his hard fingers were soft and warm with flesh. In much that she wrote she is death's familiar. More than any writer we know her imagination visits among the buried people; she was unduly intimate with them, kept fancying how they were getting on through the moldy years down under the marble and under the sod, roomed with them, one might say, in their narrow apartments: and all this in a matter-of-fact sort of way without horror, as in dreams one sees and does the strangest things without any feeling of strangeness. She seems like a somnambulist in a churchyard, entering vaults and lying down on the shelves like a recumbent marble saint; and the unaccountable thing is that to her there is nothing ghastly or uncanny in all this. It is hard to keep from saying that it is not in woman nature to be so incapable of shudder and shiver; that in maidenhood or womanhood some accident befell this writer—somehow, somewhere, she must have had a

blow that tipped her so that her mind, while acute and preternaturally cool, was never quite plumb after that. Of all poets that ever wrote of death and the dead, none talked of them in such a way as she. She is not haunted by Poe's sense of "the dishonor of the grave," nor is there any "smell of the charnel house" in what she writes. Ruskin in his youth indulged in metrical effusions, most of them dating from Christ Church College, Oxford, and pervaded by weird thoughts and a grim churchyardy aspect. They were made into a little volume in 1850, a copy of which recently brought over two hundred dollars, in London. We speak heresy, but the truth: Emily Dickinson's are worth more than Ruskin's. Hers are not melancholy or gruesome. She has nothing to do with ghouls, goblins, and ghosts in graveyards, but only with the dear blessed buried people, whose lot she no way bewails. The tomb is a closet the sexton keeps the key to, where he puts up our bodies on the shelf, like quaint or broken porcelain cups discarded by the housewife. She thinks of the grave as a snug harbor from storms. Hear her:

> The clouds their backs together laid,
> The north began to push,
> The forests galloped till they fell,
> The lightning skipped like mice;
> The thunder crumbled like a stuff—
> How good to be safe in tombs,
> Where nature's temper cannot reach,
> Nor vengeance ever comes!

A similar thought is this:

> Some too fragile for winter winds
> The thoughtful grave incloses;
> Never the treasures in her nest
> The cautious grave exposes.

Who but Emily Dickinson would ever have written this?—

> I died for beauty, but was scarce
> Adjusted in the tomb
> When one who died for truth was laid
> In an adjoining room.
>
> He questioned softly why I failed.
> "For beauty," I replied.
> "And I for truth—the two are one—
> We brethren are," he said.
>
> And so as kinsmen met a-night,
> We talked between the rooms,
> Until the moss had reached our lips
> And covered up our names.

Who that has noticed the ineffably sweet submissiveness which smiles often on the faces of the dead can fail to feel the tender felicity of the phrase which speaks of them as "the meek members of the resurrection"? Toward some of them she (but not she alone) has thoughts of self-reproach, and knows the pang of offering appreciation too late:

I went to thank her, but she slept,
Her bed a funneled stone,
With nosegays at the head and foot,
That travelers had thrown
Who went to thank her;
But she slept.

Funeral and burials are sacred and lofty ceremonials to her. She feels the dignity of death and of that solemn pageant which moves along at the end of every life, so that none can pass pompless away; the lowliest career wending its way to that important day when the world will step deferentially aside to let the stately retinue go by to the inviolable keep and donjon under ground. She is half awestruck, half elated at the eclat of that short potential stir, that illustrious bustle each can make but once, when borne to the tomb at man's expense to be borne out of it by and by at God's. Witness this "Country Burial":

Ample make this bed.
Make this bed with awe;
In it wait till judgment break
The excellent and fair.

Be its mattress straight,
Be its pillow round;
Let no sunrise's yellow noise
Interrupt this ground.

Listen to the jubilance of this song over a funeral entering the cemetery:

As a train went through a burial gate,
A bird broke forth and sang,
And trilled, and quivered, and shook his throat
Till all the churchyard rang;
And then adjusted his little notes,
And bowed and sang again.
Doubtless he thought meet for him
To say good-by to men.

She cheers us with the reflection that time will still gurgle on, and morn will beam and noon will burn, and birds will build as early and bees will bustling go, when we as well as she have withdrawn from earthly enterprises and are gone:

'Tis sweet to know that stocks will stand
When we with daisies lie,
That commerce will continue
And trades as briskly fly.
It makes the parting tranquil
And keeps the soul serene,
That gentlemen as sprightly
Will conduct the pleasing scene.

Some of her verses anticipate her own death. Knowing it must come, she made her soul familiar with life's extremity:

That at the last it should not be
A novel agony;
But she and Death, acquainted,
Meet tranquilly as friends,
Salute and pass without a hint,
And there the matter ends.

When she had definitely read her own death sentence, and reviewed it to see that she made no mistake as to probable date and manner, she wrote:

I have not told my garden yet,
Lest that should conquer me;
I have not quite the strength now
To break it to the bee.

I will not name it in the street,
For shops would stare that I,
So shy, so very ignorant,
Should have the face to die.

The hillsides must not know it,
Where I have rambled so,
Nor tell the loving forests
The day that I shall go,

Nor lisp it at the table,
Nor heedless by the way
Hint that within the riddle
One will walk to-day.

So far as is known, she left few post-mortem requests, but here is one:

If I shouldn't be alive
When the robins come,
Give the one in red cravat
A memorial crumb.

If I couldn't thank you,
Being just asleep,
You will know I'm trying
With my granite lip!

Something almost majestic is in the dignified poise with which this wee woman fronts the most awful sublimities of time and eternity.

There is no fear in her. She says she is not afraid and shows it—not of life, since it is that which holds her in one or more existences at Deity's decree; nor of Death, since he is but the porter of her Father's lodge, or the hired man to let down the bars for the tired flocks to come in under the shepherd's care to the securest fold, their wanderings done, their bleatings at an end; nor of resurrection and its crown upon her brow, any more than the east is afraid to have the morning touch its forehead. A marble headstone is only "a Carrara guidepost." Her body is a "little Alban house," with windows shut down so close the spirit cannot see; but she expects to be let out "some gala day." Seeing a hint, a clue, in the chrysalis, and feeling in herself an aptitude for flight which would entitle even a worm presently to wide meadows and easy sweeps of sky, she exclaims:

> My cocoon is too tight for me,
> I'm feeling for the air;
> A dim capacity for wings
> Degrades the dress I wear.

The wonder is that with only her tiny feet for grappling irons she should have stayed so long like a captive balloon anchored to this earth. She had spiritual buoyancy enough to float her out of sight. Hear this:

> I never hear the word "escape"
> Without a quicker blood,
> A sudden expectation,
> A flying attitude.
>
> I never hear of prisons broad,
> By soldiers battered down,
> But I tug childish at my bars,
> Only to fail again.

Her thought is that the departing soul sets sail with exultation, puts to sea "past the houses, past the headlands," out to vast eternity; elate with "the divine intoxication of the first league out from land."

We are unaware that any other poet has written so much in detail of death and its accessories. She does not tell us of what small personage she wrote these lines:

> She died—this was the way she died:
> When all her breath was done,
> She took up her simple wardrobe
> And started for the sun.
> Her little figure at the gate
> The angels must have spied,
> Since I could never find her
> Upon this mortal side.

Nor does she tell us whose first death-anniversary she marked with these lines:

Went up a year this evening,
I recollect it well;
Cheerful as to the village,
Tranquil as to repose,
Chastened as to the chapel,
This humble tourist rose.
Did not talk of returning,
Alluded to no time
When, were the gales propitious,
We might look for him.

Nor does she hint whose dying it is she thus describes:

We waited while she passed;
It was a narrow time;
Too jostled were our souls to speak;
At length the notice came.

She mentioned and forgot;
Then lightly as a reed
Bent to the water, shivered scarce,
Consented, and was dead.

And we, we placed the hair,
And drew the head erect;
And then an awful leisure was
Our faith to regulate.

And then comes the hard necessary business of the next day:

The bustle in a house
The morning after death
Is solemnest of industries
Enacted upon earth;

The sweeping up the heart,
And putting love away
We shall not want to use again
Until eternity.

Emily Dickinson died in 1886 at the age of fifty-six. The funeral was tenderly conformed to her sensitive tastes. She abhorred a hearse; so her body was carried by human hands all the way to its resting place. It was not a heavy load. She hated to see a funeral passing along the noisy, inattentive, disrespectful public street; so the casket was not taken on the street, but was carried across lawns from one yard into the next till the cemetery was thus reached. And the slight, light body was laid to rest with "the meek members of the resurrection."

THE ARENA

WHAT IS THE AGE OF AN ANNUAL CONFERENCE?

This is not an idle question. Nor would it seem difficult of answer. Yet different answers have been given. The Discipline says (¶ 36), "The traveling preachers shall be organized by the General Conference into Annual Conferences." Is there any other body except the General Conference authorized to institute or form Annual Conferences? We know of none. In the early years of the church, it is true, matters were somewhat irregular. The undivided Methodist itineracy held many Conferences in various localities as the convenience of the preachers demanded, but no measure was passed until a majority of all had given it sanction. The first of these informal assemblies was convened by Thomas Rankin in Philadelphia, July 14, 1773, but that did not constitute it a Philadelphia Annual Conference. In the next eleven years seventeen Conferences were held, and up to 1792 there had been about forty. In that year one was held in New England, at Lynn, but there was no New England Conference formed at that time. There was a very memorable Conference in Baltimore at Christmas in 1784, when the M. E. Church was organized, but the Baltimore Annual Conference was not formed at that time. There was a Conference in New York city in 1788, but it would not be correct to say that the New York Annual Conference began its existence then. The two hundred Conferences, more or less, held prior to the General Conference of 1796 were District Conferences, so named in 1792, composed of several circuits, "not fewer than three nor more than twelve," the Discipline says. They had no special or exact and settled boundaries, and but loosely resembled the Annual Conference of the present day. Bodies by this name, with geographical titles and modern constituents, came first into being in 1796, when the General Conference ordained that the whole territory of the church should be divided into six parts, one yearly or Annual Conference to be held in each part. Their names were the New England, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Virginia, South Carolina, and Western. We need not give the boundaries which the General Conference laid down for these bodies thus first named and limited. We are not aware of any valid grounds on which it can be claimed that definite local Annual Conferences existed prior to this date. In 1800 a seventh Conference was formed, the New York, taken mainly from the territory which for the previous quadrennium had been called the New England, stretching from the Hudson to the Atlantic. In accordance, therefore, with what would appear manifest facts, the New York Conference dates its existence from 1800 and counts its last session the 110th. The New England Conference also dates its existence from 1796, but, inasmuch as no session was held that year subsequent to the General Conference in October, it reckons its last session the 113th. But the Philadelphia Conference counts its last session the 122d, and the Baltimore Conference counts its last session

the 125th. We do not understand this mode of reckoning. It seems to us that some member of one of those Conferences should explain on what grounds they consider it legitimate. By what process of reasoning can it be shown that the Baltimore Conference was formally and finally constituted in 1784, and the Philadelphia in 1787? To us it seems that they are precisely as old as the New England, and only four years earlier than the New York. This is not a matter of sentiment or imagination or local loyalty and pride, but of historic verity and plain mathematical reckoning. Which is right, the New York and New England calculation, or the Baltimore and Philadelphia? Let the church decide, when the arguments are all in.

JAMES MUDGE.

Malden, Massachusetts.

MOHAMMED OR CHRIST?

"A MUSSULMAN hates a pig as a Christian ought to hate sin," and a true Mussulman hates idolatry with a passion scarcely less intense. Springing up when Christianity had retrograded almost to the level of the idolatry from which its conquests had been made, God permitted the shrewd Mohammed to become a scourge among the idolatrous nations as he had permitted Nebuchadnezzar to purge the Jews of idolatry. Islam became supreme in western Asia, eastern Europe, and northern Africa, but its conquests and influence extended far beyond, even over all Asia. For more than a thousand years India has been one of its principal battle-grounds. Wave after wave of blood and fire has swept over this land, always accompanied by uncompromising hatred for idols and everywhere giving a fair conception of the true God. Possibly no religionist feels himself God-directed more than the Mussulman, and none has gone to greater trouble and endured more hardships of nature than its zealous preacher. He has accomplished wonders, and not by the sword only. High ideals, zealous life, earnest purpose—these have earned it an influence where the sword could not. When the final reckoning day shall come we may find that Mohammed held as great a commission as did the Roman Church in the darkest ages of the past. Both were to real Christianity as the dawn to the midday sun. But the dawn is not the sunlight. It permits us to see but dimly and with a false, distorted vision. Mohammedanism is not Christianity and never can be. It accepts Christ as prophet and patriarch and even as the greatest, placing him above Abraham and Moses and every name revered by Jews and Mohammedans alike, but it denies his divinity and gives him no place in God's plan of salvation. Mohammedan India would be no better than Mohammedan Turkey or Morocco. If Christianity is to take India's millions, it must wrest them not from Hinduism but from Mohammedanism. Hinduism cannot bear the light of literature, science, and invention. It has within itself a thousand seeds of decay and can hold seriously to none of the tenets of the past; all is changing, and changing to belief in *one God* or belief in *no God*. The Hinduism of to-day is hardly the same we fought twenty years ago, and is not what we shall meet a decade hence. It is fighting a running, a

losing battle, and is compelled to hunt new and shrewd apologies for its every tenet of belief. It has three goals ahead: infidelity, Mohammedanism, Christianity—and its best votaries cannot yet say where it will pitch its latest tent. Can you? You are a factor in the right solution of this important question. For India, shall it be Mohammed or Christ?

Let me tell you something of the battle from my own viewpoint. Twenty-five years of service should give me some experience worthy of the consideration of the great church which sent and keeps me here. I speak of things within the border of Gonda and Bahraich—my own district. Most other missionaries of India can write similarly of their fields. At Bahraich every year about the first of June there is held a great religious fair, strictly Mohammedan in its history and nature. Government official reports say that an average of one hundred thousand pilgrims attend it. I have been there twice with at least half of my staff of workers, preaching to the multitudes. The Mohammedan history of the place goes back almost a thousand years. Mahmud of Ghazni was one of the earliest and greatest of Mohammedan conquerors who made all India tremble. His nephew, Saiyad Salar, at the age of sixteen, started out to complete the conquest. He went eastward, destroying idols and idolaters as he went. As he entered Bahraich he noticed a temple and an image dedicated to the sun and, as he looked, said, "I want this spot for my dwelling, and through the power of the spiritual sun I will destroy the worship of this created sun." Shortly after, a confederation of Hindu nobles attacked and killed him. He was buried on the spot where he said he would make his dwelling and he passed forthwith into the catalogue of Mohammedan saints, while his army continued to hold Bahraich. Some years later Zohra Bibi, the virgin daughter of a great Mohammedan noble, went to his grave and worshiped. She is said to have been blind and to have recovered her sight here. In thankfulness she spent a great sum of money erecting a worthy mausoleum over the remains of the saint, and built another near by, where she directed that she should be buried. She died shortly after, still young and a virgin. Later the emperor Firiz made pilgrimages to the spot and added to the buildings as well as to its fame as a place of miracles. So it has become a great shrine and every class of legend concerning miracles clusters around it. One legend declares that Zohra Bibi is to be the bride of Saiyad Salar in Firdaus (paradise) and the devotees bring bridal gifts yearly and, carrying fantastic banners, celebrate the story in song as they march along, sometimes hundreds of miles, to share in the joys of the annual fair. Others bring of produce of field or labor as thank offering for benefits expected from their visit to the tomb of the saint. A third class of offering is to throw coins at the pinnacle of the tomb. Whoever hits the gilded shaft surmounting the dome is in for a remarkable flow of good fortune. I stood on the dome and saw the money fall as the pilgrims shied it at the luck-giving golden pinnacle. During the fair there are several hundred dollars a day thrown on this roof. Some throw *kauri* shells valued at one-ninetieth of a cent—these were the small-change class of givers, but wanted full benefits. Then came the groups carrying

great flags on staffs and singing Zohra Bibi's praises. They tied little bags of offerings to the top of each staff and tried to reach the pinnacle of the shaft thus. The appointed agents of the fair relieved the staffs of their treasure burden. Thus several thousand dollars are offered, and the people's joy is unconfined. Those who have found favor or are too tired to carry their burdens home leave flag and staff at the fair—these are then sold for the benefit of the place. Enough bamboos for many buildings are thus secured, which means a good income. Banners too are left.

Thus far it might seem to an observer only an outbreak of Oriental joy and praise such as David led when he danced before the ark. The sound of trumpet, psaltery, cymbals, and all the instruments David noted in the last psalm, together with hundreds of other instruments of later invention, even to the phonograph, are in evidence throughout the day, and general cheer pervades the place. But there is a sadder side. Passing around one wall, I found crowds of sore-eyed and blind struggling to get to the tomb to seek for healing. A great well sends a stream of water through ditches provided for the purpose, and behind the temple, where this water emerges, a crowd of lepers stand in the mud and filth praying that the healing virtues of the saint may be available for them also, as they are said to have been for many a leper in the past. O the stench and the sickening sight! My stomach so revolted that I can hardly venture there again, and my heart was so sore at this desecration of every element of true religion that I felt depressed for weeks. Lepers, hundreds of them in every stage, at this ditch of buried hopes, begging by the wayside, and far, far away too weak to make the journey, falling by the way, but all longing for the cure and relying on the touch of the tomb.

But to me there is a still sadder element, namely, the one which illustrates my point in telling of this fair. It is this: of the vast throng that gather at the fair and worship most earnestly more than half are Hindus and not Mussulmans at all. They have exhausted every hope of salvation in the multitudinous rites of their own faith. It has not satisfied; they doubt its efficacy, and in the fear that they may miss salvation by not doing as their Mohammedan neighbors do, they hold to their own and join in all the rites of their neighbors as well—but with a different spirit. The Mussulman does not worship the tomb and the things clustered around it any more than we worship the pulpit, the altar, its trappings, or the elements served there. But the ignorant Hindu, that crowds and fights his way to this Mohammedan shrine, *worships everything in sight*. Thus Hindus are gradually subscribing to the creed of the Arabian apostle, and their children will be more rigid in it. If they get Mohammedan training, they will be further away—perhaps ages further away—from Christ than they are as Hindus. There is nothing in Hinduism to satisfy, but the positivism of Mohammedanism and many of its really excellent tenets do somewhat satisfy.

A generation ago it was far different. Christianity had a far better chance to take hold on this people than it has to-day. While the church

slept the enemy sowed tares. Let me give my latest observation. Twenty-two years ago Methodism was thrilled by reports that hundreds of a certain people had been baptized by the Rev. S. Knowles, and hundreds more were ready. Whole villages received baptism. They were a simple-minded, aboriginal people, as honest as sunlight, scorning a lie as a Christian ought. Even government records gave publicity to these traits, saying, "In character they are honest, brave, great hunters, and good cultivators." Brother Knowles exhausted every means to get good teachers to go to live among them, but there were none. Theirs is a so-called deadly jungle, and no one would live there. These people found the promises of the missionaries unfulfilled; wolves got among them and scattered them. Still some held to Christ, but ground was lost. The care of this people now falls to me, and slowly they seem to be inclining toward us. Some of them called us "our own Sahibs." For our first two years they fled from us as deer from a hunter, but this year they were friendly, and many even joined in our worship. But a few Mussulmans have gone to live in that deadly place where Christians feared to go. After the simple folk had joined the second day in worship with us, the Moharram, the greatest Mohammedan festival, came on with its tinsel decorations, singing, and much beating of drums and clanging of cymbals. And the people who had sat in worship with us were following in the procession of the several Mussulmans, and their sons were beating the drums and their daughters and wives were wailing the funeral dirges of the martyred saints which the Moharram celebrates—and the whole scene seemed to appeal to them.

Friends, I have not been sadder since I came to India, twenty-five years ago, than I was that day. We had promised them a song service, and when we went to our appointment, we found these Mussulmans in possession holding a service in memory of their saints; and yet these people had been Christians, starting aright, but left too much to themselves when retrenchment began and cut off one third of North India's appropriations! O Church of God, awake to this situation before it become too late! O for a missionary farmer to live among these people seven months in a year!—safe months. I see no other way to regain lost ground. Christian laymen, come and investigate our opportunities and make the church respond before it is late—too late!

NOBLE LEE ROCKEY.

Gonda, India.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE LIMITATIONS OF PUBLIC ADDRESS

ONE of the most beautiful eulogies in the matter of speech, whether public or private, was that pronounced upon Benjamin Franklin: "He never spoke a word too little, he never spoke a word too much; he never spoke a word too soon, he never spoke a word too late; he never failed to speak the right word at the right season." Many rules are laid down in the department of oratory or public address as to the mode of preparation, the substance of the discourse, and the time to be occupied in its delivery; but, after all, it must be a matter of individual taste and of keen discrimination as to the proprieties and purposes of the occasion. Speakers have various duties to perform. Sometimes they have to preside over public exercises, to introduce speakers, to respond to addresses, and at other times to give formal lectures, to plead at the bar, and to preach sermons, and to do many other things.

A few years ago a presiding officer at a great public meeting introduced the President of the United States. It was an occasion when some eulogistic comment on the chief magistrate of the nation would naturally be expected. Instead of that he rose and simply said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the President." That was enough. He could not have said more in an hour. Indeed, in the announcement, "The President," he had said all that was to be said. The audience were supposed to know their president, not only his position, but the characteristics, the ability, and the achievements which had led to his election to his high office. The presiding officer had left these things to be supplied by their own knowledge and imagination, and he was not mistaken. Indeed, the omission of the formal eulogy was itself the highest eulogy. The simplicity and fitness of the introduction were commented upon by the public press as extremely felicitous.

Not long ago a great public reception was given in Ohio to the Wright brothers, in recognition of their marvelous achievements in aerial navigation. The exercises consisted of parades, music, and addresses. The governor of the State made an address on behalf of the commonwealth. The exercises were a worthy expression of the popular pride in the genius and public services of these two brothers who have done so much in their chosen field. One part of the program was the reply of the Wright brothers to the honor so generously bestowed upon them by their fellow citizens. It would have been expected that they should express their appreciation at some length, and perhaps take the occasion to give the history of their experiments, and of the prospects and utility of their particular enterprise. Not so. According to the press the brothers arose in turn and quietly said, "We thank you," and went back to their factory and to their labors. If some of the audience were disappointed, we are

confident that the great multitude were proud of these students of science who were doing so much for the advancement of human knowledge and human welfare. A London daily paper referred to it as "A Three-Word Speech." Its unusual character caused the speech to be cabled across the sea. It is a fresh illustration of the fact that men live in deeds, not words. What the workers in every department of human progress have done, and not what they have said, will be their passport to fame. Here again we have an address very much out of the ordinary from such an occasion, and yet its very simplicity and brevity showed the wisdom and singleness of purpose of the speakers. Their genius was only surpassed by their modesty.

Some of the most notable speeches in history have been very brief. We have recently been celebrating the centennial of the nation's martyr president, Abraham Lincoln, "the first American." Mr. Lincoln had made many great addresses. His campaign with Douglas became famous, but the speech which has been printed everywhere, and which has been called one of the three great speeches of history, was his immortal address at Gettysburg. Historians tell us that he supposed his speech was a failure, but the best judges have declared that on that occasion he won immortal laurels. That great address did not occupy more than fifteen minutes in its delivery. It does not take long to do a great thing when the man is there who is prepared to do it, and when the fitting occasion arises. It did not take long to acquire the Philippine Islands for the United States. Admiral Dewey and his ships were there. He had the ability and knew the opportune moment, and without the loss of a single life the work was done. So a speech of immense importance to the world, such as Lincoln's, need only occupy a few minutes.

The instances above referred to, however, are quite exceptional, because the circumstances were extraordinary. They may not be cited as authoritative examples in ordinary public address. Their effectiveness in part was due to their infrequency. If they were the fashion, their force would disappear. The time limit, however, may be considered in reference to ordinary addresses, such as sermons and lectures. These are regular functions and must be regulated as to their length largely by circumstances and by custom. Lectures and sermons have their recognized length, which cannot be arbitrarily changed by the speaker. It is a very rare occasion when a lecture should exceed an hour or a sermon should exceed forty minutes. As a rule, they would often be more effective if they were shorter. One of the foremost preachers of his time rarely if ever preached more than half an hour. On the other hand some of the greatest preachers of the world have occupied an hour or more, greatly to the interest and profit of the people. These, however, are rare men, and should not be examples for those in ordinary circumstances. It is doubtful whether in this period of our church history the same persons could hold the attention of their congregations by sermons of that length. The time limitation of sermons may also be considered in reference to the age of the speaker. It is safe to say that a preacher should diminish rather than increase the length of his sermons as he grows older. The

audience cannot always appreciate, as they ought, the fact that his discourses are more mature. A new form of address has arisen to which he cannot without the loss of his own personality conform. It is fitting that he conform his sermons, at least in point of length, to the customs of his time. It would not be possible for anyone, as already indicated, however able and eloquent, to preach sermons as long as the fathers preached a hundred years ago to the satisfaction of his congregation, and neither the old nor the young minister of to-day should attempt it. If he should do so, he would soon address empty pews. In some of our metropolitan churches a sermon more than half an hour in length would be regarded as excessive, and in those churches which have an extended ritual they are shorter than that. It is impossible, therefore, to lay down rules which should apply in all cases. Two things are essential qualities in the public speaker if he would have the highest success. He should have a delicate appreciation of circumstances and conditions. This is largely innate; it is almost instinctive. It may be cultivated in a measure, but the delicate appreciation of the necessities of various occasions is like the true poet's gift—"born, not made." The writer once heard one of the foremost preachers of his time on a great occasion, when introducing a distinguished guest, perpetrate a glaring blunder, which was undoubtedly felt to be such by the majority of the large audience, through his failure to appreciate the attendant circumstances and conditions. This keen sense of the fitness of things is a high quality in one who is called to exercise executive functions and to confront delicate situations. To be at once courteous and truthful, never to sacrifice the right, and yet never to give just cause of offense, to direct important occasions successfully without obtruding one's own personality, to be always candid and truthful and yet meet every requirement of the social amenities, is a high gift and one greatly to be desired in the public speaker.

Another quality, very important, as to the limitations in public address, is for the speaker to know when he is done, and to appreciate the fact that an audience may get weary even in listening to an excellent and eloquent discourse. Excessive amplification of a point is undesirable and unnecessary in this rapidly moving age. A statement clearly presented and forcibly put is at once understood, and too much enlargement is calculated to diminish its force. To pass rapidly from one point to another after each point has been clearly elucidated is a strong element in holding attention. It is also the mark of an effective speaker that he knows instinctively when he has produced the impression he desires to make upon his audience. Every sermon should have a purpose, and the speaker should not think of himself but of his audience; and when he believes that he has accomplished the purpose of his discourse he will do well to close his discourse, whether he has said all that he originally intended to say or not. It not unfrequently happens that after the sermon has accomplished its object, the speaker proceeds until the impression has largely vanished, and the hearers are left cold and listless.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE NESTORIAN TABLET OF LIANFU

Those who have carefully studied Syrian church history are aware that Nestorian missionaries introduced Christianity into China at the beginning of the sixth century of our era, where it exerted great influence for several centuries. It is not exactly known when the Nestorians ceased to be a religious force in China, but very little is known of them after A. D. 1300. It was in A. D. 635 that Olopun arrived in Chang-an and was kindly received by the emperor and his ministers. Marco Polo, who visited parts of the Chinese empire in the ninth century, bears testimony to the presence and influence of the Nestorians in several provinces, especially in Lianfu, the capital of Shenshi. It is also generally admitted that when the Catholic Church sent missionaries to China these too found Nestorian congregations and Chinese communities acquainted with the Nestorian type of Christianity. These early missionaries from Syria left a lasting monument of their presence and success in Shenshi and the adjoining provinces. We refer to the famous stone pillar erected by them in A. D. 781, and but recently, as we shall see, brought into special prominence. The date of this greatest of all Christian monuments in China is fixed beyond a reasonable doubt by both the Chinese and Syrian inscriptions on the stone, and published in a recent number of The Open Court. We read at the end of the long inscription the following in Chinese:

> This was erected in the second year of Kienchung, of the Tang dynasty (A. D. 781), on the seventh day of the first month, being Sunday. Written by Lu Liü-yen, secretary to Council, formerly military superintendent for Taichau; while the bishop Xing-shu had the charge of the congregations of the Illustrious [Christian] in the East.

Then farther down in Syriac occurs the following:

> In the year of the Greeks, 1092, the Lord Jazedbuzid, Priest and Vicar-episcopal of Cumdan the royal city, son of the enlightened Mailas, Priest of Balack a city of Turkestan, set up this tablet, whereon is inscribed the Dispensation of our Redeemer, and the preaching of the apostolic missionaries to the King of China.

It is a well-known fact that the Syrian church dated by the era of Seleucus B. C. 312. If this number is deducted from 1092, we have 781, the same date as that given by the Chinese inscription above. The tablet, ten feet high, weighing about two tons, has about two thousand Chinese characters as well as the Syrian translation of the same. It seems that the tablet remained in obscurity for several centuries and its presence was but little known previous to 1625, when accidentally discovered by some Chinese laborers. Here it might be stated that this precious piece of church history was erected with several other monuments of minor importance on the sacred grounds, in the rear of an old Buddhist temple.

From 1625 to the present time occasional reference has been made by travelers to the Nestorian Stone of Lianfu. It has been photographed and described often, and the inscription has been translated into several languages with more or less fidelity. The best translation, according to those able to express an opinion, is that by Dr. A. Wylie, of the London Missionary Society, and published years ago in several places, among others in Professor S. Wells Williams's Middle Kingdom. In these days of archæological activity and exploration it seems almost incredible that so valuable a monument was left for so long a time undisturbed in a distant Chinese province, without any effort on the part of any society or museum to possess it. To Mr. Fritz V. Holm, a Danish traveler, belongs the glory of making this most ancient of China's monuments regarding the Christian religion generally known. He had for years made a special study of "things Chinese." Knowing the value of this ancient tablet, it was but natural that he should try to gain possession of it in order to preserve it in some great museum. It was a thing to be expected that the Chinese authorities should not willingly part with so rare a treasure. Mr. Holm, having failed to purchase the stone, did the next best thing, he secured an exact replica, which, when finished by skilled Chinese stonecutters, was carted over three hundred and fifty miles to the nearest railroad station, Chengchow, and thence moved by water to Shanghai and finally to New York, where it was deposited in the Metropolitan Museum. The original stone was lately transferred by the Chinese government to the "Peilin," the so-called forest of tablets, where it will receive the same kind of care as if in a museum of this or any European country.

Mr. Holm, in a paper sent to the Fifteenth International Congress of Orientalists at Copenhagen, August 19, 1908, describing this reproduction, says: "The replica is one of the most beautiful pieces of Chinese workmanship I have ever seen. In the first place, there is not a measure, not a character, not a detail that differs from the original tablet—even the weight is the same. In the second place this piece of art was executed by four native stonecutters in eleven days, including polishing, after the huge slab had been brought from the Fuping quarries to Siam. In the third place, the Chinese artisans have been able to accomplish the miracle of carving a cross and chiseling the Syriac characters, which they did, of course, not know, to absolute perfection." We can do no better than give a portion of this oldest Chinese Christian document:

Behold the unchangeably true and invisible, who existed through all eternity without origin; the far seeing perfect intelligence, whose mysterious existence is everlasting; operating on primordial substance, he created the universe, being more excellent than all holy intelligences, inasmuch that he is the source of all that is honorable. This is our eternal true Lord, triune and mysterious in substance. He appointed the cross as the means for determining the four cardinal points, he moved the original spirit, and produced the four principles of nature; the somber void was changed, and heaven and earth were opened out; the sun and moon revolved, and day and night commenced; having perfected all inferior objects, he then made the first man, upon whom he bestowed an excellent disposition, giving him in charge the government of all created beings; man, acting out the original principles of

his nature, was pure and unostentatious; his unsullied and expansive mind was free from the least inordinate desire, until Satan introduced the seeds of falsehood, to deteriorate his purity of principle; the opening thus commenced in his virtue gradually enlarged, and by this the crevice in his nature was obscured and rendered vicious; hence three hundred and sixty-five sects followed each other in continuous track, inventing every species of doctrinal complexity; while some pointed to material objects as the source of their faith, others reduced all to vacancy, even to the annihilation of the two primeval principles; some sought to call down blessings by prayers and supplications, while others by an assumption of excellence held themselves up as superior to their fellows; their intellects and thoughts continually wavering, their minds and affections incessantly on the move, they never obtained their vast desires, but being exhausted and distressed they revolved in their own heated atmosphere till by an accumulation of obscurity they lost their path, and after long groping in darkness they were unable to return. Thereupon, our Trinity being divided in nature, the illustrious and honorable Messiah, veiling his true dignity, appeared in the world as a man; angelic powers promulgated the glad tidings, a virgin gave birth to the Holy One in Syria; a bright star announced the felicitous event, and Persians [Po-sz, perhaps Parsees], observing the splendor, came to present tribute; the ancient dispensation, as declared by the twenty-four holy men [the writers of the Old Testament], was then fulfilled, and he laid down great principles for the government of families and kingdoms; he established the new religion of the silent operation of the pure spirit of the Triune; he rendered virtue subservient to direct faith; he fixed the extent of the eight boundaries [the beatitudes?], thus completing the truth and freeing it from dross; he opened the gate of the three constant principles [perhaps, faith, hope, and charity], introducing life and destroying death; he suspended the bright sun to invade the chambers of darkness, and the falsehoods of the devil were thereupon defeated; he set in motion the vessel of mercy by which to ascend to the bright mansions, whereupon rational beings were then released; having thus completed the manifestation of his power, in clear day he ascended to his true station. Twenty-seven sacred books have been left which disseminate intelligence by unfolding the original transforming principles. By the rule for admission, it is the custom to apply the water of baptism, to wash away all artificial show and to cleanse and purify the neophytes. As a seal, they hold the cross, whose influence is reflected in every direction, uniting all without distinction. As they strike the wood, the fame of their benevolence is diffused abroad; worshiping toward the east, they hasten on their way to life and glory; they preserve the beard to symbolize their outward actions, they shave the crown to indicate the absence of inward affections; they do not keep slaves, but put noble and mean all on an equality; they do not amass wealth, but cast all their property into the common stock; they fast, in order to perfect themselves by self-inspection; they submit to restraints, in order to strengthen themselves by silent watchfulness; seven times a day they have worship for the benefit of the living and the dead; once in seven days they sacrifice, to cleanse the heart and to return to purity.

It is difficult to find a name to express the excellence of the true and unchangeable doctrine; but as its meritorious operations are manifestly displayed, by accommodation it is named the Illustrious Religion. Now, without holy men, principles cannot become expanded; without principles, holy men cannot become magnified; but with holy men and right principles, united as the two parts of a signet, the world becomes civilized and enlightened.

Here follows a brief account of the founding of Christianity in China under Emperor Taiksing A. D. 635. It was then that the "Most virtuous Olopun" with a company of "holy men" brought the New Testament to China, which was translated into the language of the country by order of the emperor, who, in the seventh month of the year 638, issued the following imperial proclamation:

Right principles have no invariable name, holy men have no invariable station; instruction is established in accordance with the locality, with the object of benefiting the people at large. The Greatly-virtuous Olopun, of the kingdom of Syria, has brought his sacred books and images from that distant part, and has presented them at our chief capital. Having examined the principles of this religion, we find them to be purely excellent and natural: investigating its originating source, we find it has taken its rise from the establishment of important truths; its ritual is free from perplexing expressions, its principles will survive when the frame-work is forgotten; it is beneficial to all creatures; it is advantageous to mankind. Let it be published throughout the empire, and let the proper authority build a Syrian church in the capital I-ning May, which shall be governed by twenty-one priests. When the virtue of the Chau dynasty declined, the rider on the azure ox ascended to the west; the principles of the great Tang becoming resplendent, the Illustrious breezes have come to fan the East.

Here follows an unimportant glorification of the emperor, whose image or portrait was placed on the wall of the newly built church. We are told that the dazzling splendor of this celestial visage irradiated the illustrious portals of the sanctuary and shed a perpetual splendor over the holy precincts, and also that prosperity covered the entire country in consequence of the teachings of the new religion, and continued to grow under the next reign. Let us again quote from the tablet:

The Emperor Kantsung respectfully succeeded his ancestor, and was still more beneficent toward the institution of truth. In every province he caused illustrious churches to be erected, and ratified the honor conferred upon Olopun, making him the great conservator of doctrine for the preservation of the state. While this doctrine pervaded every channel, the state became enriched and tranquillity abounded. Every city was full of churches, and the royal family enjoyed luster and happiness. In A. D. 699 the Buddhists, gaining power, raised their voices in the eastern metropolis [Tungchau]; in the year 713 some low fellows excited ridicule and spread slanders in the western capital. At that time there was the chief priest Lohan, the Greatly-virtuous Kie-leih, and other of noble estate from the golden regions, lofty-minded priests, having abandoned all worldly interests, who unitedly maintained the grand principles and preserved them entire to the end.

The high-principled Emperor Hiuen-sung caused the Prince of Ning and others, five princes in all, personally to visit the felicitous edifice; he established the place of worship; he restored the consecrated timbers which had been temporarily thrown down, and reërected the sacred stones which for a time had been desecrated.

The tablet contains much more and closes with an ode of about sixty verses. It is too lengthy to be reproduced in full. We have, however, given the best part of it, namely, that pertaining to doctrine and practice.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME RECENT CALVIN LITERATURE

THE quadricentennial of Calvin's birth has been celebrated by the Protestant—especially the Reformed—churches of all countries. Confining our view to the continent of Europe, we note various incidents of interest and significance. There is a movement looking toward a new critical edition of Calvin's works. Here and there new stipendiums have been established for students of Reformed theology. A *Predigerseminar* in Elberfeld has received the gift of a fine library specially rich in the history of the Reformed churches. In many universities the Calvin jubilee was specially observed by orations by the professors and by the granting of honorary degrees. In Geneva, of course, the celebration was especially interesting and important. For in his lifetime Geneva was in a peculiar sense the city of Calvin and, in spite of all the changes of the intervening centuries, the impress of his personality upon it is indelible. Besides, its university in celebrating Calvin celebrates its own founder, and that upon the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the academy, which in 1873 became a full university. The Calvin jubilee has also had an important place in the programs of many pastoral conferences and similar gatherings. But the most significant fruit of the jubilee consists, doubtless, in the excellent literature that it has called forth. Many interesting and even weighty contributions to the Calvin literature are to be found in various periodical publications. Of unusual interest is the "Calvin number" of the *Christliche Welt*, with contributions by more than a dozen well-known theologians. Brieger writes on "The Significance of Calvin for the Protestantism of the Sixteenth Century"; Kaltenbusch on "The Most Important Element in Calvin's Doctrine"; Jülicher on "Calvin as Expounder of Scripture"; Benrath on "Calvin in Ferrara"; Lobstein and J. Ficker on Calvin's relation to Strassburg; Troeltsch on "Calvinism and Lutheranism." Other interesting articles are by M. Schulze, Sell, Wernle, Holl, G. Ficker, Simons, and Häring. But the *Christliche Welt*, though offering thus a peculiarly excellent symposium, does not stand alone among church periodicals in worthily treating the great subject. Of still greater importance, however, are the various books and pamphlets that have been called forth by the Calvin quadricentennial.

The biography of Calvin by Kampschulte is acknowledged to be the most thorough of German works of its class. Unfortunately, however, the learned author died without writing the last of the three volumes intended. The most important, however, of all biographies of Calvin is that by Emile Doumergue, professor in Montauban: *Jean Calvin, Les hommes et les choses de son temps* (John Calvin, the Men and the Affairs of His Time), Lausanne, G. Bridel & Cie. But here again the work is as yet

incomplete. It is designed to be completed in five volumes, of which but three have already appeared (in the years 1899, 1902, and 1905). While it is to be deplored that Doumergue could not finish his work in this year of the great anniversary, many persons will be glad of the timely publication by the same scholar of a work on the portraiture of Calvin, *L'Iconographie Calvinienne*, in which nearly seventy portraits of Calvin are reproduced. It is the opinion of competent judges that the most familiar reproductions of unsatisfactory originals have contributed not a little to the popular disfavor toward Calvin's personality, and that this collection of portraits will, doubtless, tend to set him in a more favorable light. And what is true of the "iconography" of Calvin is, doubtless, true of the portraiture of his personal life and character. The better the man is known, the more he is respected and the better he is liked. Passing by without special mention several Calvin biographies which, doubtless, have real merit—as those by Bossert (French, also German), Conrad, Diener-Wyss, P. Paulsen, and others—we would call attention to three or four works that have received special praise. A. Baur has contributed a biographical sketch of Calvin to Schiele's *Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher* (48 pp., price 50 pf.). The soundness of the booklet is acknowledged, but it is regarded as too compressed to give the most lively impression. Bernhard Bess, librarian in Halle, has written a sketch of Calvin for the collective work of which he is editor, *Unsere religiöse Erzieher*. Within about the same compass he shows more original research and a deeper historical understanding than Baur. But among the briefer biographies that by August Lang, a Reformed preacher and (secondarily) *privatdocent* in Halle, has received the greatest praise. In recognition of the excellence of this book of only 222 pages, the University of Geneva created its author a doctor of theology *honoris causa*, as did also the University of Halle, where he was also made titular professor. No recent work on Calvin, however, has been more gratefully received than a work in two volumes entitled *Johannes Calvins Lebenswerk in seinen Briefen. Eine Auswahl*, etc., *in deutscher Uebersetzung* von Rudolf Schwarz, to which Professor Wernle has contributed an interesting introduction. This excellent selection from Calvin's vast and highly important correspondence is well fitted to give the clearest insight into the spirit and lifework of the great reformer. We would in conclusion call attention to the fact that the Revell Company has published a collection of four studies on "Calvin and the Reformation," by Dr. B. B. Warfield, Dr. Herman Bavinck (a distinguished Reformed theologian of Holland), August Lang (whose work we have noticed above), and Emile Doumergue.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

President Faunce, of Brown University, says truly that G. K. Chesterton has, by his novel, unique, and paradoxical way of putting old truths, set this generation thinking. In the Hibbert Journal (London and Boston) for July, Chesterton and Professor J. H. Moulton make reply to Mr. Roberts's recent attack on Jesus. One of Roberts's arguments was put in this simple form: "If Jesus was God, he knew that the people's belief in diabolic obsession was an error." To this Chesterton replies: "Mr. Roberts does not seem to see that this rather transfers the discussion from the question of whether Jesus was God to the question of whether Mr. Roberts is God—a question into which I have far too much delicacy to enter. But I think a man might be a little more modest than to begin two or three sentences with, 'If he was God, he knew that ——', and then add all his own private opinions or all the most ephemeral prejudices of his season and his set. How, may I ask, does Mr. Roberts know exactly what God thinks about diabolic possession? To understand men or the most ordinary life is mystery enough for most of us; and here is an enlightened gentleman who not only knows about God, but knows God's private opinion upon the mystery of evil. One would think that the meditations of the Omniscient upon the subject of devils might reasonably be left undisturbed. But since the indiscretion has already been committed, and Mr. Roberts is in possession of the divine view of the relations between moral evil and animal torture, I suggest that he should tell us at once what they are, instead of taking, with this mistaken shyness, the indirect method of attacking Jesus of Nazareth. Who hath laid the measure thereof, declare since thou knowest? or, who hath stretched the line upon it? Have the gates of death been open to thee, or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death? What is pain? What are devils? What is the relation between the body and the soul, between the soul and the other souls outside it? Do Mr. Roberts and I know so much about any of these things that we should say that there is no such thing as diabolic possession? Is there any particular logic in denying that the Son of God might cast our devils out, merely because most modern doctors are obliged to leave them in? But Mr. Roberts is hardly enough of a Catholic to be an agnostic; and it may be that this sort of intellectual humility appears to him merely hazy and remote. I will appeal to him upon a side on which I am sure he is sensitive. I will point out to him that he is decidedly behind the times. He is by no means modern. Psychological science in our time has come uncomfortably near to a belief in the casting out of devils. Dual personality is surely something uncommonly like diabolic possession; it seems only to resolve itself into a delicate problem of which person should be thrown out. Moreover (and this is yet more important), if you had asked any of the manly old freethinkers, Tom Paine or Diderot, to believe in dual personality, they would have told you that they would just as soon, while they were

about it, believe in diabolical possession. In the very issue of the Hibbert Journal in which Mr. Roberts takes it for granted that God Almighty is an early Victorian rationalist, there are no less than three articles dealing with psychical marvels which all the early Victorian rationalists would have classed with the Cock-Lane ghost. And America is already roaring with a new religion which maintains not only that this or that disease might be a devil, but that all disease is one vast devil—a universal diabolic possession. Surely Mr. Roberts might be induced to wait a little while before he deprives his Christ of the only body and the only biography which that being ever possessed. In conclusion, it is my business, I suppose, to put very briefly my sentiment on the whole subject. I will put it thus. If I take it for granted that Jesus of Nazareth was one of the ordinary teachers of men, then I find him splendid and suggestive indeed, but full of riddles and outrageous demands, by no means so workable and everyday an adviser as many heathens and many Jesuits. But if I put myself hypothetically into the other attitude, the case becomes curiously arresting and even thrilling. If I say, 'Suppose the Divine did really walk and talk upon the earth, what should we be likely to think of it?' then the foundations of my mind are moved. So far as I can form any conjecture, I think we should see in such a being exactly the perplexities that we see in the central figure of the Gospels: I think he would seem to us extreme and violent, because he would see some further development in virtue which would be for us untried. I think he would seem to us to contradict himself; because looking down on life like a map, he would see a connection between things which to us are disconnected. I think, however, that he would always ring true to our own sense of right, but ring (so to speak) too loud and too clear. He would be too good, but never too bad for us: 'Be ye perfect.' I think there would be, in the nature of things, some tragic collision between him and the humanity he had created, culminating in something that would be at once a crime and an expiation. I think he would be blamed as a hard prophet for dragging down the haughty, and blamed also as a weak sentimentalist for loving the things that cling in corners, children or beggars. I think, in short, that he would give us a sensation that he was turning all our standards upside down, and yet also a sensation that he had undeniably put them the right way up."———Part of Professor Moulton's reply to Mr. Roberts is as follows: "If the Carpenter of Nazareth had a mission to the world, it is obvious that he must become no longer a citizen of Nazareth, or a speaker of Aramaic, or a contemporary of the first Cæsars. He must be at home in Manchester, in Bombay, in Pekin, in Fiji, with a message that twentieth-century inhabitants of cities and villages of civilization and barbarism can understand. What is this but to say that Jesus must become Christ, the Universal Man who is now no longer like other men, for he is God and man in one? The germs of this conception must have fallen into the mind of the first missionaries as soon as ever they crossed the borders of their own country. In the fertile intellect of Paul, the Jew, the Greek, the Roman, the idea soon sprang to its full maturity. His relative indifference to the details of

the great Teacher's life is fully explained by his realization of his world-wide significance. A perfect human life, offered to God in obedience that did not stop short of death on the cross, was being made available for every man on the earth, to be an immanent divine humanity that could supply power for perfect living. That was Paul's gospel, drawn from his own experience, and the insight of a unique spiritual genius. And if Paul could understand it from what he saw in missions within the old Roman empire, cannot we see it more convincingly still, if possible, from missions that cover the world? It is perfectly fair to ask for credentials of the stupendous claim that is made for Jesus as Christ, nor do I object to the demand that they should be 'credentials which would never have occurred to a Paul or a Plutarch.' But *si quaris, circumspice.* Read such a survey of the world outlook as is presented in Mr. J. R. Mott's remarkable speech in the Albert Hall last November on 'Modern World Movements.' See how in every part of the world men and women of every race and every state of culture, or absence of culture, are pressing toward Christianity, while the old Christian states slumber oblivious, and only a handful of enthusiasts are awake to the opportunity. What is this that is sweeping over Korea like a prairie fire, drawing Brahman and Pariah in India, taming the cannibal in the New Hebrides within one missionary's career, and at the same time winning the devotion of the lowest and the highest in our own country, the simple rustic and the choicest brains among the young students of our universities? Credentials! Is not the Bible House in Queen Victoria Street worth all the apologetics in the world? Take any book ever written, the very flower of literature and the supremest effort of human thought, translate it into four hundred and twelve languages, from Sanskrit down to the rudest jargon of savages, and scatter it broadcast over the world. When that is done, and the books have sold everywhere and brought civilization and humanity wherever they have gone, it will be time to discuss whether there is anything unique in Christianity. And, let it be remembered, what has done all this is the New Testament as it stands, and the Gospels first of all. It is Jesus, then, whose triumphs are witnessed to-day by missionaries in every quarter of the globe. But if this Jesus is nothing more than a supremely good Jew of the olden time, of whom we know very little, so that a learned man from somewhere or other has even determined him to be a myth, how are we going to explain the way the world is going after him? The simple fact is that neither Jesus nor Christ could do it: Jesus Christ alone can work the marvel we see to-day. Those who think it all incredible should go and look for themselves. They would find men and women of races and cultures and languages lying poles asunder all taking hold in their different ways of this unlettered Jew of long ago. By an instinct that men cannot explain, they all find in him their own countryman and contemporary, the Friend of their own daily life, the Strength of their realized weakness. Who less than the Son of man, he who is Universal Man because he was God over all, could thus meet the heart's needs of every son of man? The earliest message of Christian preachers was, 'Jesus Christ is Lord.' It is the message still."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Cross in Christian Experience. By the Rev. W. M. Clow, B.D., author of In the Day of the Cross. Crown 8vo, pp. 323. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

A series of twenty-five addresses delivered on sacramental occasions, so arranged as to present the atonement as a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation. The essential feature is a study of the Christian consciousness, the foremost place being given to Jesus's own consciousness; a study not of abnormal and extraordinary experiences, but of the normal and reverent and sane, in touch with the ordinary Christian consciousness as disclosed to a pastor in the supreme moments of his ministering, by "the trembling words of the youth's confession and the confident psalm of the ripe believer's testimony." The addresses are grouped under headings thus: "The Love and Gift of God," "The Passion and Work of Jesus Christ," "The Christian Experience," "The Cross and the Evangel." We present a sample of these addresses, the text being, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1).

"In these words the writer reaches a landing place. It is a landing place not only in his argument but also in his experience. It is his own triumphant declaration of his standing before God, his liberation from the past, and his security for the future. He has passed into a new world. He has entered a new life. But his experience is not, in his view, peculiar to himself. 'We are justified,' he says, writing to men and women he had never seen. 'We have peace with God.' 'We have access into this grace wherein we stand.' 'We rejoice in hope of the glory of God.' This is the only and the universal Christian experience. A few months ago a man of wide reading, reverent mind, and devout spirit attended an evangelistic meeting. The revival hymns jarred upon him. Their metaphors were gross and their meters rude. The prayers seemed too familiar and overstrained. The fervent speaker's unsparing denunciation of sin, his emphatic declaration of the wrath and the judgment of God, his strong assurance that the acceptance of redemption by the cross was a thing of life or death, and his appeal for an instant act of faith seemed to him to lose touch with reality, and to do injustice to the words of Jesus. He recalled Froude's protest in one of his Short Studies against evangelical preaching, and he felt its strictures justified. At one point only did the eager evangelist enlist his sympathy and win his assent. When he pictured the sublime holiness and perfect loveliness of the sacrifice of the cross, the listener felt a shadow of condemnation pass over his spirit and a strange thrill in his soul. But when the speaker pressed his truth, that only by that act of submission was God reconciled to man, and only by an acceptance of it in faith could man

be reconciled to God, he chilled. When the evangelist closed his appeal with the words, 'Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ,' his mind boldly revolted. He had felt the truth, and depth, and pathos of Christ's words. He had bowed down in adoration before Christ's divine personality. That life of radiant peace and unstained holiness was to him the most wonderful thing in the world. He had rejoiced in Christ's revelation of the Father who heard prayer and longed after his lost children, but he revolted at the claim made for the cross. The evangelist was right, wholly right. The proved historic facts and the confirming experience of to-day are with him. Every religious movement, whether in a single human soul or in a community, which leaves out the redeeming Cross, ends like a desert river in a marsh, or slips into a chill and pallid Unitarianism. A few years ago Henry Drummond, a forever endeared name, himself a fully consenting believer, was preaching a gospel which did not focus on the cross. His brilliant gifts and his mesmeric personality gave his message a potent charm. Crowds of young men flocked to his meetings. The movement has passed, and is little more than a tender memory. The New Testament knows no gospel except that of the scorned evangelist. In the teaching of Jesus, and especially in the words which he uttered with the solemn appeal that men should let them sink down into their hearts, in the preëminence given to his death in the preaching of the apostles, and the appeals of the epistles, the eclipsing topic is the cross and its redeeming sacrifice. The great saints, the men and women who have spread abroad Christ's name and hazarded their lives for his sake, whose sanctity has been persuasive gospel and compelling epistle, have all stood at the foot of the cross. The millions who have had a common experience of pardon and peace and purity, all with united breath, 'Ascribed their victory to the Lamb, their triumph to his death.' Let me, then, set the cross in its place in the Christian life. Let me point out how and when it comes into a Christian experience. I do not forget that men differ in race and training and temperament, yet 'He fashioneth all their hearts alike.' Fundamentally, the soul is the same in every man, and the whole experience is wrought in us by the self-same Holy Spirit of God.

"Every religious life begins in *a sense of need*. It may be, as it often has been, in rare, young, unstained souls, simply a sense of the need of God. 'The balsam, the wine of predestinate wills, is a jubilant pining and longing for God.' It may be a desire for a greater purity and simplicity of life. That is a passion which often beats in young spirits who have been saddened by the world's sin, or startled by their own tempting thoughts of evil. It may be a discontent with low and secular and frivolous customs, and a craving after a deeper, truer, braver, more chivalrous life. Sometimes a devout and attractive personality throws a selfish character into relief, and at once rebukes and charms. Sometimes a sudden sorrow quenches the garish and dazzling sunshine. The cheapness and emptiness of a worldly life are seen, and the sense of need becomes a hunger of the spirit. Or it may be that some sin, either

some secret habit fastening on the will, or some sudden and hateful deed of evil, rouses the soul. It fills the heart, and even the face, with shame. It brings in a sense of weakness and helplessness, and the sense of need is felt in every brooding hour. Or it may be that the passions rise again and again in flood to mock at all restraint. For as rivers in sun-smitten countries often flow far down beneath their dry beds, so this hunger and thirst persist even when the life is profligate. Yet in whatever aspect it may present itself, this sense of need, created in us by God's Spirit, is the beginning of a religious experience. 'They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick.'

"The second stage is *the effort to satisfy this need.* There are those who have had this sense of need and have lost it. There may be for some no second stage. They smothered the cry. They drifted into coarsening pleasures. They neglected the promptings, and God and their need of him both became unrealities. But there is usually some effort made to satisfy this need. Evil habits are abandoned. Tempting and seducing companions are avoided. Homes and haunts of peril are shunned. There is a recourse to worship and to prayer. There may be some reading of the Bible and of religious books. There is a new interest in the church and in Christian service. The whole tone of life has a new seriousness. If the sense of need has been vivid and imperative, the effort to satisfy it is often strenuous and costly. Some of the most striking passages in religious biography, in the records of men of all races and of all faiths, are concerned with this ardent effort to satisfy this sense of need. It has imposed penalties of pain. It has lit the fires of cruel sacrifices. It has sent men on weary pilgrimages. It has built temples and imposed heavy burdens on stricken worshipers. These self-imposed ordinances give a measure of relief. They often bring a certain peace. They allow some to mistake the dulling of the desire for the satisfaction of it. But there is no ardor, no energy, no ecstasy of joy, for there is no finality, no assurance, no deep inward assent and consent in the soul. It may be all—it is all—that some men ever attain. The low level of many religious lives is the sure proof of the low level of their origin. As a stream rises no higher than its spring, so a life rises no higher than its source. But this satisfaction is not enough. Setting the face Godward is not kneeling at his feet. A faith in God is not always a Christian faith. Peace of mind is not always Christian peace. Men and women who have been content with blunting the edge of their desire are not filled 'with all joy and peace in believing.' This second stage has only one sufficient ending, and that is at the cross.

"The third decisive stage is that *peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, which is given only at the cross.* There are three paths, and I believe only three paths, to the cross. The records of religious life teem with illustrations of them. They are to be found in clear survey, where everything else which is Christian is to be found, in the New Testament. There are in the New Testament Scriptures three spiritual experiences which have been disclosed in clear detail. These are the spiritual experiences of Paul and Peter and John. God's way with

these three great believers was not set down simply as a study for theologians. They were 'written for our learning that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope.' They declare, I believe, the three great ways, by one of which every soul enters into peace with God.

"When we take the experience of Paul and strip it of all that is accidental to him, his Hebrew birth and training and his peculiar environment, we find that he stands out as the type of men who have gone terribly astray. Paul was by nature one of those eager, restless, tireless, dynamic spirits which always live intensely and often recklessly. They sound the depths of Satan if a wanton course be taken. They scale the heights of heaven if they begin to climb. Paul did not plunge into profligate riot or base self-indulgence. He did not practice the unscrupulous and pitiless arts of the man of this world. He had no bitter animosity to religion, as some men of this type have shown. But uncleanness of mind and cynical lewdness of thought are not the only sins of fierce rebellious hearts. When Paul came to himself, long after he had tried to satisfy his sense of need in pharisaic zeal, he realized how hideously he had gone astray. He saw the willfulness, and the hate, and the proud ambition which had governed his hot young heart. The merciless words of his threatening echoed in his ear. The stain of murder was red on his hands. No man who has awakened to find that he has made his bed in hell, who has been haunted and tormented by the faces of those he has wronged, who has been smitten into despair by finding how far he is from goodness and from God, ever endured greater agony than Paul. He never forgot his own blasphemies. He never forgot the terrified faces of humble believers. He never forgot Stephen's seraphic peace in dying. That was one of the heaviest stones of his bruising. He never forgot the face of Jesus whom he had crucified afresh. He stands as the type of all men who have wanton lives, scarlet memories, polluted hearts and condemning consciences. *From such a gate of hell it is a short step to the cross.* That sense of need is not to be quenched by a few prayers. A man cannot begin to be a good man when he is cursed by a bad conscience. A bad conscience is not to be cleansed by a soft thought of the mercy of God, or a promise to oneself of purer hours in days to come. An accusing record stands out in deeper crimson at every thought of God and his holiness. But when such erring and guilty men, who shudder not only at what they have done but what they are, see God in Christ, see his love blotting out the handwriting that is against them; when they come to believe that God loves them and has abolished the barrier between them, they meekly accept the pardon and pass into peace. A new energy, a new joy, a new devotion, arise in their heart. Their Christian life begins at the cross.

"The spiritual experience of Peter describes the case of those who find themselves at the cross at a later stage. Young men and women often profess their faith in Christ quite sincerely without realizing what it should mean. As they follow Christ he discovers them to themselves, and he discovers himself to them. By a constant rebuke of fault and

by an ever keener reproach of their low ideal, by the questioning of their impure motives and a chastening of their mistakes, Christ corrects and quickens these sincere and honest hearts. It is often Christ's only way with men who are content to rest in the second stage of a religious experience. To every such young and simple believer there comes the day of awakening. The more honest he is the earlier it comes. He falls under the dominion of some habit, a habit he had thought impossible. He slips into some sin which is loathsome to him. His fall mocks at his former life and taunts him with hypocrisy. Mark you, the world may never know it. His life may seem the same to his dearest friend, but his former shallow peace has gone. His sense of need has suddenly become as deep as the hell discovered in his heart. He stands like Peter when he denied his Lord, realizing that his need is not only to know Christ's word, not only to adore his character, not only to follow in his steps and in moments of high elation do him chivalrous service. He hath become conscious that his need is the forgiveness of sins. *It is a short step then to the cross.* As he turns to the cross on which his guilt has been expiated he enters into a new realm. Christ has become not only Teacher and Friend and Master. He has become the Redeemer who bore his sins 'in his own body up to the tree.'

"The third way to the cross is mirrored in the experience of John. There are young and sheltered lives which have grown up amid the sanctities and in the obediences of a devout home. A godly lineage, a careful training, and the example of a winsome religious life have wrought out in them a natural piety. They grow up unspotted from the world. But as years increase, their growth in the grace and knowledge of Christ quickens their spiritual insight, and gives them keener sense of sin. The awful power of the world and the flesh and the devil dismays them as it dismays no one else. They see men and women whom they love blinded, seduced, desecrated. They see that the gentle rules that bind their own rebellious thoughts snap like Samson's tender withes before the brute-like passions of others. And as they turn their eyes more and more on Christ they discover how far they themselves are from his holiness and how near akin to the passion-driven profligate. They are like John growing up in his young, unstained, moral beauty, seeing more clearly than others the glory of Christ and therefore feeling more keenly the chasm between them and Christ's perfect holiness. These are the saints whose confessions make us wonder, whose humility provokes amazement. *It is a short step for these, also, to the cross.* Seeing right into the world's sin and misery, knowing their own heart and confessing its weakness and sinfulness in words that still our thoughts, they look up to find God reconciled and forgiving them in the cross. The words of Christ are their music. The life of Christ is a solemn mystery. But the death of Christ is life and peace. With Paul and Peter they say, 'Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"There is a fourth stage in the experience of the cross I can only refer to now. That stage is the pilgrimage from the foot of the cross to

the city of God. There is a truth here which Bunyan, hampered by his allegory, could not portray. We are not saved in all the breadth and length and depth and height of that master word by one look at the Crucified One. The cross is never out of sight of the Christian soul. Ever and again in the pilgrimage we come to the place at which there stands, sometimes terrifying, always appealing, and always uplifting, the great dear cross of Christ. When we slip and fall, and our faces are filled with shame and our hearts are shadowed by guilt, we kneel again at the cross. When we face the privations of life and pass under the yoke of a straining task, or drink of the cup of pain, or see some cherished earthly hope failing, we find our strength and direction in the cross. When worldliness and apathy, or a low ideal of duty, or a distaste for goodness falls on our hearts, we are quickened again only by the cross. The sorrows of life are hallowed. Its joys are consecrated. The trial of its older years is endured. Its times of weakness are made beautiful. For we return again and again for light, for courage, for solace, for help, to the cross.

"But let me press upon you the natural question of our text. Are you justified by faith, and have you peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ? You may know much of Christ's wisdom. You do, without doubt, rejoice in his moral loveliness. You cannot help believing him to be the Saviour of many. But you are not really Christian at all until you have believed this good news that God is reconciled unto you in the death of his Son, and have entered into peace. Whether you come in the train of that great company among whom we see the face of Augustine, with the word which is a fire in your bones because you are haunted by your past, asking, 'How can I pilgrimage to the wicket gate?' or whether you come in the fellowship of that other band who follow Luther, awakening to the impotence of custom and vigil and rite to bring peace to the soul and to keep the life unstained; or whether you form one of that still larger companionship of Wesley and Brainerd and M'Cheyne, who have kept the delicate bloom of their purity undimmed, you must come to the redeeming cross. Let the sense of need and the sense of helplessness lead you to that cross which lifts that burden no human soul can bear. Then you will say, with all saints, 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' You will whisper in your own silence, 'Simply to thy cross I cling.'"

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Sense of the Infinite. A Study of the Transcendental Element in Literature, Life, and Religion. By Oscar Kuhns, Author of The German and Swiss Settlements of Pennsylvania, Dante and the English Poets, etc. 12mo, pp. 265. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, cloth, $1.50.

Professor Kuhns's latest book seems to us as uplifting and enlarging as it is sane and discriminating, as spiritualizing as it is judicious. We cannot help thinking that it is capable of rendering intellectual and spiritual service to many. It is itself a wide "opening into the Infinite,"

and has on us an effect like to that which proceeds from spiritually minded men, men whose minds have been fixed on high and holy things, of whom the author says: "To approach such men elevates us, and in talking with them we feel the touch of the Eternal; nay, 'even though they sleep they seem to purify the air and their houses seem to adorn the landscape and strengthen the laws.'" Professor Kuhns suggests that it may be that the futility of much of the preaching of to-day is largely due to the fact that the mind of the preacher is not set on eternal things, his spirit not sufficiently in communion with the Father of spirits: "What the true preacher can do in opening up to men the Infinite is indicated in the following passage from Schleiermacher: 'He comes forward to present to the sympathetic contemplation of others his own heart as stirred by God. And, by leading them into the region of religion, where he is at home, he would infect them with his own feeling. He utters divine things and in solemn silence the congregation follow his inspired speech. If he unveils a hidden wonder, or links with prophetic assurance the future to the present, or by new example confirms old truths, or if his fiery imagination enchants him in visions into another part of the world and into another order of things, the trained sense of the congregation accompanies him throughout. On returning from his wanderings through the kingdom of God into himself, his heart and the hearts of all are but the common seat of the same feeling.'" We attempt no orderly review of this book, but merely present some of its thoughts. Here is Max Müller's saying that religion in part "is a mental faculty, which independent of, nay, in spite of sense and reason, enables man to apprehend the Infinite under different names and under varying disguises. Without that faculty no religion would be possible; and if we will but listen, we can hear in all religions a groaning of the spirit, a struggle to conceive the inconceivable, to utter the unutterable; a longing after the Infinite is a love of God." Here is Ruskin's statement of the sealing difference between the Greek and the mediæval: "The former sought the herb and flower for his own use, the latter for God's honor: the former, primarily and on principle, contemplated his own beauty and the workings of his own mind; and the latter, primarily and on principle, contemplated Christ's beauty and the workings of the mind of Christ." Here is a saying taken from Plotinus: "The good man knows and goes whither he must, and knows where he is to dwell, and has the joyful hope that he will dwell with God." And here a longer passage from Plotinus: "Oftentimes when I awake out of the slumber of the body and come to a realizing sense of myself, and retiring from the world outside, give myself up to inward contemplation, I behold a wonderful beauty. I believe then that I verily belong to a higher and better world, and strive to develop within me a glorious life, and become one with the God-head. And by this means I receive such an energy of life that I rise far above all other things, even the intelligible world. What, then, must he experience who now beholds the absolute beauty in and for itself in all its purity, without corporeal shape, freed from all bondage to time and space? And this, therefore, is the life of divine and happy men, a

liberation from all earthly concerns, a life unaccompanied with human pleasures, and the flight of the alone to the alone." In no aspect has religion ever advanced beyond the teaching of the Founder of Christianity, the teaching, that is, of "the kingdom of God and its coming; God the Father and the infinite value of the human soul; the higher righteousness and the commandment of love. His message is so great and powerful because so simple and yet so rich; so simple as to be exhausted in each of the leading thoughts he uttered; so rich that every one of these thoughts seems inexhaustible and the full meaning of the sayings and parables beyond our reach. His words speak to us across the ages with the freshness of the present. The kingdom of God comes by coming to the individual, by entering into his soul and laying hold of it. It is the rule of the holy God in the heart of the individual; it is God himself in his power. This is seen in all Jesus's parables. It is not a question of angels and devils, thrones and principalities, but of God and the soul, the soul and its God." Sometimes, in certain circles, it has been customary to "sneer at religion as a survival of the childhood of the race, good for women and weaklings, but of no use for strong men." But, as Professor Kuhns says, "religion is an instinct as deeply rooted as humanity itself. Born with the first man who turned his wondering gaze about him, in those far-off days when the world was young, it is destined to endure until the last inhabitant of the globe shall see with his dying eyes this earth of ours fall into the icy grip of the cosmic cold. And so, in spite of the terrible deeds done in the name of religion, in spite of the superstition, the puerility of certain forms, the cruel and heartless exploitation of the religious impulse to build up a mighty power, in spite of these and other things, the philosophic spectator of all times and all existences cannot help seeing that religion has been an incalculable blessing to mankind. No modern writer would dare ascribe all the evils of life, as Lucretius did, to the belief in the gods and a future life. Rather will he agree with Hegel in his noble definition of religion: 'All that awakens doubt and perplexity, all sorrow and care, all limited interests of finitude, we leave behind us on the banks and shoals of time. And as on the summit of a mountain, removed from all the hard distinctions of detail, we calmly overlook the landscape, so by religion we are lifted above all obstructions of finitude. It is in this native land of the spirit that the waters of oblivion flow, from which it is given to Psyche to drink and forget her sorrows; for here the darkness of life becomes a transparent dream-image, through which the light of Eternity shines in upon us.' Religion, then, needs no defense to-day. All that we need to do is to cultivate a sane, rational spiritual experience; to show the world by our conduct that such a religion makes us and the world better, and that is proof enough." We conclude our notice of this ennobling and enriching book by quoting one of its concluding passages: "The sense of the Infinite shows itself in the love for the good, for a noble deed, for innocent childhood, for the exquisite charm of virtuous womanhood. In all these things the sense of the Infinite makes itself felt. And the resultant feeling in all these cases is the same, a mingled emotion of admiration and love, a stretching forward and upward to

seize and lay hold of the unseen power, 'a dear and soothing sense of God peopling the lonely places, and effacing the scars of our mistakes and disappointments.' Prophet and preacher lift aside the veil that hangs before us and we see the radiant and flashing beauty of the eternal world. These exert their influence consciously; they feel the Infinite and strive to make others feel it too. But the world is full of unconscious witnesses to the transcendental sense; a flash may reveal it; a sunset or sunrise, or an item in the daily paper. Saint Pierre in Martinique is destroyed by volcanic fire in the twinkling of an eye, and a wave of cosmic terror sweeps over the world; President M'Kinley dies murmuring a well-known hymn, and eighty millions of people stand still, as his body is laid away in the tomb; a young man is crushed in the street, and from his cot in the hospital, whither he is taken, tells the girl he was to marry the next day that he would release her from her engagement to a man who might die and was sure to be a cripple. 'Yes,' she answers; 'but I want to marry you now and forever.' A simple item in the daily paper, but revealing all the strength and beauty of that love which many waters cannot drown. The great saviors of the higher life are those who have drunk deep at this spring. These are they who keep burning the torch which has been lighted at the central fire. When one of these chosen ones appears, all other men stir in their sleep, eyes are opened, ears are unstopped, the flaming ramparts of heaven swing back and lo! *'apparet divom numen, sedesque quietæ.'* These are the men for whom the world is waiting, who give beauty and glory to life, who lift our souls and turn them toward celestial things. It is one of the most encouraging things in life, that the race of these men, though rare, is never exhausted. An age of doubt may come in for a time to rule over men's lives and thoughts, and we say that poetry and religion are dead. But when the sacred fire seems gone out, covered with dust and ashes, lo! another man comes from that far celestial country, bringing messages of high hope and love from the Infinite world. And down through the ages, they pass from hand to hand the flaming torch. And surely in the future will arise other torch-bearers to bear triumphantly down to the generations to come that light which is shining still and shall forever shine."

Leaf and Tendril. By JOHN BURROUGHS. 16mo, pp. 298. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, with portrait, $1.10, net; postage, 10 cents.

THIRTEEN essays, the latest from an author of fifteen or twenty volumes written during forty years. Henry James, noticing one of John Burroughs's earlier volumes, described him as an out-of-door observer, "a devotee of birds and trees and fields and aspects of weather and humble wayside incidents, keen of perception, minute in observation; writing in a style sometimes idiomatic and unfinished, but capable of remarkable felicity and vividness, so that his sketches have a delightful oddity, vivacity, and freshness." Mr. James called him "a more available and more sociable Thoreau," intimate with bird and beast, insect and plant; "intimate also with the question of apples, which he treats in a juicy and succulent way that imparts to the somewhat trivial theme a kind

of lyric dignity. Burroughs remarks justly that women are poor apple-eaters." He has spent his life with nature and writes about her secrets with the mind of a scientist and the heart of a poet. For folks whose life is spent in the busy turmoil of getting and spending and in scenes of strenuous activity, his books are windows or doors into the liberties and refreshments of the simple life—the life serene and wholesome and cheerful. Not so much of nature study, and more of John Burroughs's philosophy of life, is in this volume as compared with his former books, as might be expected as one result of the ripening experience of life. Most of these essays were written at Slab-Sides, in a little bark-covered shack used for a study, surrounded on all sides by vineyards. This is how the title of this volume came to be taken from the vine—"Leaf" covering the nature sketches, and "Tendril" symbolizing the essays in the latter part of the book on some of the great problems of existence which confront us in this world-vineyard. In reference to these problems he likens his gropings to the blind outreachings of a tendril feeling out this way and that for support, blown about by the wind, and clinging to whatever it happens to touch. The tendril, he says, has no power to select what it will cling to; and he says, "I too have *groped my way more or less blindly* and have clung to what I could find, maybe sometimes only to *my own conceits or vague raticinations*." We italicize the words which seem to us to indicate the defect which makes his search for solutions a "groping blindly." John Burroughs is familiar with vines, but we discover no sign that he ever met among the vineyards around Slab-Sides One who, far beyond Horace and Omar Khayyam and beyond any other, immortalized the vine in the literature of the world when he said, "I am the vine, ye are the branches," thus teaching men their normal relation to the Divine Source of life and the secret of fruitful living. We gently suggest that the blind, wavering tendril of a vine, powerless to select what it will cling to, the sport of wind and accident, is not an accurate or adequate emblem of man, a being with intellect and moral sense, with knowledge and power of choice, and with the New Testament open before him and the kingdom of a living Christ visibly shining and spreading around him and over the world. A tendril is excusable for "groping blindly"; but how can any intelligent and thoughtful and conscientious man live among the vineyards without sometimes remembering Him who said, "I am the vine," and without consulting, on the momentous problems of existence, the wisest of all teachers, the supreme Guide of the world's thought, and speaker of the most potent word the world has ever heard—in deed and in truth the very Word of Life? Even John Stuart Mill perceived and acknowledged the prime prestige and supreme authority of Jesus Christ in relation to the great problems of existence, conduct, and destiny. Of him as a Guide and Judge in matters of conduct, Mill said: "It would not be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life." This testimony from such a source to the supreme wisdom of Christ as an authority on the right

conduct of life, is enough, we should think, to suggest to thoughtful minds that he is worthy to be consulted, and to have his teachings reverently considered, on such great problems as John Burroughs gropes blindly toward in some of his essays. We wish to avoid capticusness and unfairness, but we cannot help asking whether the acknowledgment of God in Christ, accepted by his reason, would not have solved for Mr. Burroughs, as Browning says, some of the problems toward which he gropes blindly like a tendril, reaching for a solution. The essential correctness of George J. Romanes's final conclusion, "It is Christianity or nothing," is illustrated by men who, neglecting to avail themselves of the divine light that shines from the face of Jesus Christ and the guiding wisdom which falls from his lips, seem to be left to "grope blindly." As between Christianity and nothing, their choice appears to be the reverse of Romanes's decision. We do not affirm this of John Burroughs, but if he is Christian, he is Christian in solution, and the solution does not visibly crystallize into definite affirmation. This, however, is no reason why we may not close our notice of his book by bringing to the gentle reader a part of his account of himself and some of his views: "When I was a young man (twenty-five) I wrote a little poem called 'Waiting,' which has had quite a history, and the burden of which is, 'My own shall come to me.' What my constitution demands, the friends, the helps, the fulfillments, the opportunities, I shall find somewhere, some time. It was a statement of the old doctrine of the elective affinities. Those who are born to strife and contention find strife and contention ready at their hand; those who are born for gentleness and love find gentleness and love drawn to them. The naturally suspicious and distrustful find the world in conspiracy against them; the unkind, the hard-hearted, see themselves in their fellows about them. The tone in which we speak to the world, the world speaks to us. Give your best and you will get the best in return. Give in heaping measure and in heaping measure it shall be returned. We all get our due sooner or later, in one form or another. 'Be not weary in well doing.' The reward will surely come, if not in worldly goods, then in inward satisfaction, grace of spirit, peace of mind. All the best things of my life have come to me unsought, but I hope not unearned. That would contradict the principle of equity I have been illustrating. A man does not, in the long run, get wages he has not earned. What I mean is that most of the good things of my life—friends, travel, opportunity—have been unexpected. I do not feel that fortune has driven sharp bargains with me. I am not a disappointed man. Blessed is he who expects little, but works as if he expected much. Sufficient unto the day is the *good* thereof. I have invested myself in the present moment, in the things near at hand, in the things that all may have on equal terms. If one sets one's heart on the exceptional, the far-off—on riches, on fame, on power—the chances are he will be disappointed; he will waste his time seeking a short cut to these things. There is no short cut. For anything worth having one must pay the price, and the price is always work, patience, love, self-sacrifice—no paper currency, no promises to pay, but the gold of real

service. I am not decrying ambition, the aiming high, only there is no use aiming unless you are loaded, and it is the loading, and the kind of material to be used, that one is first to be solicitous about. 'Serene I fold my hands and wait'; but if I have waited one day, I have hustled the next. If I have had faith that my own would come to me, I have tried to make sure that it was my own, and not that of another. Waiting with me has been mainly a cheerful acquiescence in the order of the universe as I found it—a faith in the essential veracity of things. I have waited for the sun to rise and for the seasons to come; I have waited for a chance to put in my oar. Which way do the currents of my being set? What do I love that is worthy and of good report? I will extend myself in this direction; I will annex this territory. I will not wait to see if this or that pays, if this or that notion draws the multitude. I will wait only till I can see my way clearly. In the meantime I will be clearing my eyes and training them to know the real values of life when they see them. Waiting for some one else to do your work, for what you have not earned to come to you, is to murder time. Waiting for something to turn up is equally poor policy, unless you have already set the currents going that will cause a particular something to turn up. The farmer waits for his harvest after he has sown the seed. The sailor waits for a breeze after he has spread his sail. Much of life is taken up in waiting —fruitful waiting."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Edward Gayer Andrews. A Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL. Crown 8vo, pp. 291. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.50.

DR. WILLIAM F. WARREN calls this book a work of art and its author a portrait painter, and inscribes on it, as if it were a painting, "Pinxit, F. J. McConnell." To us it has, at times, more the effect of sculpture than of painting, so definite, so measured, so close-grained and hard-finished. The portrait is symmetrical as the man himself was, and its temper is cautious and judicial like his own. Dr. McConnell's book has the precision and veracity of a photograph. He did not set out to deliver a eulogy but to set in order the simple, solid facts, with accuracy, fullness, and method. If the facts so arranged amount to a massive and magnificent eulogy, as they do, that is not the doing of the biographer so much as it is of the life which contained and the man who created the facts which the biographer sets in array. This biographer is not a fervid and sudorific eulogizer. As Bishop Andrews's character and career were wholly free from the showy, the spectacular, the meretricious, the effusive, so his biography has something of the chaste simplicity and dignity of a Doric temple. With good taste, utmost propriety, and affectionate respect, the volume is dedicated to Mrs. Edward G. Andrews. The contents are divided into "The Years of Preparation," "The Episcopal Career," "The Period of Retirement," and "Papers and Sermons." Elected a bishop at the age of forty-seven, and serving in that office thirty-five years, Bishop

Andrews's episcopal career naturally and necessarily has the largest space and emphasis. The biographer truly says: "Edward G. Andrews did his great work for the church as a bishop. He was a leader among the bishops. He was never widely known as anything else than a bishop. He was not elected for the sake of rewarding him for anything he had already done, though he had been a faithful and hard-working and efficient pastor at the time of his election; he was elected just because he gave promise of making a good bishop. He did his work as a bishop. He was not a preacher merely; certainly not a lecturer, or a writer of books, or an organizer of institutions. Other bishops will be remembered for their oratory, or for their patriotic services, or for their books. Edward G. Andrews will be remembered as a bishop—as useful a bishop as the church has had." From the chapter on his work as pastor and preacher we take a suggestive incident illustrative of two bishops. When John P. Newman succeeded Edward G. Andrews as pastor on the Hamilton and Leesville circuit in the Oneida Conference, he found that Andrews had captivated all hearts; and for some weeks he heard of nothing but the superior gifts and graces of his predecessor. Whether this was or was not something of a trial to Newman, many of our readers can judge as well as we. In this experience nothing happened to Newman but such as is common to ministers. The notable fact in the incident is that he took a rather unusual method of dealing with this enthusiastic praise of his predecessor. In the course of a sermon, Newman himself delivered a eulogy on the work of E. G. Andrews which was so complete that nothing was left to be said, and the subject needed no further amplification or emphasis from anybody. We take also this: "He aimed at the solid upbuilding of his congregation. For example, he once found a new book which said some things he wished to say to his people. He took the book into the pulpit one Sunday morning and omitted the sermon for the sake of reading to the people from the book. Anything which would really build up his hearers was to him worth while. He was more concerned in building up his church than in adding to his own reputation." From the chapter on "The Presiding Officer" we take this: "There is a leader in our church who has many times come to the relief of annoyed and flurried presiding officers by getting the floor and then moving with great deliberation down the aisle, taking as much time as possible. (Who is this man?) The interval thus secured gives the bishop and the Conference time to catch breath and recover composure. We never heard of any necessity for rendering this service to Bishop Andrews or to any Conference, whether Annual or General, over which he was presiding. His Conferences took their poise from him and moved quietly and effectively through the business." Many things in Bishop Andrews we would like to dwell upon. Especially it would do us all good to dwell upon the kindliness and innate modesty of the man, with many incidents in our knowledge illustrating these fine traits of his. But we have not space for this now. Looking through his biography, the feeling comes to us that we can render no greater service to our readers than to reproduce here some of his own wisest words. We congratulate ourselves on having secured from

Bishop Andrews two articles for this Review, one in 1906, the other in 1907, the first being his address at Garrett Biblical Institute, on "The Pastor and His Bible"; the other, on "The New Testament Method of Law," was put in writing for our REVIEW at our urgent entreaty. These are two great utterances, saturated from beginning to end with knowledge and with wisdom. We count them of utmost importance and of lasting value. Seldom in all the history of Methodism have documents so wise been put in print. Because it is not possible for them to be brought to notice too often, and in order that we may further help to diffuse their wisdom through the church, we give space here to the closing paragraphs of each of these most weighty and forever memorable utterances. The address on "The Pastor and His Bible" closes thus. Remarking that very few preachers are competent to attempt any discussion of questions of biblical criticism in the pulpit, Bishop Andrews says:

"Let it be noted, in the first place, that a sentence may suggest a doubt which pages cannot resolve. An error brought to notice only that it may be refuted will often long outlive the refutation. Project upon the congregation a denial of some statement found in the Bible: some hearers will infer the falsity of the whole book. Project on the congregation an unqualified affirmation of every statement, historical or scientific or moral, of the Bible; many hearers will repudiate a book which seems to them to war on reason and the moral sense. If need be, the statements must be made whatever the hazard—but the impending danger imposes extreme caution. One of our most noted preachers, now doubtless living in the light supernal, thought it wise to give his people a series of sermons in disproof of atheism. Two of his hearers met in the vestibule at the close of the series. 'What did you think of it?' said one to the other. The significant answer came: 'O, I still believe there is a God.' It is easy to disturb faith by unnecessary proofs of evident truth and by unnecessary emphasis on subordinate truth.

"Let it be further noted that men live the religious life, not by faith in the minutiæ of the Scripture, either of the Old or the New Testament, but by faith in God, the Father Almighty, Maker, Upholder, and Lord of the universe; in Jesus Christ, his only Son, in whom dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, who died, the just for the unjust, and who lives forever to give the eternal life; in the Holy Ghost, by whose abiding indwelling men are re-created in the image of God; in the unchanging obligation of the holy law which is summed up in Love; and in the indissoluble union of character and destiny. These truths, when believed, make men free in the liberty of the sons of God. However men may differ as to the interpretation and the truth of incidental and subordinate parts of Scripture, if they believe these, they are all in Christ Jesus. These, therefore, with their manifold illustrations and applications, are the chief, I might almost say the only proper, topics of the pulpit.

"And let it be again noted that these central truths have for the pulpit this advantage, that they are to a great degree self-luminous. They commend themselves to man's highest reason, to his moral constitution, to his noblest aspirations, to the deepest necessities of his soul. They meet him

at the topmost of his being. Preach God in his natural and especially in his moral perfections, and the soul assents, adores, submits, and trusts. Preach the supreme law of love, and the moral sense acknowledges its sovereignty, its completeness, its adaptation to man's life. Preach the immanent Spirit of Holiness, and the moral incompetency and the despair of the natural man is replaced by a divine energy of goodness. Preach the irrevocable connection between goodness and peace, sin and woe, and man's present experience responds in affirmation. Preach the God-man, the ineffably Highest stooping to become the lowest, a man, a servant, a victim, to redeem a lost race—how it touches, melts, uplifts, thrills with immortal hope! Without this there is no gospel, and preaching is vain.

> He who did most shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
> 'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! My flesh that I seek
> In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
> A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me
> Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!

"Brethren of the graduating class, to this ministry I commend you. There is no work purer, nobler, more divine. If the things invisible are the real and enduring realities, and if the fashion of this world is in seeming and soon passes away, how eminent the calling of him who would open blind eyes and lift up sordid souls to the eternal good! He will not escape hardship. There will be indifference, criticism, reproach. There will be heart-breaking failures, often scant success, and a consciousness of insufficiency. There may be poverty like that of the Master and his servant Paul. There may be persecution, and even the martyr's death. But with one heart we this day pray that none of these things may move you—and that you may fulfill the ministry which you have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

Equal wisdom pervades the article on "The New Testament Method of Law"—that method being not the prescribing of specific *rules* of conduct but the giving of *principles* applicable to *all* questions of conduct. John Wesley followed the New Testament method when he comprehensively prohibited all diversions that cannot be taken in the name of the Lord Jesus. The same highly spiritual and as eminently practical sagacity characterizes the counsels of Edward G. Andrews, a bishop of unsurpassed saintliness and of wisdom rarely equaled. Here is the close of Bishop Andrews's article:

"The relation of the New Testament law to the authority of the church requires a larger consideration than is here possible. The following propositions seem defensible: (1) Every explicit law given in the New Testament, taken in its proper interpretation, should be enforced by the church. (2) Some inferences from the larger ethical principles of the New Testament are so immediate and undeniable that the church is justified in requiring conformity to them by all its members. For example: gambling, the publication of indecent and pernicious literature, the bribing of voters and officials, and usury are such plain violations both of the law of love and the law of the land that one who persists in any of

these offenses has no right to continued membership in the church, and should by due process be excluded from it. (3) The moral quality of a third class of actions is not so easily determined. Christian men of unquestioned piety and wisdom differ concerning them, as do also the churches. The question is often one of degrees—of either total prohibition or moderate use. One church, for instance, forbids without limitation the wearing of gold or costly apparel, the laying up treasure on earth, the use of intoxicating beverages, the dance, games of chance, attendance on the theater or the circus. Are such prohibitions within the rightful authority of the church? It is obvious that a body of Christians in a divine fellowship for the promotion of righteousness may and should consider the probable influence of all questionable acts and customs on the spiritual life of men, and should unreservedly declare its judgment thereon. It is also obvious that the pastor should faithfully discuss before his people not only the New Testament principles which underlie all right moral conclusions but also their just application to all important individual and social questions. He must speak without fear and without favor. But may the church go beyond this, and prohibit, under penalty of expulsion from its bosom, all the class of actions now under consideration? We doubt both the right and the expediency of such prohibition. It is an assumption by the church of an authority over the individual judgment which the New Testament nowhere confers upon it. A part of the invaluable liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free is that in the vast domain of morals a multitude of questions are delivered to the determination of individual Christians. Neither Christ nor his apostles determined them, nor did they convey to any hierarchy or other sacred body the right to determine them. At one time, for instance, Christians differed sharply as to the use of meats clean or unclean or which had been offered to idols, and as to sacred days. Saint Paul had knowledge on those questions, and declared it. But he asserted no authority in the case. On the contrary he said: 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. . . . Every one of us shall give account of himself to God. Let us not therefore judge one another any more.' This freedom still abides. It may be abused. If it lapses into indifference or self-will, it will issue in ruin. But it is the indispensable condition of Christian manhood. The church may use freely, and even vehemently, argument, warning, and appeal; but it may not by authority invade the sacred region of personal conviction and self-determination. If it attempt such invasion, it is likely to overpass reasonable bounds, to show itself provincial, and to provoke reaction. Witness the Methodist law of 1784, which under the head of superfluity in dress proscribed ruffles, rings, and high bonnets, and under which, within the memory of men now living, women who wore a bow of ribbon or an artificial flower were excluded from the love feast, and many men held it unchristian to wear buttons on the back of the coat. We are bravely past such pettiness—but what enormous claims does such legislation imply! If the church will regulate our reading, why not at once establish an Index Expurgatorius after the fashion of Rome? If it will regulate our songs, why not justify the church which expelled George

H. Stuart, the noble president of the Christian Commission during the Civil War, because he sang with fellow Christians the hymns of Wesley, Watts, and Doddridge? If it denounces with penalties the dance in every kind and circumstance, why not take legal cognizance of all social entertainments, festivals, and fairs? Many believe that a high-license system is better than the unrestrained sale of liquor. But if the church here asserts its authority, may it not with equal right control the vote of its members as to temperance legislation? We must conclude that the limitations of church authority pertain alike to doctrine, organization, and life. A few comprehensive facts, principles, and laws are given us in the New Testament; but, within these, freedom is the birthright of each Christian. To recognize this liberty is highly expedient. In vain, in the long run, will any church attempt to rule its members in matters on which the New Testament is silent. The age grows impatient of the *ex-cathedra* law. It emerges more and more from ecclesiastical sway into the broader life of developed personality. This fact, working with a deplorable self-indulgence, worldly-mindedness, and feeble faith, has brought many who were once strict in their views and habits to a most perilous, if not absolutely sinful, abandonment of their former respect for church law. For instance, the fact cannot be disguised that excessive amusements and questionable amusements threaten the spiritual and eternal life of many. But this is in spite of law. The law may remain—but it will continue to be disregarded far and wide; contempt for all church law and order will be engendered by this disobedience; the conscience of many who find that they have given a pledge which they think ought not to have been exacted from them, and which they are unwilling to fulfill, will be weakened and defiled, or they will withdraw from the church; and some upright and spiritually minded people who do not agree with the absolute and unconditional prohibitions of the law will withhold themselves from a communion otherwise their natural home. Something diviner than a church law of doubtful authority must be our reliance for a higher life."

Paul the All-Round Man. By ROBERT E. SPEER. Long 16mo, pp. 127. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

A COMPANION or supplement to the author's volume, Studies of the Man Paul. This pithy and pregnant little book is about Paul as Pharisee, Roman, Christian, Bible Student, Friend, Orator, and Logician, Man of Prayer, Missionary, etc. That two such young men as Robert E. Speer and John R. Mott are alive, thinking, talking, and working as the servants, champions, and field marshals of Jesus Christ for the conquest of the world, is a fact sufficient in itself to give heart, and hope, and courage to the militant hosts of the Lord. Blatchford blowing through his Clarion, and Goldwin Smith with the New York Sun as his megaphone, are no match for Speer and Mott, apostles of Christ and fellow soldiers with Paul, proving the living power of the Christian gospel over a world-wide field, while the heathen of pagandom and of Christendom rage and shout their pitiably futile doubts and denials. The aggressive gospel which was stalwart and sinewy in Paul's great day, going forth conquering and

to conquer, a thing of splendor and of might, through the length and breadth of the Roman empire, is to-day going forth upon a widening way among all empires and nations. In extent and power the Roman empire never approached the dimensions and dynamics of Christ's present empire among men. His hosts are on the march. "Thousands at his bidding speed and post o'er land and ocean without rest." The cross is planted in ten thousand places where the Roman eagles never flew. The commands of Christ are now going abroad over the whole earth among more tribes and nations than Rome ever dreamed of ruling, and in more languages than Rome ever heard of. The Roman empire had one citizen whose stature overtops, whose personal power and effect surpass, and whose name outshines those of all the Roman emperors combined. His name is Paul. It is of him Robert E. Speer writes in his latest book. Paganism, from the days of Cain until now, affords no equal theme. Herbert Spencer, near the end of his days, said to a friend, "I have passed my life in *beating the air*." "*Not* as one that beateth the air fight I," wrote Paul to the Corinthians. Paul, having done all things through Christ strengthening him, and giving all the glory to his adorable Saviour, had no feeling of futility regarding his life, but near the end of *his* days testified, "I have fought a good fight"; and he knew he had given his life to the spreading of a kingdom whose dominion should know neither end nor ultimate limit. From the day "when, on the Damascus road, the glory of God in Christ struck him blind and gave him vision," Paul's fellowship and communion with his Lord was vivid and intense. The divine One dwelt with him and in him. In Scenes and Portraits, just published, Frederic Manning constructs some reminiscences about Paul which purport to be written by a Roman living near Gades. Mr. Manning contrasts the god of Roman mythology with Him who is the God of Paul and his Christians: "Beyond the flaming walls of the world sit the deathless gods in their quiet seats, peace flooding their hearts; and no sound of mortal anguish ascends to them, but they sit ever in their halls shining with silver and glittering with gold, and the lovely lyre makes an immortal music about them, and wine gladdens the feast, and the rhythmic motion of the dancing choirs." Such were the divinities of Rome. But of Paul and his Christians in Corinth and elsewhere Frederic Manning writes: "The Divine Being whom they worship is a companion by the way; they love to speak of him under homely words; he is the vine dresser, the grafter of olives, the sower; he carries into their sordid lives the peace of wide skies and tranquil waters, he is the shepherd who tends his flock and leads them into pleasant pastures." Of the transformation of Gamaliel's pupil, a rigid legalist and bigoted Pharisee, raging against the homeless followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene, into the passionate apostle for Jesus Christ, Samuel Johnson wrote:

> O slave devout of burdening Hebrew school,
> Proud to fulfill each time-exalted rule,
> How brake the illusion of thy swelling wrath
> On that meek front of calm, enduring faith!

Then flashed it on thy spirit mightily
That thou hadst spurned a love that died for thee,
And all thy pride went down in whelming flood
Of boundless shame and boundless gratitude.

What large atonement that great conscience pays:
For every wounding slight, a psalm of praise.
Unending worship shall the debt consume,
For hours of rage a life of martyrdom.

As might be expected, Mr. Speer quotes most copiously from W. H. H. Myers's great poem on Paul which all men ought to know. The first quotation here is where the lone apostle gives this account of himself:

Christ! I am Christ's! And let the name suffice you;
Aye, for me, too, he greatly hath sufficed;
Lo, with no winning words I would entice you;
Paul has no honor and no friend but Christ.

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
Yes, without stay of father or of son,
Lone on the land and homeless on the water,
Pass I in patience till the work be done.

In this book, as in his others, Mr. Speer's wide range of reading is richly manifest. Writing of Paul the Christian, he quotes this from Ruskin's Stones of Venice: "In the early ages of Christianity, there was little care taken to analyze character. One momentous question was heard over the whole world: Dost thou believe in the Lord with all thine heart? There was but one division among men, the great unatonable division between disciple and adversary. The love of Christ was all, and in all; and, in proportion to the nearness of their memory of his person and teaching, men understood the infinity of the requirements of the moral law and the manner in which alone it could be fulfilled. The early Christians felt that virtue, like sin, was a subtle universal thing, entering into every act and thought, appearing outwardly in ten thousand diverse ways—diverse according to the separate framework of every heart in which it dwelt, but one and the same always in its proceeding from the love of God, as sin is one and the same in proceeding from hatred of God. And in their pure, early and practical piety they saw that there was no need for codes of morality or systems of metaphysics. Their virtue comprehended everything, entered into everything; it was too vast and too spiritual to be defined, but there was no need of its definition. For through faith, working by love, they knew that all human excellence would be developed in due order, but that without faith neither reason could define, nor effort reach, the lowest phase of Christian virtue. And, therefore, when any of the apostles have occasion to describe or enumerate any forms of vice or virtue by name, there is no attempt at system in their words. They use them hurriedly and energetically, heaping the thoughts one upon another in order as far as possible to fill the reader's mind with a sense of the infinity both of crime and of righteousness. Hear Saint Paul describe sin: 'Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornica-

tion, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful.' There is evidently here an intense feeling of the universality of sin, and in order to express it the apostle hurries his words confusedly together, little caring about their order, as knowing all the vices to be indissolubly connected one with another. It would be utterly vain to endeavor to arrange his expressions as if they had been intended for the ground of any system, or to give any philosophical definition of the vices. So also hear him speaking of virtue: 'Rejoice in the Lord. Let your moderation be known unto all men. Be careful for nothing, but in everything let your requests be known unto God; and whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.' Observe, he gives up all attempt at definition; he leaves the definition to every man's heart, though he writes so as to mark the overflowing fullness of his own vision of virtue. . . . And all early Christians taught in the same manner. They never cared to expound the nature of this or that virtue, for they knew that the believer who had Christ had all. Did he need fortitude? Christ was his rock. Equity? Christ was his righteousness. Holiness? Christ was his sanctification. Liberty? Christ was his redemption. Temperance? Christ was his ruler. Wisdom? Christ was his light. Truthfulness? Christ was the truth. Charity? Christ was love." Noting that the supernatural was to Paul the real, and true, and eternal, Mr. Speer says: "To Paul the things known to sense are transitory. The supernatural abides. The true principle for living is to let lesser things go and hold fast to the large and lasting realities." And here is quoted what Chinese Gordon wrote to his sister: "The more we see of life, the more one feels disposed to despise oneself and human nature, and the more one feels the necessity of steering by the Pole Star, in order to keep from shipwreck; in a word, live to God alone. If he smiles on you, neither the smile nor frown of man can affect you. Thank God! I feel myself in a measure dead to the world and its honors, glories, and riches. Keep your eye on the Pole Star; guide your bark of life by that; look not to see how others are steering; enough it is for you to be in the right way. We can never steer ourselves aright. Then why do we try and direct others? I long for quiet and solitude again. I am a poor insect. My heart tells me that, and I am glad of it."

Speaking of Paul as a Man of Prayer, Mr. Speer says: "Paul had no trouble with the supernatural such as we have to-day. He knew that he was supernatural himself, that at any rate he had a supernatural life within him, which came from God and was in intercourse with God. Direct revelations of the will of God came to him (Gal. 1. 12; 2. 2), and he believed that direct interventions of the power of God were vouchsafed to him (Acts 27. 23-26; 2 Tim. 4. 17). Paul was one of those men, whom

Fleming Stevenson described in speaking of Falk, Wichern, Fliedner, Gossner, and Harms, 'who maintain that God exercises some direct influence in the affairs of the world; who, therefore, appeal to him in any puzzle or difficulty; who expect his help, and as they believe that he has the hearts of all men in his hand, do not know any special type of actions within which that help must be limited.'" Concerning Paul's prayers Charles Simeon is quoted: "These great prayers are full of adoration and reverence, qualities too much neglected in our prayers. There are but two objects I have ever desired these forty years to behold: the one is my own vileness; the other is the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, and I have always thought that they should be viewed together. . . . This is the religion that pervades the whole Liturgy. . . . The praise all through savors of adoration. . . . I consider the religion of the day as materially defective in this point. I do not see, as much as I could wish, a holy, reverential awe of God." In 1834, two years before his peaceful death, he wrote: "I have often wished there were more of holy reverence in religious people when speaking of God and of the things which he has wrought for their salvation. I see not an instance in Scripture of any remarkable manifestation of God to man which did not instantly generate in his heart and produce in his act a lowly reverence and self-abasement. . . . I would have the whole of my experience one continued sense, first, of my nothingness and dependence upon God; secondly, of my guiltiness and desert before him; thirdly, of my obligations to redeeming love, as utterly overwhelming me with its incomprehensible extent and grandeur." To this Mr. Speer adds: "Paul was overwhelmed with this love and his prayer life was bathed in it. Are our hearts cold and impassive? Is our work dead and joyless? Are we destitute of power to win and hold other hearts? Let us find our remedy in such a life of prayer as Paul's. It waits for us there. 'I was weary of a cold heart toward Christ,' says Christmas Evans of an experience when he was climbing a lonely and mountainous road toward Cader Idris, 'and I began to pray, and soon felt the fetters loosening, tears flowed copiously, and I was constrained to cry out for the gracious visits of God. Thus I resigned myself to Christ, body and soul, gifts and labors, all my life, every day and every hour that remained to me; and all my cares I committed to Christ.' We may so commit our lives." Reading this book, we have remembered Dr. Buttz's great sermon on "The Evidential Value of Paul's Beliefs."

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Of the Making of Books

HAVING SPECIALLY IN MIND THOSE PUBLISHED BY
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What the Spring Shall Bring Forth

IN the lull that follows immediately after the stress and strain of Christmas, when book-buying reaches its highest point, publishers must needs begin their preparations for spring. The accepted manuscripts begin, each in its turn, to pass along the way which they must travel in their change from typewritten sheets to the finished book, ready for the reader's hand.

First, in the office of publication must be determined the kind of book this manuscript shall be: Type must be selected, the page properly proportioned, the illustrations made ready, the cover cloth selected, the cover design commissioned to an artist. Then the manuscript goes to the printer, to be set into type, to be read and re-read in proofs. Then to the electrotype foundry, where each page is cast in a separate plate. Then to the pressroom, where the huge cylinders throw off sheet after sheet, 32 or 64 pages at a time. Then to the binder, who must fold these sheets, trim them, put on the cloth cover with its gold stamping, gild its tops, perhaps, and finally wrap it in the paper "jacket" which protects the volume from dirt while on the booksellers' counters. Then, at last, the circle complete, back comes the book to the office of publication, to be advertised, announced, and sent out into the world to find its niche, to carry its message.

Here, in brief, is a review of the activities of the publishing departments of the Methodist Book Concern, East and West, since Christmas. Here is a chart of the path along which many manu- [illegible] passed, and here we append a list of their titles—the [illegible] in this spring of 1909.

[illegible] 'stian F. Reisner.
"The Romance of [illegible]" by D. Alcock.

"Conquering Prayer," by L. Swetenham.
"Things Most Surely Believed," by J. D. Jones.
"Problems of Discipleship," by H. Bisseker.
"Does it Matter What a Man Believes?" by Frank Ballard.
"Permanent Elements in Christian Theology," by R. J. Wardell.
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"The Heart of Central Africa," by John M. Springer.
"Sacerdotalism in the Nineteenth Century," by Henry C. Sheldon.
"Missionary Story-Sketches and Folk Lore from Africa," by Alexander P. Camphor.
"Matt of the Water Front," by Florence M. Eastland.
"Every-Day Evangelism," by F. D. Leete.
"Jesus and the Gospel," by James Denny.
"The Story of the Catacombs," by Mrs. A. J. Blake-Hedges.
"The Chariots of the Lord," by Joseph Hocking.
"The Atonement," by James Stalker, D. D.

The Mid-Winter Season

Publishers have, of late years, selected the month of January to bring out certain kinds of books—usually those on serious subjects, to whose heaviness the reader's fancy does not naturally turn as spring approaches. In accordance with this custom we brought out in January of this year some really notable books, all of them by men whose reputations are already safely made and for whom there is always a wide constituency ready and eager to read aught which their pens may write.

First in importance among these books may be named the new volume entitled "Missions in State and Church," by Principal P. T. Forsyth, whose work "Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind" has met with such success in this country. Of this latest book the *Michigan Christian Advocate* says: "This is not a discussion of missions only, but a collection of sermons and addresses, several of which relate to the subject of missions. One is on "Some Causes of Missionary Apathy;" another on "Some Causes of Missionary Zeal;" another, "A Missionary Model." Every address is a masterpiece. If one wishes to read what arouses his own vigorous thinking, and if one wants to catch new and large and beautiful views of truth, and

if he wants to feel the buoyancy of a living stream of great, Christian views, let him read this book, and not mind what the title of the chapter is. If one goes to hear a great musician, it does not matter much what music he plays, it is the master himself who is important. Dr. Forsyth is a very great preacher and scholar, and his words are full of vitality and are magnetic and inspiring. This volume will be a positive addition to any library.

A new book by J. Brierly was also published at this time; namely, "Sidelights on Religion." Speaking of this author the other day, one of our most intelligent preachers remarked that it was very evident that Brierly wrote things worth reading, for his books always aroused more discussion than those of any other present-day writer along similar lines. Of his new book Mr. Brierly says: "I have called these studies 'Sidelights' because that word seems best to represent the character of their contents. Grounded on the belief that religion, broadly considered, is the real and only explanation of existence, they form a series of observations of it from some of that infinite variety of standpoints which life furnishes. Bible, nature, history, philosophy, politics, the human comedy and tragedy—all these have their own special lights; and it is by standing successively in those lights, and viewing what they separately reveal, that—so at least it seems to me—we gain the best and completest view, both of what religion is and of the part it is designed to play in human affairs."

Probably the most popular of any of these authors, however, is S. D. Gordon, whose "Quiet Talks" have sold by the hundreds of thousands. His new book, published by us, is "Quiet Talks with World Winners." As the title indicates, this book, in the words of the *Herald and Presbyter,* "concerns itself with the subject of foreign missions, and is pointed, personal, incisive, and earnest in its appeal to men and women to consider the thing of taking the world for Christ as the great and supreme thing of life. These talks undertake to grip men and make them feel that each one may help to bring the world to God. While the main thought of the book is to arouse a deeper interest in foreign missions, there is much that is said also on the personal life of Christian workers and on Christian service in general."

When we published, a little over a year ago, "Representative

Women of the Bible," by George Matheson, it was our belief that this would be the last book bearing his name, for death had overtaken him before even that book was finished. However, his secretary has discovered so many miscellaneous writings representing this author's ripest thought that it has been deemed wise to gather these into another volume, and this accordingly has been done, and the book is now sent forth bearing the Mathesonian title "Messages of Hope."

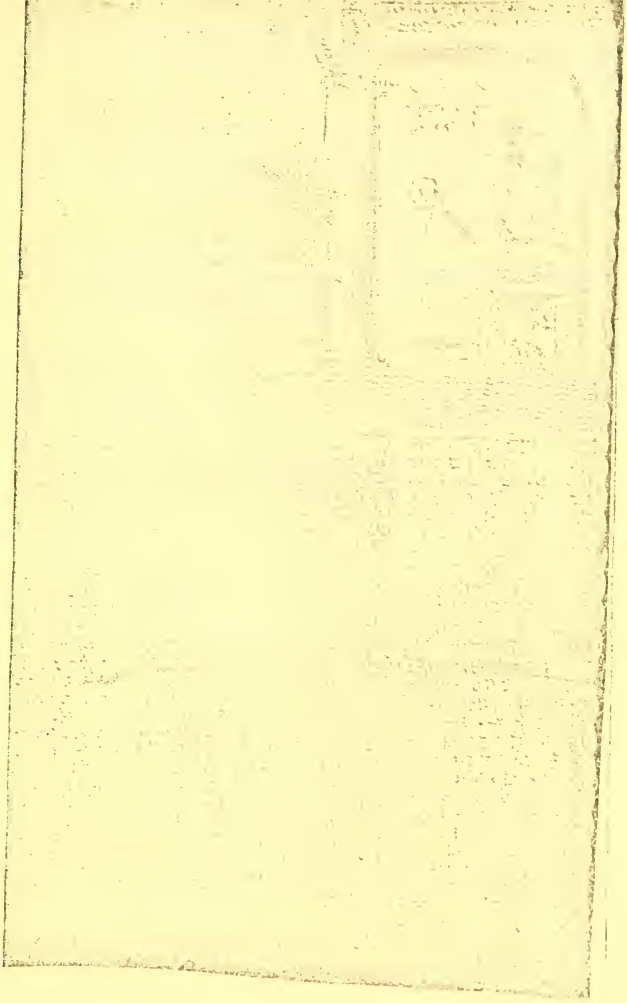
The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria: Especially in its Relation to Israel

BY PROFESSOR ROBERT W. ROGERS.

IN the month of July, 1908, Professor Robert W. Rogers, a member of the Faculty of Drew Theological Seminary, delivered in the Summer School of Theology at Harvard University five lectures on the above subject. These lectures are now printed substantially as delivered.

Professor Rogers has already won a wide and favorable reputation as an authority on Assyriology, especially as relates to its history. He is the author of a "History of Babylonia and Assyria," in two volumes, which has been accepted both in Europe and America as a work of high standing, has been extensively quoted in scientific literature both of the Old Testament and of Assyriology, and has had a large sale. Professor Rogers is a member of many leading learned societies of Europe and America, and has an extensive acquaintance and correspondence with European Orientalists, among whom he is accounted an expert, especially on that phase of Assyrian historical science which relates to Israel.

It was to be expected, then, that "The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria" should be a work of the very highest grade, and both press and critics have already set upon it the seal of their approval. Professor A. H. Sayce, of Queen's College, Oxford, for instance, said: "These lectures are characterized, as usual, by a thorough examination of the subject and sane common sense. I entirely indorse all that you say about the relations between the religions of Babylonia and Israel, as well as about the 'astral' theory."



STONE TABLET DESCRIBING THE RESTORATION OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN-GOD AT SIPPARA BY NABU-APAL-IDDIN, KING OF BABYLON (ABOUT 900 B. C.) THE ILLUSTRATION AT THE TOP REPRESENTS THE SUN-GOD SEATED IN A SHRINE, IN FRONT OF WHICH IS THE SUN DISK UPON AN ALTAR.

—*From "The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria."*

The five lectures are: "The Recovery of a Lost Religion," "The Gods of Babylonia and Assyria," "The Cosmologies," "The Sacred Books," "The Myths and Epics." The book is a large, handsome volume, finely illustrated throughout. $2 net; postage, 15c.

Jesus and the Gospel: Christianity Justified in the Mind of Christ

BY JAMES DENNY, D. D.

"THIS book," says the *British Weekly*, "is the most important contribution that has been made to theology for many years. It must arrest the attention of all who seriously care for religion. Not only those who teach Christianity, but all who think about Christianity in its intellectual aspect may be referred to it as by pre-eminence the frankest, the ablest, and the most conclusive treatment of the central problem which is anywhere to be found."

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The second question has to do with what is historically known of Jesus. Nature and history do not exist in isolation; they are caught up into a moral and spiritual system with which they are throughout in vital relations. If anything is certain, it is that the world is not made to measure of any science of philosophy, but on a scale which perpetually summons philosophy and science to construct themselves

anew; and it is with undogmatic temper which recognizes this that the problems indicated above are approached in this book." $2 net; postage 15c.

Little Things You Ought To Know

"Little Stories of Quebec," by J. E. LeRossignol, the handsomely illustrated book issued by Jennings & Graham just before the holidays, is meeting with unusual success. A second edition had been put on the press to meet the demand in this country, when there came bids from two Canadian houses for the rights in that country, and another edition had to be ordered for William Briggs, Toronto, with whom the arrangement for Canada was eventually made.

If your library contains a copy of Professor Henry C. Sheldon's now widely known "System of Christian Doctrine," you should make a note of the fact that he has prepared a scheme of review questions to be used in connection with this book. This set of questions will be included in subsequent editions of the book, but for the convenience of those who possess the present edition the publishers have printed the questions in pamphlet form, the price of which will probably be 15 cents.

The recent Lincoln Centennial brought forth many new books, and one of the most valuable of these is a little booklet issued by Eaton & Mains, entitled "Lincoln's Use of the Bible," by S. Trevena Jackson. It tells what others have said concerning Lincoln's use of the Bible, what he himself said of it, the use he made of it, and the influence of the Scriptures on his life and literature. No doubt there is a vacant niche in your library for just such a volume. The booklet contains a handsome frontispiece portrait of the great Emancipator, and the cover is embossed with a magnificent bronze medallion from a design by St. Gaudens. 25c. net; postage, 3c.

Jennings & Graham report the printing of the third edition of "Social Plans for Young People," by Christian F. Reisner, a book published in their last fall list. There is no question that this book solves one of the most distressing problems for the average pastor,

namely, how to get young people into his Church, and how to hold them there, and that, no doubt is the reason why so many live pastors have reached for this book with a quick hand. 75c. net; by mail, 85c.

There really seem to be a great many people interested in Christian Science nowadays. Jennings & Graham published recently a little book by the Rev. Ray C. Harker, entitled "Christian Science," and advertised it simply as being a booklet which would tell "just what Christian Science is and is not; what it can and can not do." From the press of Eaton & Mains there came also a little pamphlet on "The Philosophy of Christian Science" by that clear-headed thinker, Borden P. Bowne. These two books had no more than been announced when from all over the country orders began to pour in, and additional printings became necessary to meet the demand. The price of the former book is 50c. net in cloth; 10c. in paper; and of the latter, a paper-bound pamphlet, 10c. postpaid.

The Soul of Dominic Wildthorne: An Unusual Novel

BY JOSEPH HOCKING.

IT is quite possible—nay, probable—that this book is going to create excitement in certain religious circles, for while it is cast in the form of a novel—and a very good one, too—the book is primarily an expose and criticism of a little-known condition which exists at the present time in the Church of England. This condition is the one brought about by the endeavors of the so-called Catholic Party in that Church to undo all that the Reformation has meant, to overthrow Protestantism, and bring the Church of England back to Rome.

Briefly, the story is this: Dominic Wildthorne, left an orphan in a Yorkshire village, is adopted by the Community of the Incarnation, a monastic order of Church of England priests belonging to the Catholic Party. Here, away from the world, he grows up to manhood, trained only in the false doctrine of the Community, having no knowledge save that gleaned from the study of the Old Church Fathers, and bound by the threefold vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience. He has become one of their best-trained men and has developed a

—*From "The Soul of Dominic Wildthorne."*

wonderful gift for oratory, so that presently he is sent out into the world to make converts. Fancy, if you can, a man trained in such a way coming out into the sunlight of this twentieth century world! The result was inevitable. From this point the story becomes not only the study of a religious condition, but more a study of the growth of a soul. You will be held in a grip of intensest interest when you read how Dominic Wildthorne found his artificial tenets and doctrines falling flat in the face of the facts of every-day life; how love came into his life, and the inheritance of a great fortune; how, tortured and harassed by the doubts and fears of an expanding intellect, he is tempted to seek for peace in the Church of Rome itself—but does not—and why!

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Sacerdotalism in the Nineteenth Century: A Critical History

BY HENRY C. SHELDON.

THIS is a book which one ought to read through from beginning to end, in order to gain a due impression of the startling developments in the direction of sacerdotalism, or extreme High Churchism, which occurred during the century supposed to have been specially characterized by the progress of free thought. Then, too, it is a book to be kept on the shelf for repeated reference, since it gives such an exposition of the great sacerdotal systems as their most expert defenders can not challenge and, moreover, subjects those systems to a trenchant criticism. In this criticism a competent use of historical data is a marked feature and affords an excellent guarantee that the treatise will take a foremost rank in Protestant apologetics. The volume is, indeed, an arsenal filled with ready weapons for all those who feel that they are in any wise called upon to stand guard against the intemperate assumptions of sacerdotal parties, especially the Roman Catholic and Anglo-Catholic. It is a book no less for the scholarly layman than for the minister. In a double sense the former may fitly be interested in it, inasmuch as sacerdotal claims have a very pronounced bearing not only upon spiritual interests, but also on the conception of the proper relation between Church and State and on the standard of personal rights and

liberties. The professor's book, in fact, is a contribution to clear-sighted citizenship as well as to sane theology. Its office is eminently practical. It makes for insight into forces that loom large upon the horizon of this country. $2 net; postage, 15c.

Briefs on the New Books

In issuing "Week-Day Prayers," by Christian F. Reisner, the publishers have had in mind the usefulness of such a book as an Easter gift. The little book is vest-pocket size, printed in a very beautiful typographic style of simple Caslon type on all-rag water-marked papers, bound in cloth, gold stamped. It contains the twenty-four prayers which Dr. Reisner wrote for the *Daily Christian Advocate* at the last session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, together with eight Lenten Prayers, published originally in a Denver paper. These prayers are printed one to a page, on the right-hand pages only. Bishop Warren has written an excellent introduction to the book. The prayers are brief, but glowing with spiritual fervor, and filled with the yearning and passionate soul-hunger of the true disciple. Their cry is not for personal blessings, for luxuries and comforts, but for opportunities for usefulness, for strength to meet the day's needs and fight the Lord's battles, all written in the gentle, loving language of the child talking with his Father about the things that concern them both. 35c. net; by mail, 39c.

Those who possess that splendid book "Religious Genius," written by "L. S." (over which mystic initials they have no doubt puzzled long), will be interested in the announcement of the new book "Conquering Prayer; or, The Power of Personality," by L. Swetenham, who turns out to be the author also of "Religious Genius." The author's purpose in this last book is described as being the desire to show the immense possibilities in prayer, both for personal development and in availing with God. The entire discussion is enlightening to the intellect, devotional in style, and divided into four parts, namely: Character in Relation to Prayer, Prayer and the Cross, Prayer and the Resurrection Principle, The Place of Personality in Prayer.

"Things Most Surely Believed," by J. D. Jones, is a volume of eleven strong, helpful sermons, based on the Apostles' Creed. The author has grasped the fullness and significance of the spiritual truths embedded in the Creed, and has taken real utterance from its theological setting and placed it before his readers in the fresh garb of modern, every-day life. It is a profitable book of Christian doctrine discussed in terms that are clear to the man who is rushed but would have somewhat of knowledge to add to his faith. 75c. net; postage, 10c.

With the great African Diamond Jubilee now in progress throughout the Methodist Episcopal Church, the publication of two new books concerning that dark continent is timely. These books are "The Heart of Central Africa," by John M. Springer, and "Missionary Story-Sketches and Folk Lore from Africa," by Alexander P. Camphor.

"The Heart of Central Africa" is mainly an account of a journey made by Mr. Springer and his wife, in 1907, across the continent of Africa, from Umtali, on the east coast, to St. Paul de Loanda, in Angola, on the west coast. As may easily be conceived, this was both an arduous and dangerous trip, and the book is not only highly entertaining and instructive as to the country passed through, the people, and the natural resources, but becomes often a narrative of thrilling and exciting adventure. A number of unique illustrations and a large map add both attractiveness and real value to the book.

Dr. Camphor's book indicates by its title just what it is, but it can not indicate in that way the wonderful human interest attached to the stories it contains. Here are simple tales of heroism on the part of natives and missionaries not surpassed by the stories of any people. Here are incidents pathetic, humorous, beautiful. Here are stories of strange myths and superstitions, and folk-lore ages old. They are the little incidents in the missionary's wonderful experience, and they not only form reading of the highest interest, but cast valuable sidelights on African life and missionary work.

"Problems of Discipleship," by H. Bisseker, is a series of brief discussions of questions asked the author through the Correspondence

Columns of the *British Methodist Times*. These questions deal with temptation, besetting sin, unreality in prayer, certain answers to prayer, forgiveness of willful sin, suffering, merited suffering, feeling in the religious life, the true test of a religious life, the value of sermons, and reading the Bible. Each question is dealt with in an analytic manner, and is not laid aside without practical application. There is much here to stimulate self-examination in those really desirous of being disciples.

"Permanent Elements in Christian Theology," by R. J. Wardell, is another book of sermons. It deals with those things in Christian theology which endure, although restated in terms of each succeeding age. The author has grouped his sermons under the broad captions of "Concerning Christ and His Kingdom," "Concerning Christ's Message," "Concerning Christ's Gifts," "Concerning Christ's Disciples," "Concerning Christ's Purposes," and "Concerning the Cross, the Judgment, and the Better Life." It is a book of thought and interest. $1 net; postage, 10c.

Readers who have looked at the manuscript of "Matt of the Water Front," by Florence M. Eastland, the juvenile book announced by Jennings & Graham, have declared that the story merits high rank among such publications. Matt, the hero, is a fiction creation at once original and striking. The plot is skillful, both in its conception and working out, and altogether it is just such a jolly and interesting story as all young folks like to read.

"The Romance of Protestantism," by D. Alcock, is a book which has called forth a great deal of high commendation in England, and its fame has preceded it to America. A leading bookstore recently reported six or seven inquiries for the book. It will be seen at once that the author has struck an entirely fresh field, and the delightful manner in which he has worked it deserves the applause which the book has received.

From every point of view one of the most notable books to be published this spring is "The Story of the Catacombs," by Mrs. A. J. Blake-Hedges. A few years ago Mrs. Blake-Hedges spent a num-

ber of weeks in Rome making an extensive examination of the Catacombs, and her story is not only an accurate historical account of their origin and use, and a graphic description of their present condition, but also a sympathetic interpretation of the meaning, the spirit, and the purpose of those who built and used them. The illustrations which accompany the book are of extraordinary interest.

The announcement of a new book of sermons by Frank Ballard, entitled "Does It Matter What a Man Believes?" will be of interest to all who know this man's high standing among English preachers. These sermons are strong meat for the building up of the muscles of Christian character. Besides the theme which gives the book its title are: The Benediction of Difficulty, Personality in Religion, The Silence of Jesus, Standpoints, The Gospel of Thoroughness, Holy Self-esteem, A Real Gospel for To-day, The Blight of Unbelief, and The Blessed Life. It is a book for the mind of to-day, sane, normal, of the spirit of Christ.

While there are a great number of books on Evangelism coming from the press nowadays, most of them deal with the theoretical and inspirational side of the subject. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we announce the publication of a book of a more practical nature, entitled "Every-Day Evangelism," by the Rev. F. D. Leete, pastor of one of the largest Churches of Detroit, Mich. Dr. Leete is said to be an ideal example of the active, practical pastor, who conducts a personal, all-the-year-round evangelistic campaign, and his book is a straightforward account of the methods which he has used with great success.

In the preface to his excellent new book on "The Atonement," the Rev. James Stalker says: "The plan of this course of lectures is very simple. First I go straight to the New Testament, as the fountain and authority, yet not so much to collect its statements as to find out the position of the death of Christ in its representation of Christianity as a whole; and, therefore, the first lecture is called 'The New Testament Situation.' Then, as the light in which the people of the New Testament saw the death of Christ depended on the education of the Old Testament, I go back to study the institutions in

which the death of Christ was foreshadowed; hence the second lecture is called 'The Old Testament Preparation.' Lastly, as we are not to believe anything merely because it is delivered to us by any authority, however divine, but are bound to penetrate to the inner reasonableness, which will be all the greater the diviner any doctrine is, I endeavor to harmonize the truth with the ideas and sympathies of the present time in the third lecture, which is, therefore, called 'The Modern Justification.'" Red buckram. $1 net; postage, 10c.

Intimate Notes About Authors

Dr. George Matheson used a system of shorthand invented by himself, and it was only by long and painstaking labor that his secretary was able to decipher the papers which compose his new book, "Messages of Hope."

James Denny and James Orr are colleagues in the United Free Church College, Glasgow. Professor Denny occupies the Chair of New Testament Language, Literature, and Theology, and Professor Orr the Chair of Apologetics and Systematic Theology.

Professor Robert W. Rogers has been specializing on the history of Babylonia and Assyria since 1883, and says he has devoted all the time to it that he could save from bread-winning.

Professor Henry C. Sheldon has been occupying temporarily a chair in a Baptist theological seminary, and using there his work on a "System of Christian Doctrine"—excepting the chapter on Baptism!

Joseph Hocking is an English novelist who is said to be the most widely read story-teller in England. All his books contain teachings on evangelical Christianity.

Mrs. Florence M. Eastland, author of "Matt of the Water Front," is a member of the editorial staff of the *Alaska-Yukon Magazine*.

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.....Philosophy of Christian Science. 10c. postpaid.

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VOL. XXV, No. 1

METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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